Mar. 29, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

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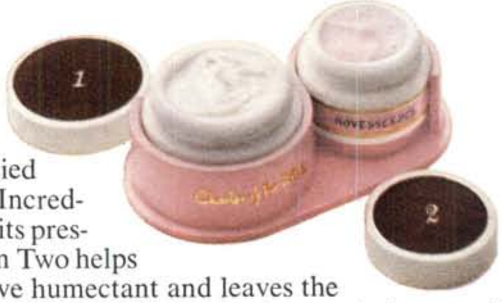

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Adaptation and Next—Two one-acters (the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May) that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

APA Repertory Company—Shakespeare's **hamlet:** Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 8:30; Saturday, March 29, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday through Friday, March 31-April 4, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 5, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **the misanthrope:** Wednesday, April 2, at 2. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Big Time Buck White—Dick Williams gives a remarkable performance as Buck White, the leader of a black-militant organization, and everyone else is very good, too. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 30.)

Does a Tiger Wear a Necktie?—A not very skillfully written play about a rehabilitation center for drug addicts, worth seeing for the high quality of the acting and direction. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

An Evening of One Acts—A program composed of "String," by Alice Childress; "Contribution," by Ted Shine; and "Malcochon," by Derek Walcott. The third in this season's series of five offerings by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 20.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Geese—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hadrian VII—A play by Peter Luke, based largely on the peculiar novel of the same name by Frederick Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the paranoid hero with great élan. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Invitation to a Beheading—A whimsical and mannered adaptation of an early novel by Vladimir Nabokov. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman in the title role is the main reason for going to see this skimpy little comedy by Murray Schisgal. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lime Green/Khaki Blue—Two two-character plays by Ben Piazza. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Little Murders—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Living Theatre—Final performances of a week's engagement. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29, at 8:30.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. Starting Monday, March 31, Jack Warden will replace Mr. Pleasence. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Perfect Party—Moses Gunn and Kert Lundell are the best words to be said for this unconvincing melodrama about racial matters. Mr. Gunn is the star, Mr. Lundell designed the setting. (Gate, Second Ave. at 10th St. 982-3255. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen playing a sort of young Jewish Lear, or maybe Othello—anyhow, not Romeo. Mr. Allen wrote this confused comedy and has had the sense to fill it with pretty girls. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Heinar Kipphardt's **in the matter of j. robert oppenheimer,** a brilliant play given a remarkably fine production by a company that boasts, at the moment and among other distinguished actors, Joseph Wiseman, Herbert Berghof,

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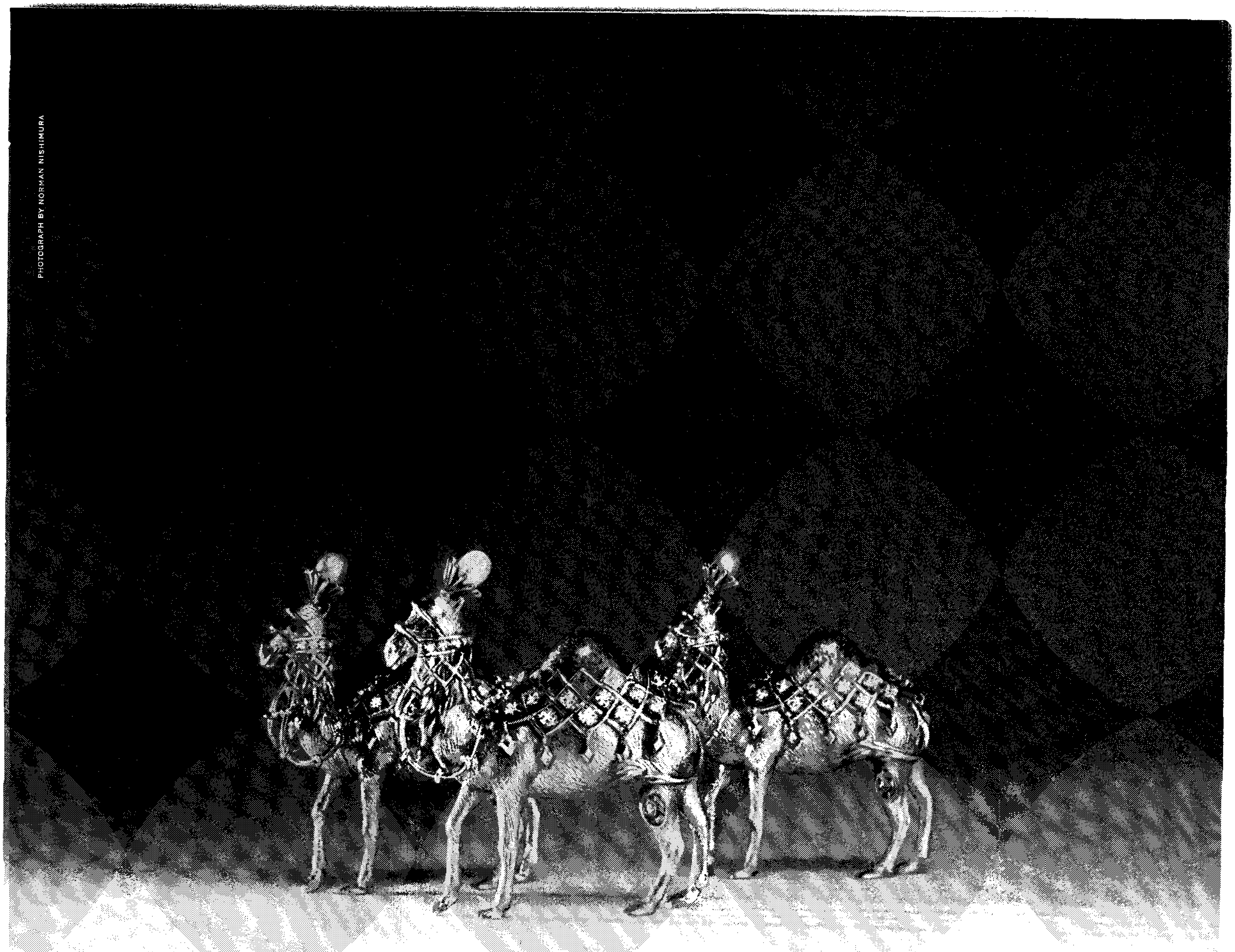

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tony van Bridge, and Charles Cioffi. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 19.) . . . ¶At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building is James Hanley's play **THE INNER JOURNEY**, a drab bore. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 19.)

Spitting Image—Colin Spencer's comic fantasy about a pair of male homosexuals who have a baby. Wisely done as a knockabout farce in the Mack Sennett manner by an expert company. With Sam Waterston, Phil Bruns, Walter McGinn, and Barbara Cason. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stop, You're Killing Me—Three brief, acrid comedies, in which the principal speakers get their comeuppance, if not from the other characters, then from the playwright himself. The playwright, James Leo Herlihy, is promising and often funny. He will be even better when he has learned to check his sentimentality and conceal his hand. The performances, by the Theatre Company of Boston, are uniformly satisfactory. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

To Be Young, Gifted and Black—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

World War 2½—Kathleen Widdoes and Robert Loggia are the entire cast of this comedy by Roger O. Hirson. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley and Dan Dailey have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

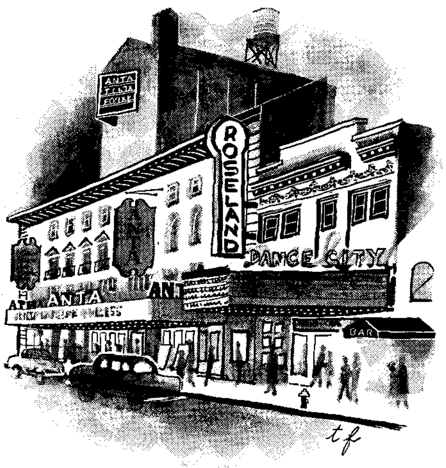
MUSICALS

Canterbury Tales—Chaucer debauched. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Celebration—A musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt about love, God, goodness, youth, desire, failure of desire, and death. All in two hours, and all cheerful. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A musical version of "The Madwoman of Chaillot," ingenious in everything but its music, and worth seeing for Angela Lansbury as the dotty Countess Aurelia. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



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An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man show to cheer the heart. Mr. Morath, at the piano and on his feet, reintroduces us to some of the foolish popular songs that prevailed at the turn of this century, and to the intrusion of cheeky, wonderful ragtime. His words may sag a bit occasionally, but his music is always stylish, bracing, and merry. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 4.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 30.)

Salvation—A plotless but thoroughly cohesive blend of theatre and music that reaches handily from Genesis to Vietnam. The score—rock with some overtones of jazz—is exceptional, and the show's eleven young singers and musicians know just what to do with it. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 582-1321. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 11:30.)

1776—A simple-minded misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, pleasant music and lyrics are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** "Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents," grumbled Jo, lying on the rug. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 2.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GEORGE M!:** An account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey plays him. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAIR:** A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. After Saturday, March 29, no performances until Monday, April 7.) . . . **MAME:** Jane Morgan plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

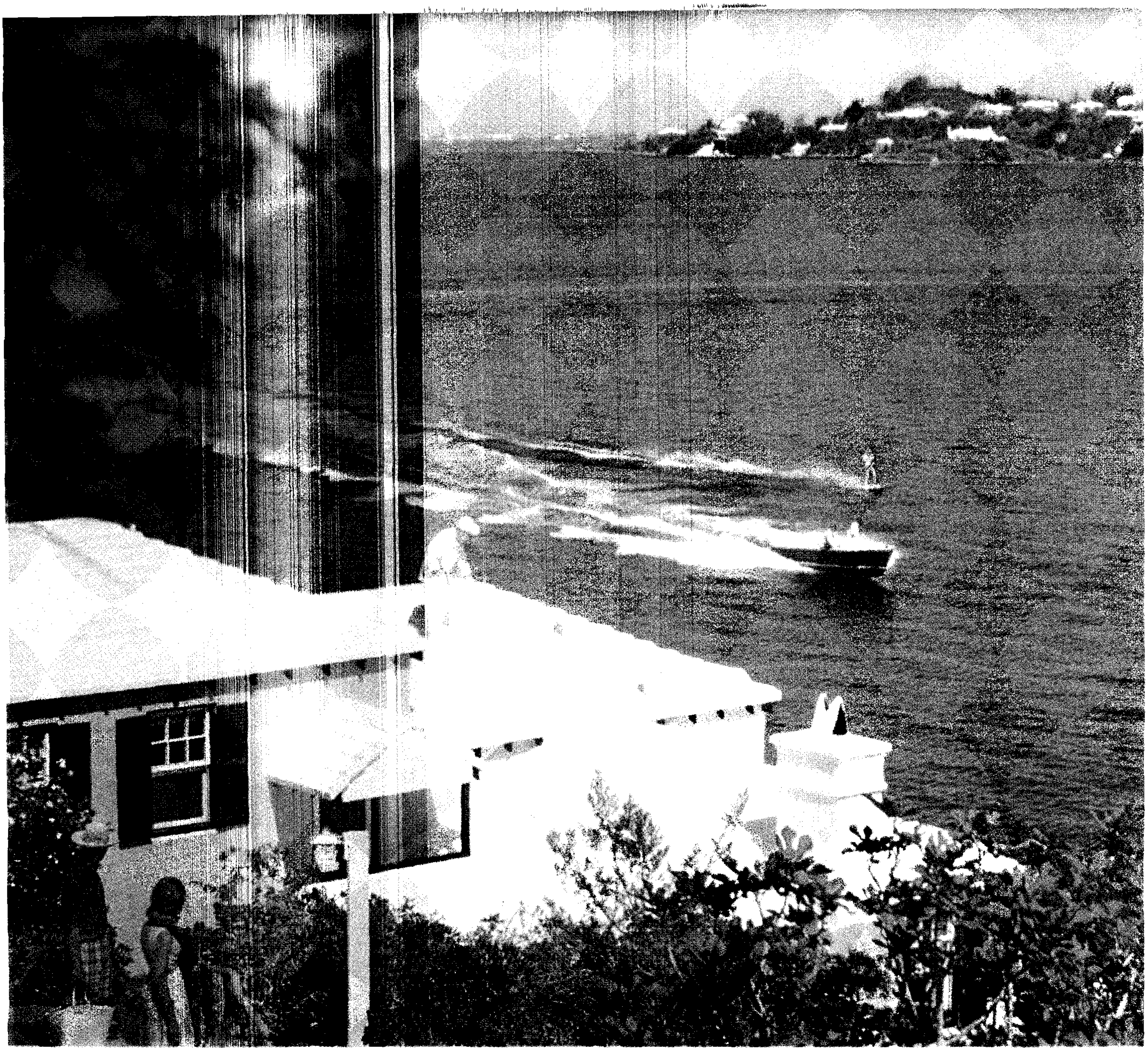
Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—Final performances by a company of a hundred dancers, singers, and musicians. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 8:30; Saturday, March 29, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, March 30, at 2:30 and 7.)

José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians, in a benefit program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Tuesday, April 1, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey will be the main event in the Madison Square Garden Center, starting Tuesday evening, April 1, and running through Sunday, May 11. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays at 2 and 8:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. No performances Wednesday, April 2, and possibly Saturday, April 5, because of basketball playoffs. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Mask & Wig Show—A musical, "The Devil to Pay," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (The Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. Friday and Satur-



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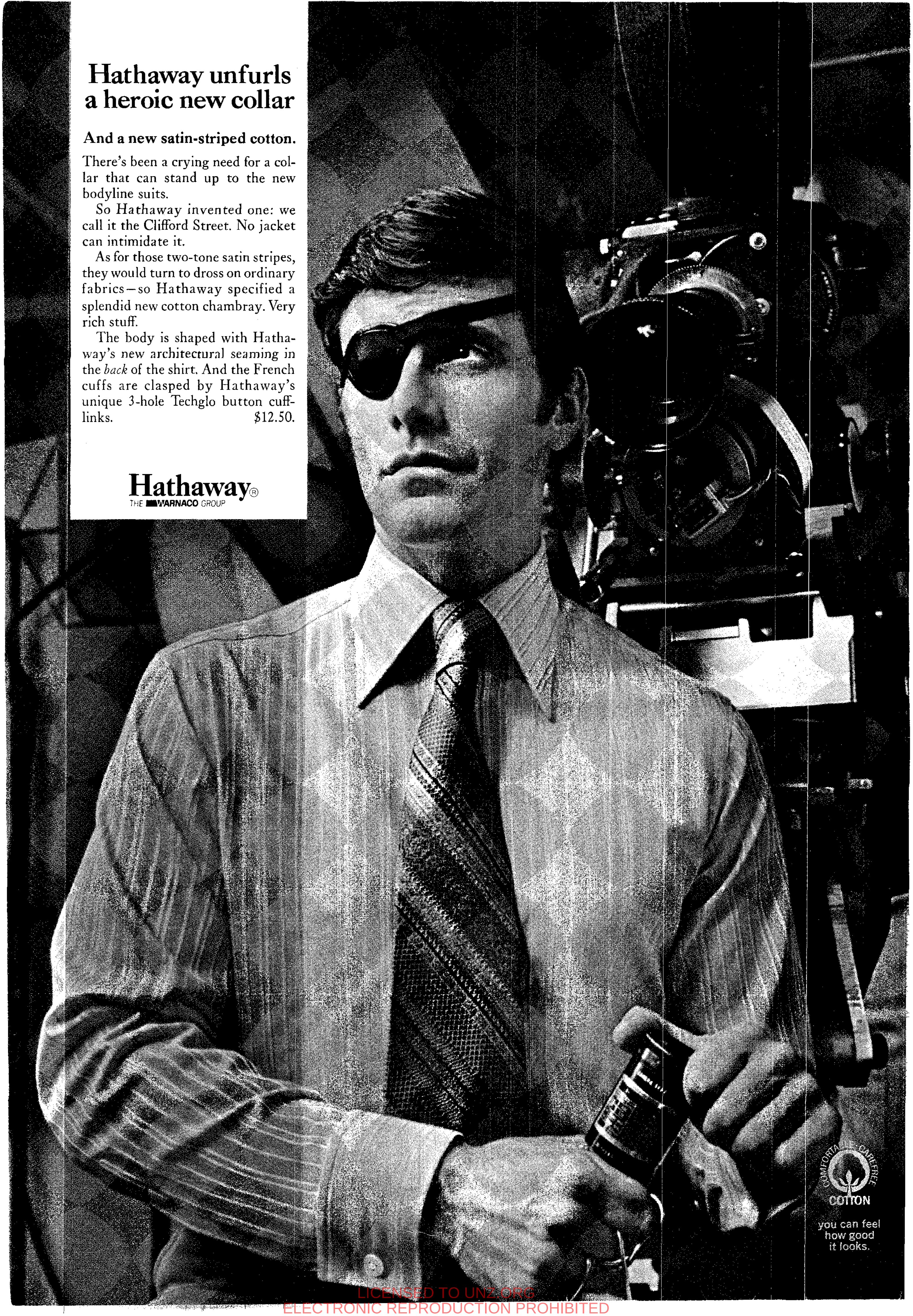
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, March 28-29, at 8:30. For tickets, call 524-6366.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. The Great Train Robbery rocks. On Wednesday, April 2, the folky Jerry Jeff Walker will move in, together with comic David Steinberg, who is funny and relevant. Shows begin at about nine-thirty. On Tuesdays, the regulars take the night off, and assorted visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and occasionally significant. Through Saturday, March 29, the music will come from folk singers Ian and Sylvia, as well as from singer-guitarist Danny Kalb. On Monday, March 31, Tim Hardin will arrive to sing some of his own honest songs. (Performances at eight and eleven-thirty.) On Sunday, March 30, from nine, there will be a jam session involving various country-and-Western performers.

Casey's 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's just about all that's happening. A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and singer Anita O'Day, who might make a trip to this out-of-the-way spot especially worthwhile. The musicians are Roy Eldridge, Richie Kamuca, Roland Hanna, Eddie Locke, and Buddy Catlett. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should yearn for the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Conrad Janis—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, Vitagraph-vintage movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine until closing by Yusef Lateef's quartet. On Tuesday, April 1, the Pharoah Sanders quintet will move in, as will singer Leon Thomas. Early-evening specials: Saturday, March 29, from five to nine, Billy Cobham's quintet; Sunday, March 30, same hours, the Sonny Brown octet. Each Monday at nine, Sun Ra and his Solar-Earth orchestra descend on the place.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, Marion Taylor sings with the Dave Akins trio, for drinking and dining. On Tuesday, April 1, they will be relieved by the Junior Mance trio. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, rhythm-and-blues singer Carla Thomas, who helped make the Stax-Volt sound, shares the stage with the Hugh Masekela quartet. Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, Mr. Masekela's group will share it with the Herbie Mann septet. (Shows from ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. Thursday through Saturday, March 27-29, and Tuesday through Saturday, April 1-5, the Tony Williams trio will trade sets with Herbie Hancock's sextet. On Sundays, from eight to one, a sixteen-piece band led by Duke Pearson performs. Mondays are reserved for the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

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West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band performs from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's nifty.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The loud sound of live groups alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four, and dining of a delicate sort. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

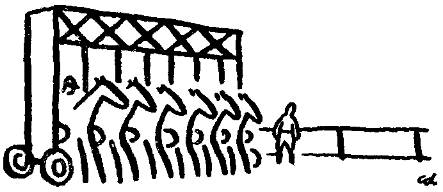
Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Renovations continue, with reopening scheduled for Thursday, April 3.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Salvation, 1 Sheridan Sq. (675-3810)—A cellar of sorts where one can dance to recorded music from ten until four Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine until three or four Fridays and Saturdays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—High up and filled with sleek-looking folk, this is a place to spend an hour or so either gazing at the view—which is superb—or merging with the shaking, strobe-lighted scene. Dancing to records from nine until three or four every night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, the New Zealand Trading Company plays and sings. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.



Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other real establishments. You can also dance to records, from six until three Sunday through Friday and from eight until three on Saturday. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, E Pluribus Unum does. Starting Tuesday, April 1, the Albatross will be around. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a cool place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Stray Cat Blues," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—for whatever they're worth—are suggested on weekends. The drinks are huge. The walls are Paisley.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): History is not repeating itself, for the kings and the captains who made it have departed; nowadays, the repeating is done by the gramophone that plays on while the house band is at leisure. The house band, though, is populated by Lester Lanin's first-stringers. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Whirl without end, and a social one at that. The impetus is given by the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time in the Café Pierre, where, on the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The old household words, such as "peace" and "comfort," are still spoken in the restaurant, where the household guards are the cheery musicians under the command of Ernie Warren. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): It takes all kinds—except, that is, rockers and rollers. The décor and nourishment are elemental; the dance is the thing, and to that end the music is perpetual and live. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Rebels, and not without a cause. Every Monday and Tuesday, Mabel Mercer plumps gently but firmly for literacy in the American lyric (Buddy Barnes' piano provides the best in footnotes); the rest of the week (Sundays excepted), Joan Rivers sets forth the premise that man's place (if, indeed, any) is in the home. Ten is the usual starting time, but Fridays and Saturdays begin at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Go Middle East, young man, young maiden, to where several contingents—Israeli, Greek, Turkish, Armenian, Yemenite, and the like—join friendly hands. Avram Grobard is the moderator, George Mgrdichian is chief oudist, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, Itamar serves as caroller, and a solemn female turns the *danse de ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Be not alarmed by the sound of hammering while the show (the small revue called "Free Fall") is on; it is only the stage carpenters, under the direction of Ronny Graham, making repairs in the script. Except

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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on Sunday, the operation is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, it's often show business holding the mirror up to itself. Buddy Greco, who sings during dinner and supper, happens to be a pretty good upholder, and so does George Carlin, the humorist of these occasions. The musicianly Lee Evans band takes special care of the dance tunes. Nothing doing at all for a brief while after Saturday, March 29.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Andalusian Standard Time (the flamencan beat) governs the activities of the coltishly young group marshalled by Ramon de los Reyes, principal dancer. Glenda Grainger, an English girl outfitted with Latin lyrics, is part of the melee. Twice a night, every night. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the off-beat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song go on until all hours, and every night.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—The place is barely big enough to contain the song-and-prance dithyrambs of Sammy Davis, Jr., man of iron, and sometimes overwrought iron. He improves the show he has built around himself by adding the love-is-all ballads of Carmen McRae. Every night, from dinner on and on. . . . ¶ It seems always to be larkiest just before dawn in the street-level lounge, though the night people and the night music (the foursome known as the Pacesetters) begin as early as ten.

DOWNBEAT, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—What goes on in the basement of this steak house may be rear-guard action in defense of traditional Americana, but it is action *with gallantry and gumption; to wit, the* World's Greatest Jazz Band—which contains such as Bob Haggart, Yank Lawson, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, and Bob Wilber—*and* the George Van Eps' crew (Jack Lesberg and Cliff Leeman contribute), *and* Maxine Sullivan's cool-as-a-cucumber songs, *and* the interlude piano of Ram Ramirez. No dancing, sorry to say, but sound from six-thirty to two. Closed Sundays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—During dinner and supper in the Persian Room, there is song (showshop but sentient) by Tony Martin, who is stylist enough to make all the Tony Martin jokes as dusty as the jokesmiths who sell them. All the rest of the night belongs to the chiming bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** the main event is the quartet of Earl Hines, whose stride piano wears seven-league boots. Mousie Alexander's dance triad is also in operation. Dinner *sí*, supper *no*. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the perfect spot to begin the Grand Tour of Europe, for then Gunnar Hansen's violin sets off upon the prescribed route. No action Sundays, and Monday nights belong to Mr. Marcu.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—For Jonah Jones, whose quartet boasts the presence of Cozy Cole on drums, the horn is the emotional outlet, contributing sometimes to the heat of the night and sometimes to romance. There's no romance in the conversation of Gene Baylos, who speaks during dinner and supper, and no novelty, either. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—High life begins at seven-thirty or so in the Maisonette, which was constructed with that desideratum in mind. A Grecian soprano, Elektra, begins in the middle of dinner, and returns during supper. On Monday, March 31, she will be replaced by Mara Lynn Brown, a native songbird. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort are a large piece of the action. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jimmie Rodgers, a prominent industrialist in Nashville's most prominent industry, leads the audience of the Empire Room in occasional prayer but mighty little meditation as he delivers his country music. He shows up during dinner and supper. Dance tunes in quantity as well, the best of them by a sort of Carnaby quartet called the Re Vells. Things come to a temporary (Easter) end on Saturday, March 29. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one or one-thirty along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town *country club with aplomb, éclat, and single* and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From eight until early morn is the idea, and nobody works Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A word to the worldly wise is sufficient, especially if it is inserted in one of the lyrics that Bobby Short keeps in stock. He, his piano, and his aides (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) begin at nine-thirty, but never on Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A fine state of affairs, all of them foreign, or at least West Indian—costumery, cookery, and chantey, the last of these by a brace of on-the-move calypso men. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Chuck Wayne's threesome greets it at the gateway to the old corral. No music Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Under what at times are difficult conditions, and every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest keeps on singing the vinaigrette vignettes of big-town life he does so well, and Marian McPartland's threesome, whose jazz never takes leave of its senses, swings in its own midsummer-night's breeze. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Not upon a Grecian urn but upon a Steinway sits Rita Dimitri, the Athenian turned Parisian soubrette. Her dinner songs (repeated, Fridays and Saturdays, at midnight) are almost audience-participation, and she is indeed a hostess with the mostest. Polite dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . .

FLORIST
EASTER PLANTS
BOY WANTED
EICKE

CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): If two Hungarians meet over a glass of Tokay, *they start a gypsy orchestra.* Béla Babai's band flavors this scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A practically continuous standing ovation—sometimes by the customers as well *as the crew—to Italian opera that is well* basted with *fettuccine* and Orvieto. Closed Mondays for soundproofing. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): Parliamentary rules prevail in what does seem like a bit of a well-known sceptred isle, but Lynn Richards, *who plies her piano and* soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, is nevertheless whoop-de-do New York. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbêrt Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Tiber, Tiber, burning bright/ Until very late at night—two, say. Up to that *hour, musicians and singers, who begin at* seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A country house in the Alpi Marittime. In the bar, a folksy piano disports itself from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same enterprise, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): *Nothing but the best. The piano of Dick* Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, *in which there is a piano from five until a bit after midnight* every evening. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The two Viennese boulevardiers, Fred Fassler and Karl Inwald, whose fiddle and piano have been keeping the Rembrandt Room warm, retire on Friday, April 4, and next evening George Feyer resumes his piano études. Eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): One of the roads that lead to Rome. On and around a wayside bandstand is the crew of musicians headed by Herman Honigsberg, upon whose violin the longbow is never drawn. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The *grande plaisance* known as the Casino-on-the-Park has the piano, quite well educated, of Bob Kail between six-thirty and one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **UMBERTO,** 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): This tribute, presumably, to Italy's final king, is architecturally a Royal Nonesuch, but an entertaining one. A troubadour known as Franco Pagani plies guitar and tenor from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HORST ANTES—Landscapes containing the artist's curiously curtailed Expressionist figures; through Saturday, March 29. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

AVIGDOR ARIKHA—A widely exhibited Israeli art-

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ist's romantic abstractions in oil, gouache, and collage; through April 6. (Gallery of Israeli Art, 4 E. 54th St. Closed Saturdays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Fletcher Benton—Kinetic sculptures of aluminum and Formica, some of which open and close to reveal lights; through Saturday, April 5. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Camille Bombois—Thirty-six paintings of women and girls by the celebrated French primitive; through Saturday, April 5. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Fernando Botero—Social-commentary paintings with a folk-art quality by a Colombian artist now living in New York; through May 13. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Joe Brainard—Paintings and collages featuring flowers; through April 17. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Colleen Browning—Scenes and impressions, mainly of Morocco and Corsica; through Saturday, March 29. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Doris Chase—Sectional sculptures in wood, steel, and Plexiglas which the spectator can rearrange; starting Wednesday, April 2. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minna Citron—An artist long known in New York has turned to the subject of "Dials;" through Saturday, April 5. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonard Creo—Paintings by an artist who prefers the theme of children; through Saturday, March 29. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Paul Delvaux—Paintings by a Belgian Surrealist who favors mesmerized nudes in unexpected settings; through Saturday, March 29. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Walter de Maria—Abstract stainless-steel sculptures; starting Saturday, March 29. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Ensor (1860-1949)—Drawings and other graphic work by the Belgian fantasist; through April 12. (Loeb & Krugier, 119 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Oyvind Fahlström—Recent works in assorted mediums, including shoals of cutout images adrift in a tank of water; through Saturday, March 29. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Julio González (1876-1942)—A comprehensive exhibition of sculptures, pastels, and drawings by the pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through April 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Graham—Small wax figures in Plexiglas-covered "environments;" starting Saturday, March 29. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nancy Grossman and Martin Carey—Leather-covered wooden heads by the former, and ink drawings by the latter; through April 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Harvey—Paintings of groups of figures against backgrounds of geometric patterns; starting Tuesday, April 1. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Hirsch—A social realist and symbolist exhibits thirty recent paintings and fifteen drawings, including portraits of such contemporaries as Peter Blume, Chaim Gross, Raphael Soyer, and the late Ben Shahn; through April 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Hoyland—Seven large color-field paintings; starting Saturday, March 29. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Hutchinson—Scale models and photomontages of landscapes, chemical processes, and plants; through April 11. (Gibson, 27 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

John H. Jacoby—A fabric designer's heavily painted compositions of decorative shells, flowers, and figures; through April 11. (York Gallery, 70 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Fifteen oils, plus drawings and watercolors, by a leading Russian modernist; through April 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lila Katzen and Stephen Edlich—A combination of lights, forms, vinyl sheets, coal crystals, liquids, and other materials constituting nothing less than "the universe as environment" by the former, and fifteen reliefs and free-standing sculptures in sheets of acrylic and bronze by the latter; through April 7. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.)

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Frank Kupka (1871-1957)—Twenty-five oils, drawings, and gouaches from all periods; through Saturday, March 29. (Stein, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935)—Thirty-six bronzes and twenty oils; through Thursday, April 3. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alfred Leslie—Figures, landscapes, and seascapes by a former Abstract Expressionist; through April 11. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Ethel Magafan—Semi-abstract paintings and drawings of mountains in the West; starting Tuesday, April 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard A. Miller—Bronze female nudes in geometrical constructions; through Saturday, April 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Reliefs, walls, and free-standing sculptures in wood or Plexiglas by a foremost American artist; through April 25. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Barnett Newman—Eighteen paintings, some huge, and one sculpture, all done since 1960 by an influential Abstractionist; through April 19. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Doug Ohlson—Geometrical paintings consisting of groups of panels; through Thursday, April 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenzo Okada—Abstract landscapes in subdued hues; through Saturday, March 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Nudes and portraits by a leading contemporary figure painter; starting Saturday, March 29. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Otto Piene—Eight sculptures produced by inflation, heat, and light, some created in collaboration with M.I.T. engineers, by a founder of the German "Group Zero;" through Saturday, April 5. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Twenty-three black-and-white paintings, plus drawings, serigraphs, and etchings; through Saturday, March 29. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henry Varnum Poor—Twelve representational paintings and thirty ceramics; through Saturday, March 29. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

David Porter—White plastic boxes or blocks of variously shaped parts; through April 30. (American Institute of Architects, 20 W. 40th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Abraham Rattner—Expressionist paintings with Abstract elements by an important American contemporary; starting Wednesday, April 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)—A major benefit show comprising ninety-five oils and pastels; through May 3. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Miriam Schapiro—Geometric paintings emphasizing color; through Thursday, April 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Schnakenberg—Still-lifes and landscapes in oil and watercolor of Connecticut, Spain, Portugal, Jamaica, and the Bahamas by an American prominent in the thirties; starting Monday, March 31. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Albert Tucker—Symbolic landscapes featuring masks and strange birds; through Thursday, April 3. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aijiro Wakita—The artist's first American exhibition consists of wound-wire sculptures in mathematical shapes; starting Saturday, March 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

June Wayne—Fifty-six lithographs in Op and symbolic modes arranged in series, by the founder and director of Tamarind Lithography Workshop in Los Angeles; through April 12. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

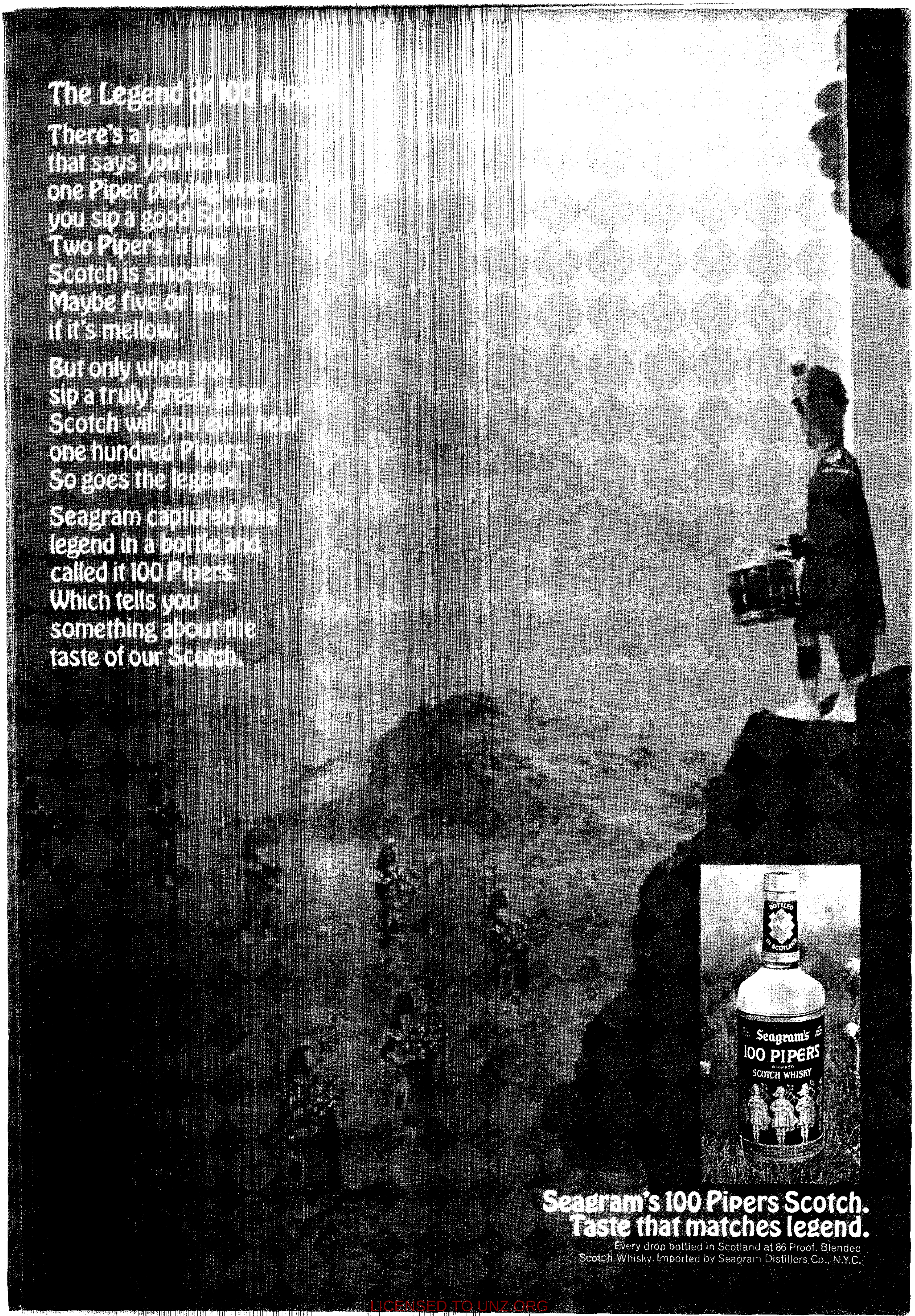
Mahonri M. Young (1877-1957)—Sculptures, oils, watercolors, and drawings; through April 12. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **austrian institute**, 11 E. 52nd St.: Fifteen postwar Viennese artists influenced by Surrealism; through Friday, April 4. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **byron**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Merkin, Sonnenberg, and Meadmore; through Wednesday, April 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **cisneros**, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St.: Santos carved in Puerto Rico in the eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth centuries; through Saturday, March 29. . . . **dannenberg**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings from 1910 to 1919 by Dove, Hartley, Marin, and O'Keeffe (to mention a few); through April 12. . . . **500 park avenue**, at 59th St.: Masters of modern Italian art, among them the great Futurists Severini, Balla, Carrà, and Boccioni; through Saturday, April 5. . . . **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Early-twentieth-century German drawings and watercolors comprising items from such movements as Die Brücke, Der Blaue Reiter, and the New Objectivity. Among the artists are Klee, Beckmann, Corinth, Dix, Pechstein, Grosz, Nolde, and Feininger. Through Friday, March 28. . . . **gimpel**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: An important exhibit of twentieth-century Europeans and a few Americans marks the opening in New York of a branch of the famous European gallery; through Saturday, April 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **graham**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Flower still-lifes in various mediums by, for example, Benton, Carles, Dash, Dickinson, Glackens, Hartley, and Kuhn; through Wednesday, April 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ibm gallery**, 16 E. 57th St.: Prints by David Hockney, Bridget Riley, Eduardo Paolozzi, and other contemporary British artists; through April 19. . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Waldo Peirce, Doris Rosenthal, Roy Moyer, and Fred Meyer are a few of the gallery artists represented in a show of oils, sculptures, and watercolors; through Saturday, March 29. . . . **st. etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by such Austrian Expressionists as Klimt, Kokoschka, and Schiele; through April 19. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **viviano**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Afro, Glasco, Lanyon, Mabe, and others; through Saturday, April 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **doris wiener**, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Seventy Indian miniature paintings from 1500 through the eighteenth century; through April 30. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Harlem on My Mind," the show that has been causing all the noise. Photographs, slides, captions, voices, sound, and music, going back sixty years, from which Harlem emerges as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A



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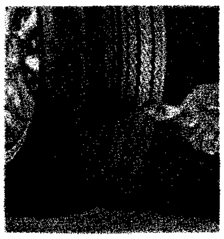

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

large retrospective, previously shown in Amsterdam and London, of Willem de Kooning's paintings, drawings, and pastels from the mid-thirties to 1967; through April 27. . . . ¶ An impressive exhibit of approximately forty tapestries and weavings by contemporary craftsmen working as artists in this medium; through May 4. . . . ¶ Twelve bronze relief panels by Giacomo Manzù made as studies for his much discussed door of St. Peter's; through April 13. . . . ¶ Fifty watercolors, many never seen here before, by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); starting Wednesday, April 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological retrospective of the entire career of the leading American sculptor David Smith, who died in 1965; starting Saturday, March 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-six paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, a "second-generation" Abstract Expressionist; through April 6. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sixteen drawings by William Sidney Mount (1807-1868), a founder of American genre painting; through April 13. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy-four paintings, photographs, and drawings by Charles Sheeler (1883-1965), famous for his clean-cut compositions representing machine-age America; through April 27. . . . ¶ Three camels in mixed mediums by Nancy Graves, to whom the camel is equivalent to the square of Albers; through April 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred prints and drawings collected by the Museum during the past thirty years, including examples ranging from Dürer and Rembrandt through Matisse, Miró, and Albers; through April 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The recently opened Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas on life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fishes. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A retrospective of sculptures, watercolors, and drawings by William Zorach (1887-1966); through Sunday, March 30. . . . ¶ An award show of works by contemporary Americans including, among others, Charles F. Cajori, Red Grooms, Frank Gallo, Clement Meadmore, Alice Neel, Philip Pearlstein, and Richard Pousette-Dart; through Sunday, March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

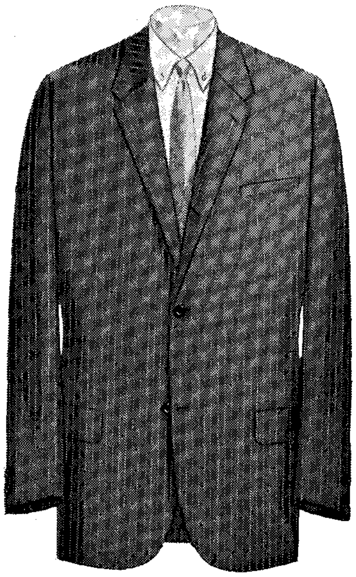
THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth; through Sunday, March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Admission is $1.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—A comprehensive exhibition of the works and life of Grandma Moses (1860-1961); through Sunday, March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Selected manuscripts, drawings, letters, printed books, and bookbindings presented to the Library between 1949 and 1968 by the Association of Fellows; through July 31. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of a hundred and fifty manuscripts, books, letters, typescripts, and illustrations new to the Berg Collection, a sizable portion being the Lady Gregory Archive; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings and sculptures by approximately thirty self-taught black artists of Haiti, accompanied by tapes of the country's music and language, slide projections of the land and the people, and objects and designs related to the voodoo religion; through April 6. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays,



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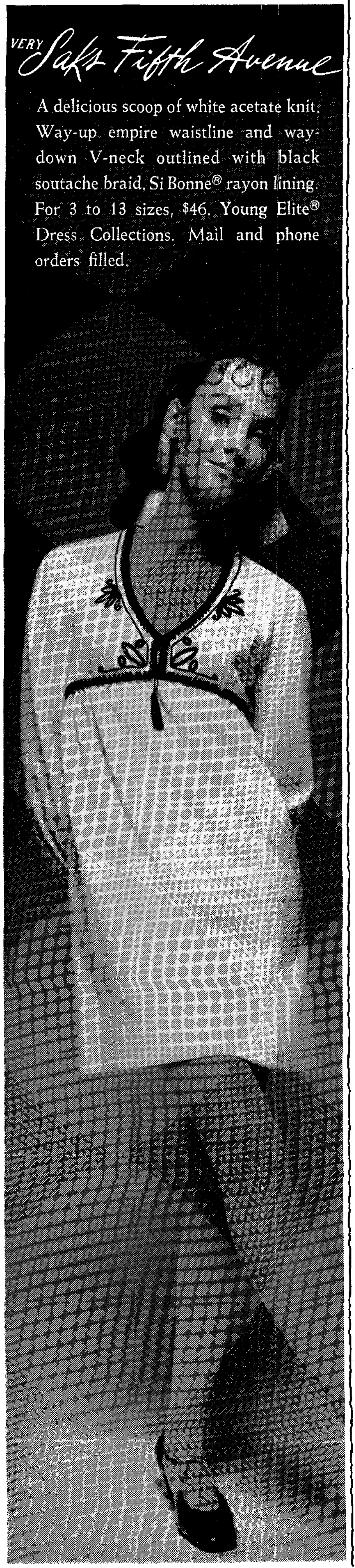
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 27: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Renato Bruson, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 28: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Clarice Carson, Barry Morell, Frank Guarrera, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 29: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 29: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Richard Tucker, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 31: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Lilian Sukis, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 1: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 2: "Wozzeck" (in English), with Evelyn Lear, Geraint Evans, Robert Nagy, Paul Franke, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 3: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 4: "La Bohème," with Radmila Bakocevic, Clarice Carson, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 5: "Peter Grimes," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Jean Madeira, Jon Vickers, and Geraint Evans. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 5: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Grace Bumbry, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, and John Macurdy. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 27, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Anne Elgar, Kay Creed, Louis Quilico, and Pierre Duval. . . . ¶ Friday, March 28, at 8:15: "Faust," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 2:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Peggy Bonini, Kay Creed, David Clatworthy, and William Chapman. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Janet Winburn, Louis Quilico, and Michele Molese. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 30, at 1:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Anne Elgar, Frances Bible, Chester Ludgin, and Joshua Hecht. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 30, at 7:15: "Faust," with Carol Bayard, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 1, at 8:15: "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Joy Davidson, Julian Patrick, and William Chapman. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at 8:15: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Patricia Wise, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 3, at 8:15: "Faust," with Heather Thomson, Frances Bible, Michele Molese, and Roy Samuelsen. . . . ¶ Friday, April 4, at 8:15: "Rigoletto," with Patricia Brooks, Louis Quilico, Pierre Duval, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 2:15: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Eileen Schauler, Claramae Turner, Harry Theyard, and Chester Ludgin; "Suor Angelica," with Maralin Niska, Claramae Turner, Janet Winburn, and Barbara Blanchard; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Barbara Blanchard, Claramae Turner, Richard Fredricks, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 5, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Marylyn Mulvey, Frances Bible, William Chapman, and Joshua Hecht. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 20.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, March 27, at 8:30; Friday, March 28, at 2; Saturday, March 29, at 8:30; and Monday, March 31, at 7:30 (all with Judith Raskin, soprano); and Thursday, April 3, at 8:30; Friday, April 4, at 2; Saturday, April 5, at 8:30; and Monday, April 7, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Cologne Chamber Orchestra—Helmut Muller-Bruhl conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra—James Yannatos conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 1, at 8:30.)

English Chamber Orchestra—Daniel Barenboim conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 4, at 8:30, with Mr. Barenboim as piano soloist. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30, an all-Mozart program, with Pinchas Zukerman, violin.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Friday, March 28, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

Second International University Choral Festival—At Philharmonic Hall—The last two in a series of concerts involving six hundred students from sixteen universities in fourteen countries—Friday, March 28, at 8:30: Choruses from Austria, Argentina, the Philippines, and the United States. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 30, at 8:30: A gala concert in which all of the choruses will join forces under the direction of Robert Shaw.

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing, with soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 31, at 8:30.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with vocal and instrumental soloists and an orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 4, at 8.)

RECITALS

Rey de la Torre—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 27, at 8:30.)

Betty Allen—Mezzo-soprano, in a lieder recital. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 27, at 8:40.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Music of the Royal Court—"Venice and the Doges," the fourth in a series of five programs, this one performed by the Venetian Brass; Jean Hakes, soprano; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, March 28, at 8:30.)

Emil Gilels—Piano, in the second of two recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 29, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Renaissance Quartet—A vocal and instrumental group. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, March 31, at 8:40.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Richard Lane and Robert L. Sanders, performed by the Musical Arts Trio; Zita Carno, piano; and others. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, April 1, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Evenings for New Music—The third in a series of four programs prepared by Lukas Foss. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 1, at 8:30.)

Jorge Morel—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 5, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Steppenwolf, Julie Driscoll, Brian Auger, the Trinity, and John Hammond—Fillmore East,

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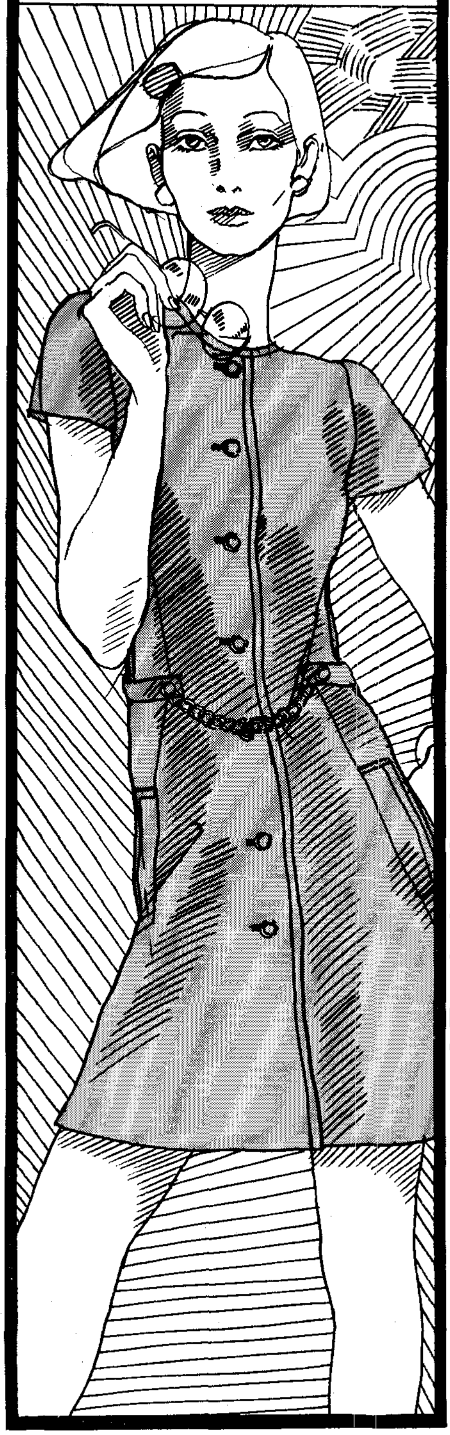

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, March 28-29, at 8 and 11:30.

STEVE DE PASS—Town Hall. Sunday, March 30, at 2:30.

CHAMBERS BROTHERS, HELLO PEOPLE, AND ELEPHANT'S MEMORY—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 4-5, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd St., is 564-4400.)

BASEBALL—Yankees vs. Giants, exhibition games. (Yankee Stadium. Saturday and Sunday, April 5-6, at 2.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—National Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Madison Square Garden Center. Saturday, March 29, at 2; Wednesday, April 2, at 8:35; and, if necessary, Saturday, April 5, at 8:35.)

BOXING—Juarez De Lima vs. Pedro Miranda, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, March 28. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden Center. Sunday, March 30, at 7:05.)

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 5.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Westchester, Saturday, March 29; the Toboggan Handicap, Friday, April 4; and the Gotham, Saturday, April 5.

TENNIS—Madison Square Garden Challenge Bowl. (Madison Square Garden Center. Thursday, March 27, at 6; Friday, March 28, at 7:30; and Saturday, March 29, at 8.)

TRAPSHOOTING—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, March 29, at 9:30, and Sunday, March 30, at 10.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 24. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

BALLET—Benefit performances of "Peter and the Wolf," by members of the New York City Ballet, with Cyril Ritchard, narrator, plus a pantomime drama, "Today and Now," by the Merry-Go-Rounders. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, March 31, at 7; for information about tickets, call 799-9500. . . . ¶ Other performances Tuesday through Saturday, April 1-5, at noon and 3; for information about tickets, call 246-8989.)

STAGE SHOWS—By **BIL AND CORA BAIRD'S MARIONETTES:** "Winnie-the-Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Friday, March 28, at 3:30 and 7:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30; Wednesday, April 2, at 3:30; Thursday, April 3, at 1; and Friday, April 4, at 1 and 3:30.). . . **SALVATORE GUIDA:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, March 29. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sunday, March 30. . . . ¶ "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, April 5. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Afternoons at 2:30.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Rumpelstiltskin," Saturday, March 29, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, March 30, at 2. . . . ¶ "Sleeping Beauty," Tuesday through Thursday, April 1-3, at 2, and Saturday, April 5, at 1 and 3. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and mosaics by children in the public schools of Harlem, in a display entitled "Young Harlem Creates," arranged to coincide with the Metropolitan's special exhibit, "Harlem on My Mind." Through April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sunrise at Stonehenge." (Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday through Wednesday, March 31-April 2, at 2 and 3:30; Thursday, April 3, at 1, 2, and 3:30; and Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, and 3:30. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every weekday, starting on Saturday, March 29, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Louis Untermeyer reading from the works of Theodore Roethke. (Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle. 581-2311. Sunday, March 30, at 4.). . . ¶ A. D. Hope and William Jay Smith reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Monday, March 31, at 8:30.). . . ¶ Stanley Kunitz reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

LECTURE—"A Necessary Treason: The Poet and Translator," by George Steiner. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Monday, March 31, at 6:15.)

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show in the main conservatory repeats the traditional white lily cross, and also offers a Dutch-bulb exhibit that includes a small Dutch village, a windmill, a canal, and fields of spring flowers. (Saturday, March 29, through Sunday, April 13. Daily, 10 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, March 28, at 1:45: Modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Jean Dufy, Utrillo, Signac, and Matta; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 10:15: Pre-Columbian and American Indian art, belonging to several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 29, at 1:45: Decorative furniture, from many sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 2, at 10:15: Majolica, Hispano-Moresque, and other wares; French fans; Limoges enamels; bronze and iron works; and other works of art. From a number of collections. Exhibition starts Friday, March 28.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—March 27 at 2 and 5:30: "Revolt of the Fisherman" (1934), in Russian, with Danish and some English titles. . . . ¶ March 28 at 2 and 5:30: "Flesh" (1932), with Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ March 29 at 11:30: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), in French, with Louis Jouvet. . . . ¶ March 29 at 3 and 5:30: "White Zombie" (1932), with Bela Lugosi. . . . ¶ March 30 at 2 and 5:30: "Caught in a Cabaret" (1914), with Charlie Chaplin; and "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley" (1918), with Mary Pickford. . . . ¶ March 31 at 2 and 5:30: "Aerograd" (1935), in Russian, no English titles. . . . ¶ April 1 at 2: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), in French, with Louis Jouvet. . . . ¶ April 1 at 5:30: A program of experimental films by Paul Sharits. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2 and 5:30: "Jesse James" (1939), with Tyrone Power and Nancy Kelly. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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Before he fitted this sweep of crushed velvet, the Heritage upholsterer stretched, shaped and stitched four layers of support over the arms and back of the frame. When a sofa, or any piece of furniture, takes its shape from the inside out, only more money can buy it.

You might be able to find a sofa that looks like this for about $575. But you won't be buying the same sofa or one that's even close. As you'll soon find out when buffet suppers, day-to-day sitting, children and reupholstering take their toll on the comfort and looks you bought in the showroom. Covered in rich crushed velvet, this 101-inch Heritage sofa will cost you about $775. Or $200 more than its "look-alike." Every spring, strip of webbing, length of thread and piece of burlap was hand-picked, then cut, fitted, sewn and secured to support the lines and comfort of this sofa. The arms alone have burlap, fiberfill, muslin and batting back to back beneath the velvet. Even the frame was shaped to support the sofa's design. The higher price on this Heritage sofa, or any other piece of furniture we make, means something. Whether it's our concern for the support behind the looks and comfort of a design. Or the way we'll carve and finish wood by hand… because no machine or shortcut method can match it. When you find work like this, you'll see the Heritage name. Hiding under the cushions of this monumental Heritage sofa. Burned inside the drawers of a chest. Swinging on a hangtag from one of our wing chairs. If you'd like to know more about Heritage and see how it could fit into your home, send two dollars for a Heritage catalog collection and room planning kit, to Dept. NY-3-69, Heritage Furniture Company, High Point, North Carolina.

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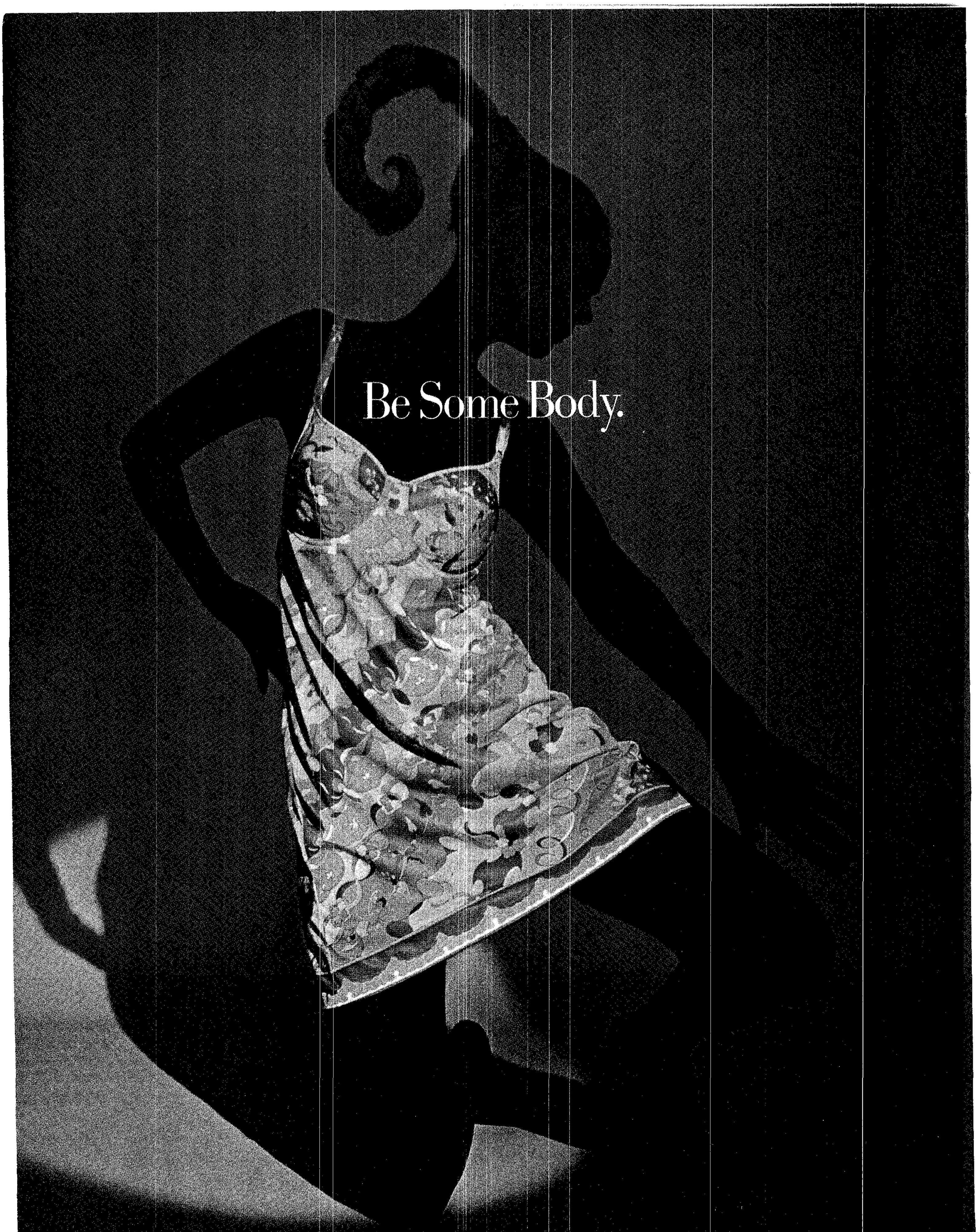

To be some body you need a bra slip that's designed for the look of clothes today, and who could know more about that than Emilio Pucci? Gently underwired for a rounded bosom and sleek as can be. In pink or blue Raffaello print. Number 4466. A, B, C 32-36. $18. By Emilio Pucci for Formfit Rogers.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

BARONET
CORONET
Tom Funk

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Belle de Jour—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great film-maker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

The Big Broadcast of 1938 (1938)—With Kirsten Flagstad and W. C. Fields. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through April 2.)

The Bride Wore Black (1968)—François Truffaut's film in homage to Hitchcock, with Jeanne Moreau as the racked and elegant widow of a bridegroom shot on the steps of the church. In French. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through April 1.)

Bullitt—There are some good chase sequences around San Francisco in this low-key police melodrama, which is pointless and often dull, but efficiently directed by Peter Yates and well acted by Steve McQueen. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 2.)

Charlie Bubbles (1968)—Albert Finney as a famous English writer who feels alienated. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 1.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—A Czech tragicomedy, directed by Jiri Menzel, about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 1.)

Cool Hand Luke (1967)—Paul Newman as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 2.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, 265-8431; through April 1.)

The Exterminating Angel (1962)—About a grand dinner party, which the guests mysteriously can't quit. Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through March 30.)

Faces—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semidocumentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting April 2.)

The Fire Within (1964)—Louis Malle's picture about a young Parisian suicide. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 29.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Starting Saturday, March 29, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Greetings—One of the least fastidious films ever to achieve theatrical distribution, this little comedy is part skin-flick and part college revue, and generally funny. Directed by Brian De Palma. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

Hot Millions—Ira Wallach and Peter Ustinov wrote this ridiculously comical English film, which has Ustinov as a cheerily criminal money-maker and Maggie Smith as his gutsy, drably dressed girl friend, egging him on in his life, if not his work, and keenly practicing the flute. Miss Smith is quite something: a very serious as well as very entertaining actress, out of no English tradition known abroad—spunky, non-booming, non-grand, secretly frail and insistent on a sensible capacity to cope. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 1.)

Hour of the Wolf (1968)—An Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann his wife. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through March 30.)

How I Won the War (1967)—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war. Directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 2.)

If . . .—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—This careless, lightweight comedy about the square-hippie conflict in a Los Angeles lawyer (Peter Sellers) can be a pleasant surprise if one doesn't go expecting a good movie. With Joyce Van Patten, and some sharp lines by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. Directed by Hy Averback. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting April 2.)

The Immortal Story—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets, in a production that seems to be reaching out for Academy awards. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Starting Saturday, March 29, matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 1-2.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Directed by Jean Renoir, with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 28-29.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 2.)

Monterey Pop—Donn Pennebaker's direct-cinema film about a gathering of fifty thousand kids in Monterey, California. A buoyant witness to the free-wheeling and communalistic best of the taunted generation, running with a short about cops on holiday in Honolulu, which is the other half of the story. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2, Sundays at 2 and 5:30, and Monday through Wednesday, March 31-April 2, at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Ordet (1957)—Directed by Carl Dreyer. In Danish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 27.)

Poppy (1936)—W. C. Fields again, this time on the loose as Professor Eustace McGargle. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through April 2.)

Pretty Poison—A new young American director, Noel Black, makes his début with a fine, small thriller, written by Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and quietly and splendidly played by Tony Perkins and Tuesday Weld. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Maggie Smith's Miss Brodie, Celia Johnson's magnificent Miss Mackay, and an excellently selected cast more than compensate for Ronald Neame's rather stodgy direction of the Muriel Spark material. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

The Red and the White—Miklós Jancsó, of "The Roundup," makes a movie about the Civil War in 1918, when Hungarian volunteers join Russian Reds against the Whites who still held power in Central Russia. An engrossing picture, made by a man with a powerful sense of the reign of ambiguity and no taste for dialectic recital. In Hungarian and Russian. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Sea Gull—This carelessly made version of the Chekhov play gives one an almost Chekhovian sense of missed opportunities but Vanessa Redgrave is an extraordinary tubular and girlish Nina, and there are suggestions of what the other roles should be in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and the miscast Simone Signoret. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through April 1.)

Simon of the Desert—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil as a woman (Silvia Pinal). He falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short (forty-five minutes) divertissement on the folly of goodness. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

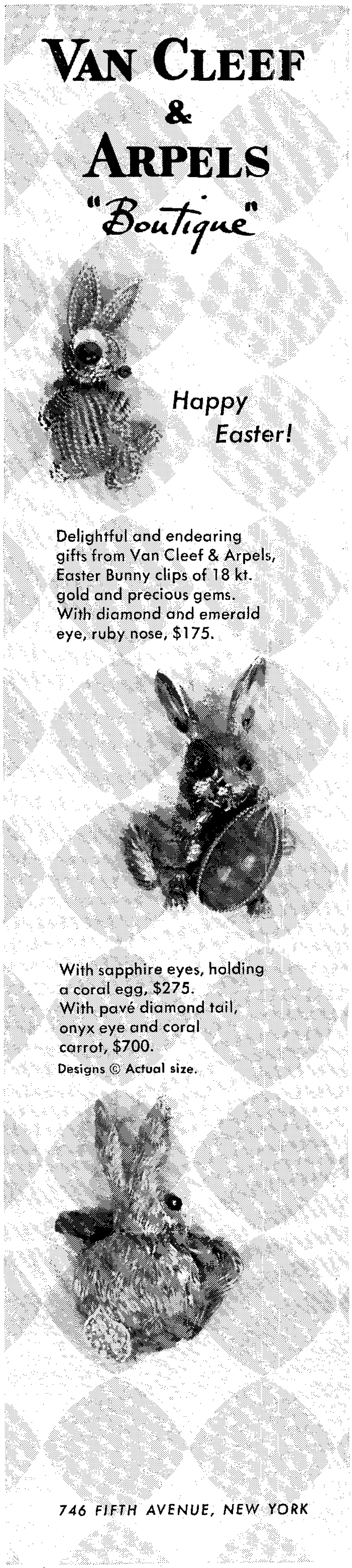
Stolen Kisses—A modern comedy-romance in an improvised style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 1-2.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 27.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-two years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. This film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166.)

Yellow Submarine—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature, with ten songs by the Beatles. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)



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With pavé diamond tail, onyx eye and coral carrot, $700.
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746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
“Joanna,” Genevieve Waite.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
“I Am Curious—Yellow” (in Swedish). Daily at 3, 5:30, 8, and 10:30. Reserved seats only.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
PRETTY POISON.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 1: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film; and “Negatives,” Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.
From April 2: **MARAT/SADE**; and **HOW I WON THE WAR.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 1: **HOT MILLIONS**; and “The Firemen’s Ball,” a Czechoslovakian film.
From April 2: **I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!**; and “Deadfall,” Michael Caine.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MONTEREY POP.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
“Where Eagles Dare,” Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
“Before Winter Comes,” David Niven, Topol.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
“The Illustrated Man,” Rod Steiger, Claire Bloom.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
STOLEN KISSES (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
IF . . .

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
“Baby Love,” Linda Hayden.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
“Can Heironymous Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?,” Anthony Newley, Joan Collins.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
“La Prisonnière” (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
“Otley,” Tom Courtenay, Romy Schneider.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
“Very Happy Alexander” (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
“The Assassination Bureau,” Oliver Reed, Diana Rigg.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
“Changes,” Kent Lane.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through April 2: “Twisted Nerve,” Hayley Mills.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
“The Cats” (in Swedish), Eva Dahlbeck.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
“Where Eagles Dare,” Richard Burton, Clint Eastwood.

Loew’s Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
“2” (in Danish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through April 1: “Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell,” Gina Lollobrigida.
From April 2: “Support Your Local Sheriff,” James Garner, Joan Hackett.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through March 30: **THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL** (in Spanish); and **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish).
March 31-April 2: “Belle of the Nineties” (1934), Mae West; and “Night After Night” (1932), Mae West, George Raft.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 1: **CHARLIE BUBBLES**; and “Secret Ceremony,” Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.
From April 2: **BULLITT.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
“The Fixer,” Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE RED AND THE WHITE (in Hungarian and Russian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through April 1: **THE SEA GULL.**
From April 2: **FACES.**

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through April 2: **POPPY**; and **THE BIG BROADCAST OF 1938.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 1: “Dracula Has Risen from the Grave,” Christopher Lee; and “Chubasco,” Richard Egan, Christopher Jones.
From April 2: “They Came to Rob Las Vegas,” Gary Lockwood, Elke Sommer.

Criterion, B’way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B’way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B’way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
“Chitty Chitty Bang Bang,” Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Thursday and Friday, March 27-28, at 8:15, and Saturday through Wednesday, March 29-April 2, at 10:30, 1:30, 5, and 8:15. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
Through April 1: **DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.**
From April 2: “African Safari.”

Cinerama, B’way at 47th. (265-5711)
“Ice Station Zebra,” Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Monday through Wednesday, March 31-April 2, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Penthouse, B’way at 47th. (757-5450)
“100 Rifles,” Jim Brown, Raquel Welch.

Rivoli, B’way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through March 31: “Star!,” Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)
From April 1, at 8:30: “Sweet Charity,” Shirley MacLaine. (*Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.* Regular performances Wednesday, April 2, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
“The Love Bug,” Dean Jones, Michele Lee.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
“Not Mine to Love” (in Hebrew).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through April 1: “The Castle,” Maximilian Schell.
From April 2: “African Safari.”

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
“I Am Curious—Yellow” (in Swedish).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE IMMORTAL STORY; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B’way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
“Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell,” Gina Lollobrigida.

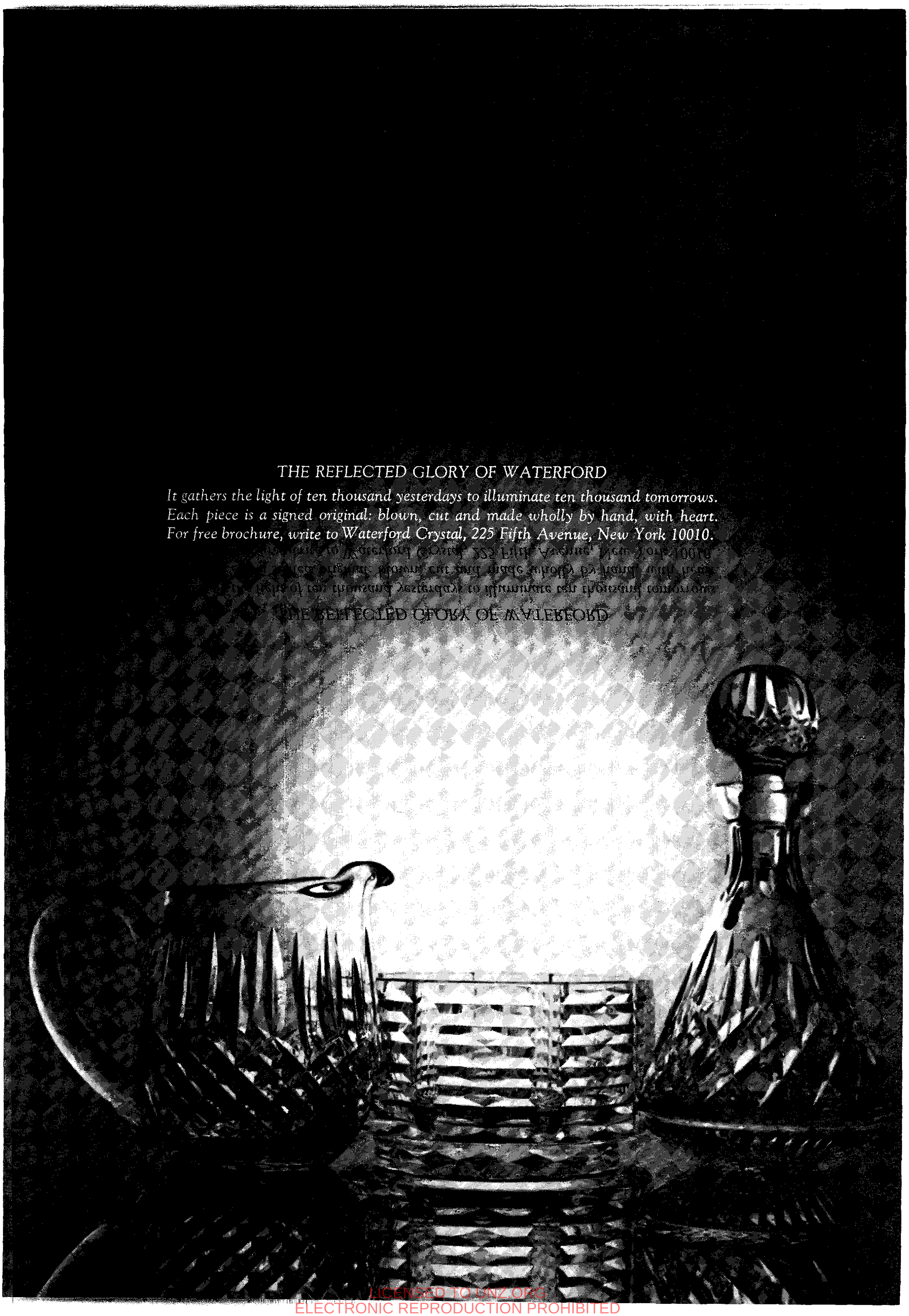
Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

New Yorker, B’way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 29: **THE FIRE WITHIN** (in French).
From March 30: “Morire Gratis” (in Italian).

Symphony, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 1: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French); and “Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush” (1968), Barry Evans.
From April 2: **BULLITT**; and **COOL HAND LUKE.**

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 27: **ORDET** (in Danish); and **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French).
March 28-29: **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in French); and “Great Expectations” (1947), Valerie Hobson, John Mills.
March 30-31: “The Red Shoes” (1948), Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and “The Lovers of Teruel” (1962; in French), Ludmila Tcherina.
April 1-2: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**; and **A TASTE OF HONEY.**

Midtown, B’way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 1: **THE SEA GULL.**
From April 2: **FACES.**



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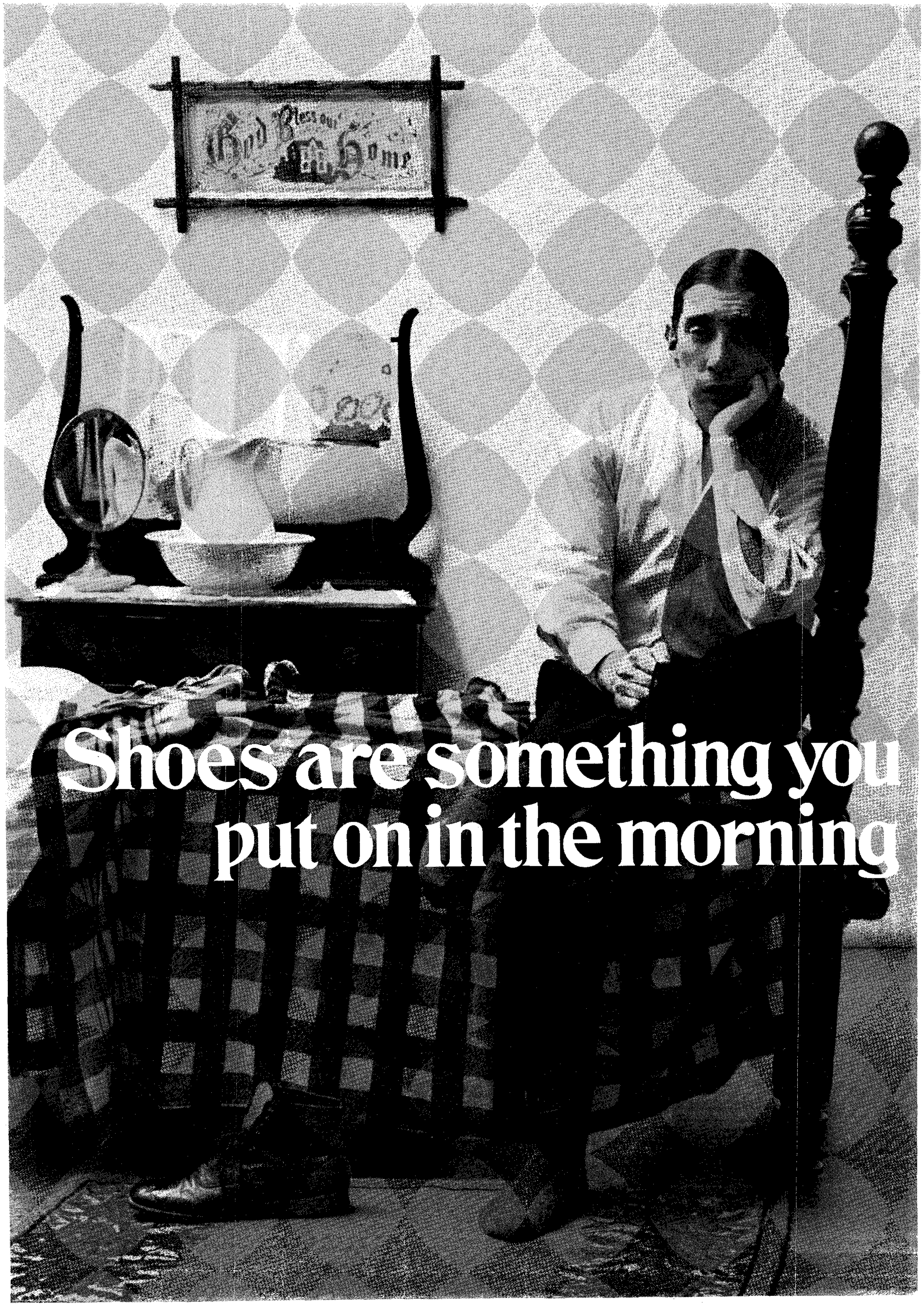
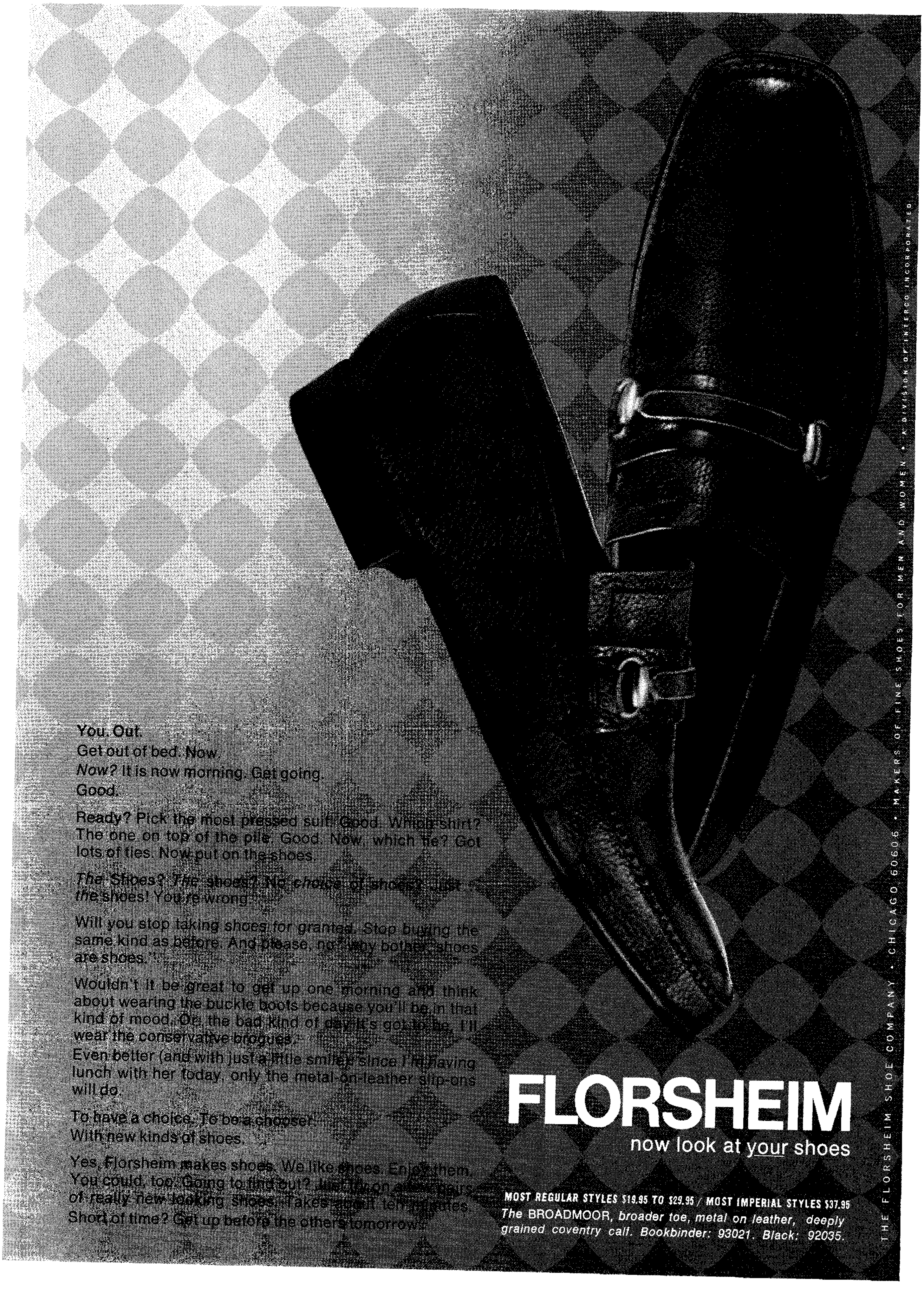

God Bless our Home
Shoes are something you put on in the morning



You. Out.
Get out of bed. Now.
Now? It is now morning. Get going.
Good.

Ready? Pick the most pressed suit. Good. Which shirt? The one on top of the pile. Good. Now, which tie? Got lots of ties. Now put on the shoes.

The Shoes? *The* shoes? *No choice of shoes? Just the* shoes! You're wrong.

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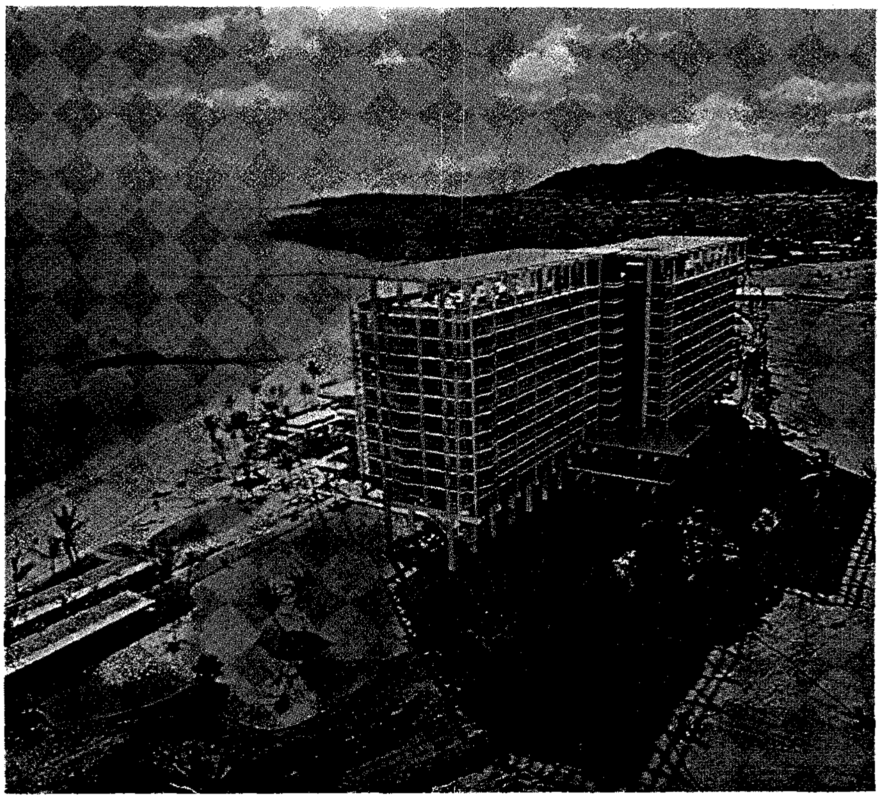

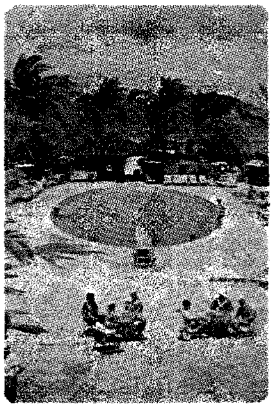

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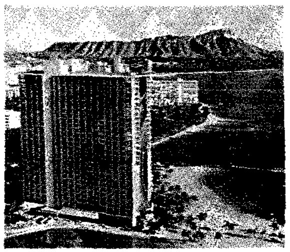
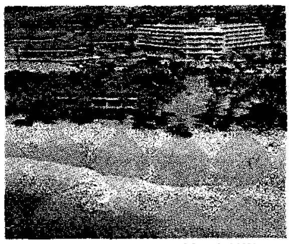
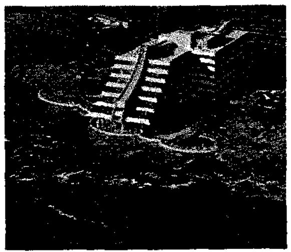


Hilton Hawaiian Village



Maui Hilton



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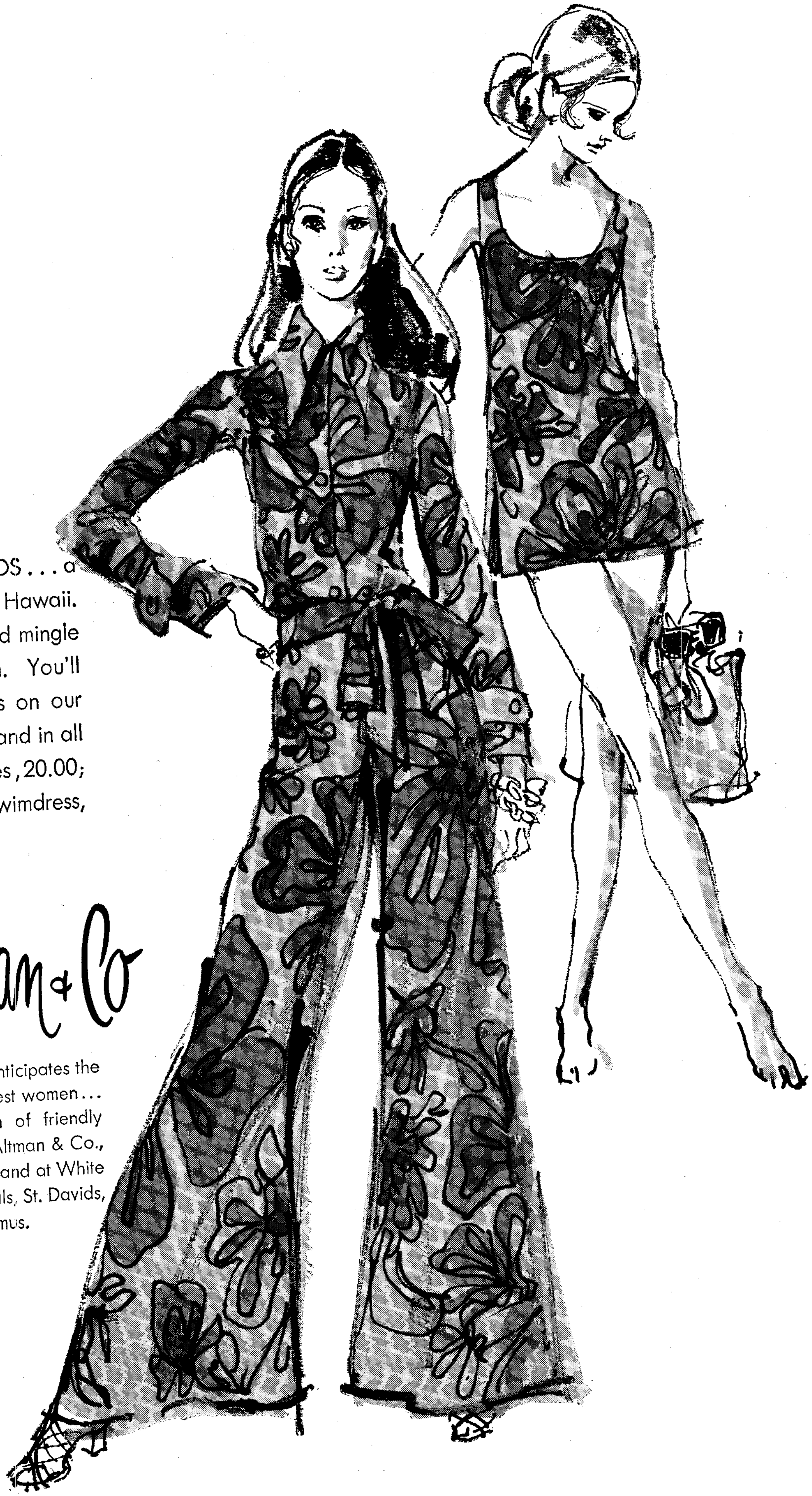
Good Housekeeping
GUARANTEES
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER



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THE NEW YORKER

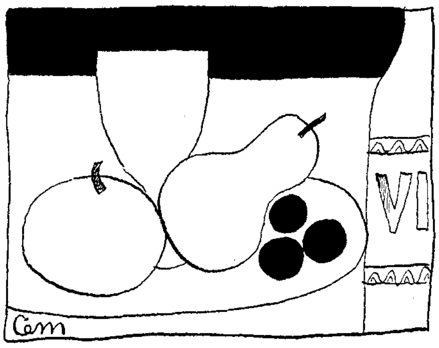
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOT that it's a matter of the highest importance, but we might feel somewhat better about the country if we had a Secretary of Defense who did not speak of "nuclear weapons" as "nucular weapons." To our surprise, we have learned from the dictionary that there is a word that is pronounced as Secretary Laird has it. The word is "nucula," and it is a noun, defined as "a mollusk of the genus *Nucula*; a nutshell or beaked cockle." There are no nutshells or beaked cockles in our warheads.

Announcement

"GRACIE MANSION," we said, jumping into a cab on a glorious morning last week, and we headed uptown. It was an extraordinarily benign and balmy day. People seemed to be drifting along the sidewalks, dazed; truck drivers were affable; there was little honking; and our driver, Pablo Rivera, was relaxed and cheerful. "I think Lindsay's doing as good as anybody could," he remarked. He reflected for a moment, then added, "But this is a wild place." We leaped out at the Mansion and strolled up the driveway, through a Seurat tableau of languid reporters, cameramen, and cops gracefully grouped about the lawns. In the warm haze, even the Pearl-Wick Hampers sign across the river seemed tasteful and subdued. Inside the gates at the south wing, it was almost as if a wedding reception were starting: Big black cars dispensed well-dressed guests at the white, suburban-looking front door. They greeted each other heartily. (Official No. 1: "Did they open City Hall at all this morning?" Official No. 2: "Nope. Closed it up!" Laughter.) Beyond the door, members of the administration who had just been addressed by the Mayor in the conference room downstairs flooded up to the next landing and merged with the incoming tide of guests, who hadn't yet heard him. The groups mingled and pushed on up a short flight to the ballroom. Girls with baskets handed "Mayor Lindsay" buttons to the crowd, which included John Hay Whitney, Thomas Hoving, Constantine Sidamon-Eristoff, Herbert Brownell, Bud Palmer, Mitchell Ginsberg, Harry O'Donnell, Sid Davidoff, and Robert Sweet. Mrs. Lindsay, in a gray dress, an orange Lindsay button, and a healthy-looking tan, chatted with the guests. A line of nine TV cameras divided the ballroom into two equal sections. "City people behind the cameras!" called Mr. Davidoff, in a sports coat and a dazzling blue shirt, pointing to the rear of the room. "Gentlemen of the press here!" he announced, indicating rows of folding chairs down front. Microphones were standing at the south end of the room, in front of a Rembrandt Peale portrait of George Washington. Mr. O'Donnell handed out the prepared statement to the press, explaining, "This is not a press conference—no Q. and A. The Mayor will have a news conference tomorrow morning." The reporters nodded understandingly, and got their microphones and notebooks ready anyway. The terrace doors were opened, and mild air filled the room. The Mayor, looking very relaxed—blue shirt, blue-and-gray tie, dark-blue suit, light-blue eyes—took his place at the microphones, with Mrs. Lindsay, daughter Margaret, daughter Anne, and John, Jr., who was freckled and thoughtful, at his right. Governor Rockefeller, Senator Jacob Javits, Senator Charles E. Goodell, Louis Lefkowitz, former Governor Thomas E. Dewey, and others stood just behind him to the left.



The room fell silent, and the Mayor began to speak.

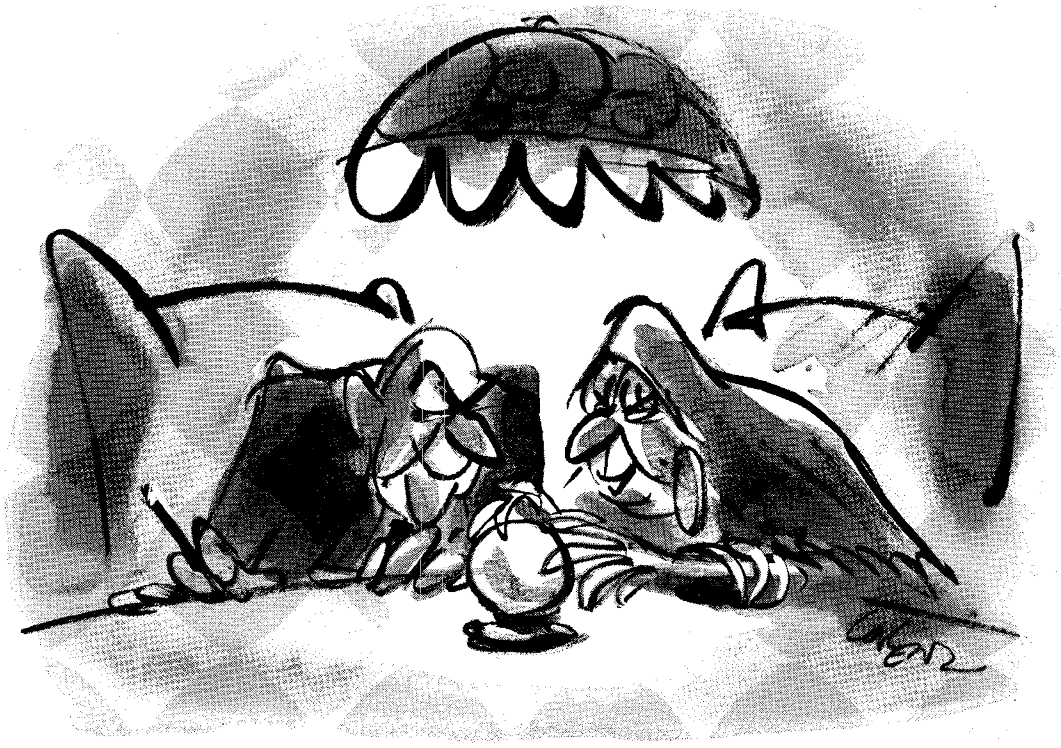
"Hold it!" a TV cameraman yelled. "Technical difficulties!"

The Mayor waited patiently (once again television had become the event, instead of merely covering it; we wondered if any reporter had ever halted a press conference by shouting, "Hold it! I dropped my pencil!"), and presently he was saying, "I will run for reëlection to the office of Mayor of New York," and there was a round of applause. As he read his statement, George Washington gazed to his right, Nelson Rockefeller looked straight ahead (he was wearing black-rimmed glasses), Javits stared downward, and Dewey looked pensive. "I run because too much is at stake to abandon the effort my administration has begun," he said. He spoke of the conservative threat. "The Conservative Party was founded to destroy progressive Republicanism. It tried to defeat Governor Rockefeller in 1962 and 1966, Senator Javits in 1962 and 1968, and me in 1964 and 1965." There was a rustle, like a sudden gust of wind, as all the reporters simultaneously turned the pages of the printed statement. "Each time, it failed," Lindsay said. "I shall ask you to choose what kind of city you want: a city that exists only as the caretaker of our afflictions or a city that strives for greatness? The choice is yours."

There was prolonged applause, after which Governor Rockefeller took the mike. He began to speak, and then another TV cameraman dropped a can of film with a loud clatter.

"Can you hold it one second, sir?" he called.

Rockefeller did—agreeable and amused, a touch of Jack Benny in his style—and when the second was up, he declared it was a very happy occasion



“Then I see this company making a fabulous oil strike in the Antarctic, and if the S.E.C. should ask, you never heard of me.”

• •

(“For a long time, I’ve been urging the Mayor . . .”) and said, “I’d like to lay to rest the constantly publicized story that there is a feud between the Mayor and me.” He read aloud some excerpts from a column by Evans and Novak, refuting the piece, to the general merriment of the crowd. “John, best of luck to ya,” he said finally. “Thanks for inviting me.” Applause.

Javits, speaking next, raised the question “Can city life persist in this century?” (Behind him, Lindsay stood with his head high and his hands clasped behind his back, intermittently grinning; he looked exactly like a man taking a stroll along the boardwalk on the first great day of spring, thriving on every moment of it.)

Ex-Governor Dewey spoke. “During my twelve years as Governor, I worked with four mayors,” he said. “I may perhaps be an expert on mayors.” Laughter. He said that it was “pretty lucky” to get a good one, and that if you did, you should keep him—“I recommend that you do.” He got a big hand.

When the endorsements were over, the crowd, including the Lindsays and their children, moved out onto the terrace. The day had improved even more, and the garden behind the Mansion was sunny and warm. A photographer asked the Lindsay daughters to kiss their father, and they both exclaimed “Oh, *no!*,” laughing. “I guess you’re right,” the photographer said.

Mrs. Lindsay said to John, Jr., “All right, you may go back to school now,” and John made a fast break for the lawn and his bicycle. She called to a departing daughter, “Don’t forget you have to go back to school this afternoon! Do be back by three, honey! Have a good time!”

Everybody was having a good time. John, Jr., bicycled rapidly in circles around the garden. Nobody seemed to want to leave, so nobody left. People chatted and joked, or simply gazed out over Carl Schurz Park, where mothers and children and nurses were standing serenely, gazing back.

The guests finally drifted out through the front door; the big cars were pulling away, one by one. We walked down the driveway. On the sidewalk was a short, stout woman holding a large, hand-lettered sign. “Boycott Easter,” it said. “Don’t Buy. Anti-Poverty Funds Being Robbed to Buy Guns and Bullets for Israel.” Abruptly, we knew we were back in the city.

Polykarp Kusch

LAST week, because Columbia University had just named him its new vice-president and Dean of Faculties, we went to see Polykarp Kusch, a fifty-eight-year-old Columbia University professor of physics and 1955 Nobel Prize winner. The job (No. 2, after President Andrew W. Cordier, in the administrative hierarchy of the University) means that Polykarp Kusch will be the man responsible for *the selection of the faculty and* for faculty programs at Columbia. We found him at home, at 450 Riverside Drive, in an apartment with a view of the Hudson and with a lot of books, in the company of a tall and handsome wife named Betty, a gracious five-year-old daughter named Diana, and a talky eighteen-month-old daughter named Maria. His right leg was broken and was propped up, in a heavy white cast, on a large leather footstool. Professor Kusch, who is tall, lean, and brown-haired—a shock of hair falls neatly from a left part over the right side of his forehead—sat up straight in a large tweedy armchair, looking alert, zestful, and ageless. His wife handed him his 3 P.M. cup of coffee. Diana handed him his cigarettes. Maria handed him his matches.

“How did you break your leg?” we asked.

“On the night of January 6th, I was walking home from a meeting at the Men’s Faculty Club,” Professor Kusch began, in a precise, measured, sonorous, and projective style of speech that made *us* sit up straight. “In my usual energetic style, I turned the corner in front of 440 Riverside Drive, where the sidewalk is paved with yellow brick. It was drizzling. There was ice on the sidewalk. I fell. It was immediately apparent to me that I was unable to stand up again. I propped myself against the wall of the building, and in a few moments Professor George R. Collins, a professor of art, came along and helped me. Then Professor Ellis R. Kolchin, a professor of mathematics, came by, and the two of them got me home. It was an experience of real neighborliness. Five minutes later, an internist who lives in this house, and who is not my doctor, was in here. He arranged for an ambulance for me. He arranged for an orthopedist for me, who met me at the emergency entrance of New York Hospital. Two hours after I broke my leg, I was in my room at the hospital, with the cast on. The *Ausländer* would think that the remoteness of New York is generally associated with Manhattan, which is not by public repute the friendliest of boroughs, but I would like to pay tribute both to the friendliness of New York City and to the responsiveness of the medical profession. My faith in the medical profession has been greatly enhanced."

We blinked a little. "What was your meeting about?" we asked.

"It never became fixed in my mind," Professor Kusch said. "I was much too preoccupied with my discomfort and with the prospect of being immobilized for three months." He sipped his coffee. "Ever since last April, I have gone to an infinite number of meetings. It was a great year for meetings at Columbia. In some respects, more people have talked to other people on the campus than ever before in the history of the University. In the context of concern about the University, I have discovered something new about the attitudes, the points of view, the aspirations, and the intellectual style of many people as a result of these meetings."

"Has it been enlightening?" we asked.

"The word 'enlightening' is a little too broad," Professor Kusch said. "It has not led to a body of knowledge I could write about," he explained, emphasizing each syllable in that uniquely measured way.

We blinked again. "Do you always talk this way?" we asked.

"Yes," Professor Kusch said. "My style and tone of voice have been real professional assets to me. When Betty and I were married, in 1960, she sat in on a class I gave in physics for non-physics students. The class had the affectionately informal title of Physics for Poets. Betty sat up in the clouds, in the back of a large lecture hall. She described my style as 'reaching the man in the back row and grasping him by the lapels and implanting ideas by sheer voice and personality.' I have heard myself on tapes, and I find it difficult to believe that it is really I."

"How do you account for it?" we asked.

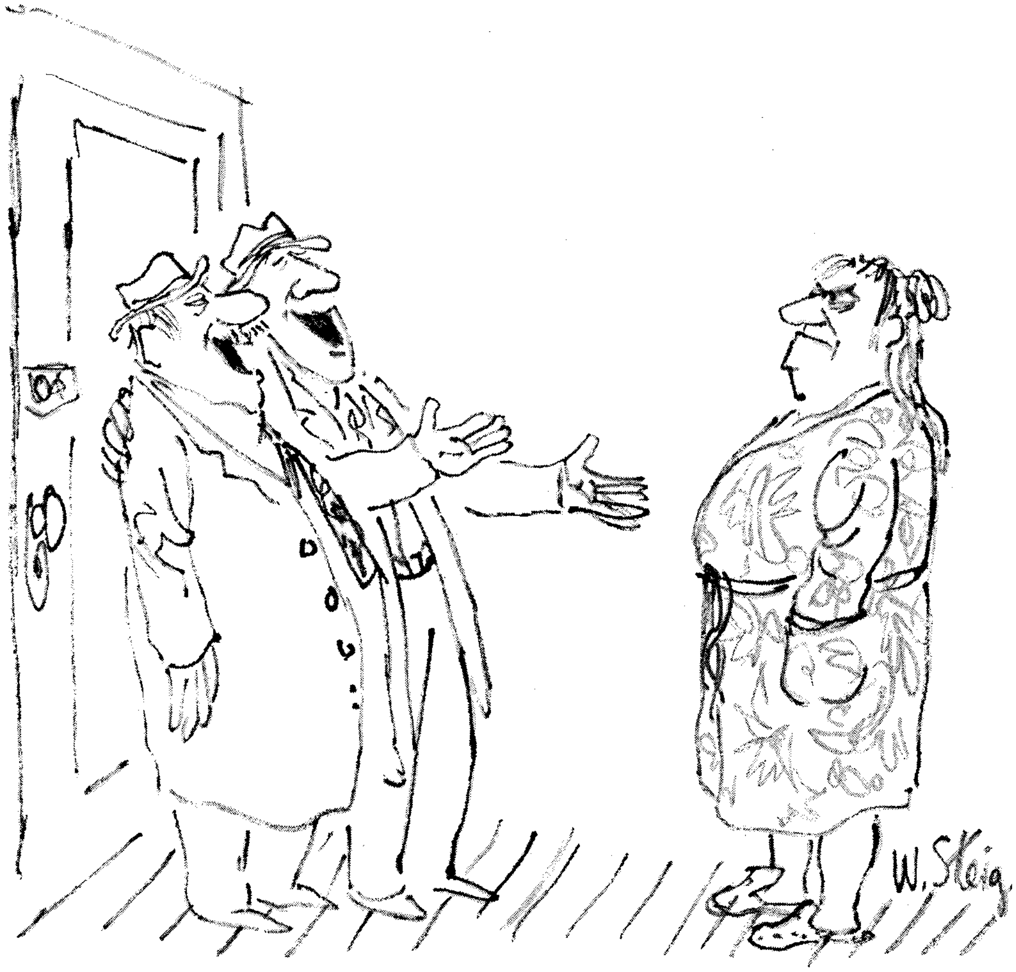
"One," Professor Kusch said. "I spoke German before I spoke English. Two. My father did not tolerate slovenliness in diction. Three. My father was a clergyman. I listened to his sermons, and I think I absorbed some of the rhythms of speaking in a sermonizing manner. I listened to so many sermons in my childhood that my place in Heaven must be secure. Incidentally, I sometimes deliberately overdo the precision of speech to create a special effect."

"German?" we asked.

"I was born in Blankenburg, Germany," Professor Kusch said. "I was born on January 26, 1911. I came to the United States in 1912. If you ask me where I'm from, I hardly know. I was never anywhere very long. My father was a restless man. He was a Pole, from Warsawitz. He went to school in Germany. My mother was pure Dutch. Whenever you think of Dutch, you think of my mother. My father preached in Polish, in Dutch, in German, and in English. In the United States, I lived first in Chadwick, Illinois, an infinitesimal town, and from there my father went to a parsonage in South Dakota. After that, he moved to Oregon, not far from Pendleton. In 1916, when I was five, we moved to Merton, Wisconsin, where I went to a two-room school for eight grades. We lived in Merton for five years. It was a small community, with an integrity of its own. There was an Evangelical church in town and a country church five miles outside. My father preached in both. My God, I have a recollection of going to Sunday school twice on Sundays! I listened to my father preach, in German, at both churches. Then we came home—my three sisters, my mother and my father, and I—and we would have Sunday dinner. I had to, at dinner, tell my father the texts of his sermons and the themes of the sermons, and then my father, being a methodical man, would ask me to list the substance of the sermons by points. Point One. Point Two. Point Three. Then, in the evening, because it had become apparent that German was not the language of the future, my father would preach in English in the church in town, in the hope of attracting the younger people to the church. I have some knowledge of what some of my students feel these days. My father was not only my father; he was a representative of the Almighty. That was very hard to take."

"Do you know anybody else named Polykarp?" we asked.

"The name is not uncommon in those countries that are inheritors of the Greek tradition," Professor Kusch said. "I do know that it was the name



"For she's a jolly good fellow, for she's a jolly good fellow . . ."

of a Bishop of Smyrna who was burned at the stake in 160 A.D., for being a Christian. It was of some interest to me to note that the clergyman who married Mrs. Kennedy to Mr. Onassis was named Polyzarpos. And in a recent book by Peter De Vries something goes on at a Polycarp College. Otherwise, the name Polykarp appears in American literature once, to my knowledge. J. B. Stribling wrote a trilogy—or, for all I know, a pentalogy—based on the history of the South. In that book there is a Kentucky colonel who goes by the name of Polycarp Vaiden."

"How do you happen to be reading books by Stribling?" we asked.

"Because all my life I have read everything," Professor Kusch said. "Literally, I look at television one hour a year. If you will forgive me, when I go to parties I am always asked about my name. It has been one of the tribulations of my life to explain it to everyone."

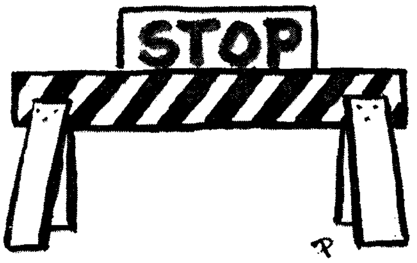
Professor Kusch took a sip of coffee. "I don't have truck with the Almighty anymore," he said. "Still, it's part of a tradition. I survived learning the Bible by heart. For Christmas, my wife gave me an extremely handsome copy of the King James text done on handmade paper and printed in elegant type. I am no end charmed with it. The introduction deals with squabbles among scholars, and has a remarkably contemporary sound. Being a sentimental man, in 1959 I drove through the town of Merton, which I remembered as being charming and lovely, and I found it desolate. I stopped at the church and looked in. The parsonage is still there, but the parson doesn't live there. He drives in from Milwaukee."

"Where did you live after Merton?" we asked.

"In South Milwaukee. And from there we went to Cleveland. My father had some of the difficulties of a saint. He believed in preaching the Gospel. He was impatient with evidence of worldliness. My father became disenchanted with the organized church. He believed in personal holiness. He went to work, in a very minor capacity, for a religious publishing house, editing literature for Sunday schools. In Cleveland, I went to what was then Central High School, and graduated the day after my fifteenth birthday. I stayed on as an assistant in the physics laboratory for half a year, because I was too young to go to college, and, besides, I needed the money. We were literally as poor as church mice. Not that I resent an iota of *that*. To earn money for college, I started working for the Cleveland Public Library as a page. That marvellous building! In 1926, when I started working there, it was a new, shiny marble building. It was a lovely thing. It stood next to the Post Office, which is now a courthouse, and it was built in a style that was supposed to be consistent with it. But the Post Office was grimy and gray. The library was white and glistening. Inside, it had an air of repose and invited reading. That is not true of all libraries. I read incessantly. The German novelists. Jakob Wasserman. French novelists. Jules Romains. Not great writers, but not trivial, either. I have great affection for the Cleveland Public Library. I worked there over a period of five years. It was an absolutely great experience. My fellow-pages were energetic, bright people, all from the submerged classes, and we worked for thirty cents an hour. My God, we had an enormous passion for life! It was as important as any experience in my life. It was absolutely gorgeous."

"And college?" we asked.

"My father thought that a college education would lead to my losing the faith. I started out paying tuition out of my own earnings," Professor Kusch said. "I went to what was then called the Case School of Applied Science. It later became the Case Institute of Technology, and it has now merged with Western Reserve University. I entered Case as a well-indoctrinated Christian youth and left four years later with strong anticlerical attitudes. I entered with every intention of becoming a chemist. The chemistry I learned in my first year was probably excessively cookbooky. I won an American Chemical Society national essay contest. Second prize—three hundred dollars. On the topic 'Chemistry and National Defense.' That helped pay my second year's tuition. Then I switched to a physics major. There were very few physics majors, and they were thought by their fellow-students to be lunatics. It was heavily classical physics, with only a minute mixture of modern physics. It was technically oriented. For example, one course I took was called Foundry Practice. I got out of college in 1931. During my college career, I was poor, but not once in my life did I feel deprived. I carried my lunch to school in a bag. I never *felt* poor. I was never frustrated in life. It was all *great*."



"And from Case?" we asked.

"I went to the University of Illinois for my Ph.D.," Professor Kusch said. "Francis Wheeler Loomis was my professor. He is now seventy-nine. The day I was made vice-president of Columbia University, I finished writing a paper closely related to the subject of my doctoral research. On molecular spectra. At Illinois, I started as a teaching assistant, and pretty soon I became Loomis's personal research assistant. I worked on problems of spectroscopy."

"What did you do?" we asked.

"I examined the spectrum, the nature of light emitted by a molecule, and I tried to interpret this, to learn the structure of a molecule. I wrote several papers. Then I dropped molecular spectroscopy and didn't return to it until 1965. I returned to it because of a suspicion that I had missed something important about it in the nineteen-thirties. It turned out that I was right. The molecular spectra I examined were richer in evidence of certain kinds of molecular behavior than I had thought in the nineteen-thirties. I did this sentimentally. It was not in the forefront of modern physics. It was not unrelated to returning to my father's church thirty-six or thirty-seven years after I had heard sermons in it."

"What happened after you got your Ph.D.?" we asked.

"I spent one year at the University of Minnesota, as research assistant to John Tate, a man whom older physicists in the country remember with great affection. I did research on mass spectroscopy—problems related to identification and properties of fragments of molecules bombarded by electrons. Then Tate recommended me to George Pegram, at Columbia, another of the grand old men of the physics of that epoch. When I came to Columbia, in 1937, I was immediately associated with I. I. Rabi, a great scientific figure, of course, of that time. This was one of the happy accidents of history, to which I am particularly prone. In February, 1941, because I was disappointed at not being promoted to assistant professor at Columbia, I went to work for Westinghouse, on the design of vacuum tubes. In 1942, I returned to Columbia—not as an academic employee but to work for the Division of War

"Let's keep to the lane today, Dudley. My heart is too light for the moors."

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Research—and in 1944 I went to work for Bell Telephone Laboratories, doing development work on high-frequency vacuum tubes. In April, 1946, I. I. Rabi called me. It was after the war, and he was trying to reconstruct the Physics Department. I took a job as an associate professor. From 1946 to this day, I have been at Columbia. I am dedicated to it. For many years, I have never entered the gate at Columbia without the strong feeling: This is mine!"

"And how about the teaching?" we asked.

"My God, I like to teach!" Professor Kusch told us. "The whole texture of my life at Columbia has been superb. 1946 was an exciting period in physics. Physics, no matter what the public thought, was in a sterile period during the Second World War. The orientation of physics had been toward a technological effort, with a large intellectual context but few new conceptual ideas. The research didn't lead to the kind of new insights that physicists work for. At Columbia, after the war, everybody worked like mad. Everybody had the feeling that we were doing exciting things after a long period of doing things that were essentially dull."

"Can you say what your work was that led to your being awarded the Nobel Prize?" we asked.

"Well, I usually give a three-hour lecture on that subject," Professor Kusch said. "You might describe the work as dealing with the magnetic properties of the electron. What I undertook was an exceedingly precise measurement of the magnetic properties of the electron, which showed that it did not fit into the framework of the accepted canon of physics. The official citation was for the precision measurement of the magnetic moment—the technical use of the word 'moment'—of the electron."

"How did you react to the news of the award?" we asked.

"For the next few weeks, I drank a lot of bourbon, and it didn't do more to me than drinking water," Professor Kusch said quickly.

"Won't you miss teaching, now that you have your new job?" we asked.

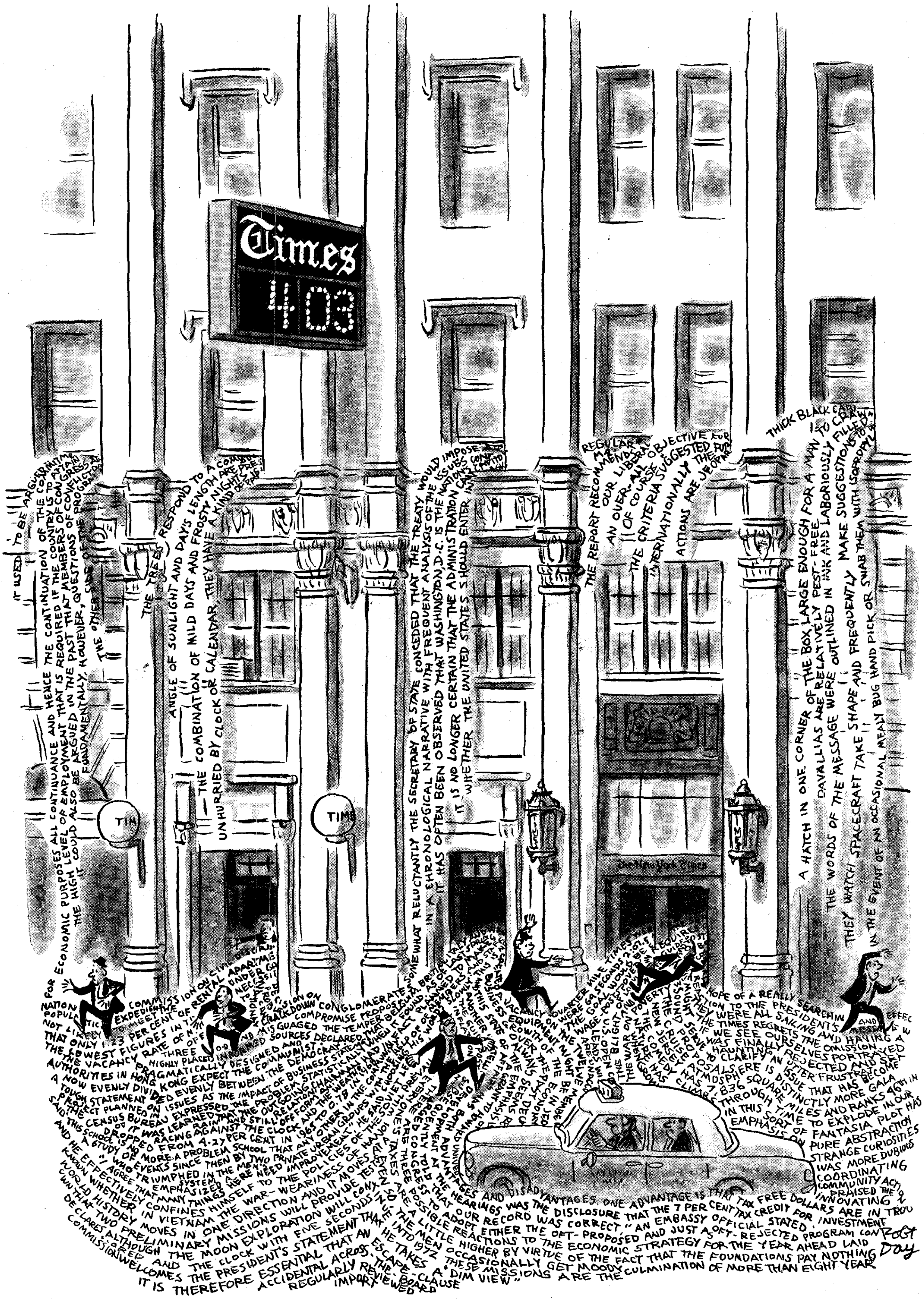
"I will miss it intensely," he said. "As a professor, teaching has the first priority on my attention, but the nature of the job precludes holding regular classes. In my new role, I hope to affirm that science and the practice of science are in fact forms of a civilizing knowledge and a civilizing experience. My interests are not restricted to science, and I am looking forward with great enthusiasm to working in a larger environment. I have an extremely high regard for Dr. Cordier, and I anticipate a fruitful relationship. Dr. Cordier is not a person who will arrange his life according to protocol, and neither am I."

"Well, what are you going to try to do?" we asked.

"There will be a very large concern with the quality of the instruction," he said. "It sounds pompous, but I am going to work for the creation of an environment in which learning and scholarship can flourish."

"Are you hopeful?"

"It could well be that the form and structure of the University will become different," Professor Kusch said. "No human institution is immutable, and a university is a human institution. However, my faith in the future of learning and in the future of knowledge is very great, and my faith in the University as the seat of learning and of knowledge is very great."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TO CLARIFY AN ISSUE THAT HAS BECOME
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EMPHASIS ON PURE ABSTRACTION
STRANGE CURIOSITIES
WAS MORE DUBIOUS
COORDINATING
COMMUNITY ACTION
PRAISED THE INNOVATING
Roger Day

YOUR HOROSCOPE

(More Unsolicited Guidance from Out There)

Taurus (Apr. 21-May 21)

With Venus ascendant and frozen pork-belly futures holding firm, this is a week for modest household chores. Unkink and clean all shoelaces, not overlooking the lacing on your football. Recaulk the dog's water dish, the tank on the Water Pik, etc. Toward the end of the week, chair casters may be inspected in relative safety. Because of an enigmatic (or quietly amused) aspect of Mercury, it would be wiser not to get dressed before nightfall.

Gemini (May 22-June 21)

Sorry, Gemini people, but still no advice for you. Eleven weeks now and still not a word from the Stars for this dormant house! Oh, well, things are bound to start popping soon. Meantime, try not to do anything at all.

Cancer (June 22-July 23)

A confused period for you normally ebullient Crabs. Purely social occupations will help keep your mind off insomnia, erasers, and eastbound watercraft. Damp bathing suits may prove annoying on Tuesday, but try to keep your composure at all costs. Some rumpling of the eyebrows may be observed upon arising. An elderly terrier will be thinking about you over the weekend.

Leo (July 24-Aug. 23)

Your best week of the entire year for sheer recklessness. Obey that wiggy impulse! Vault subway turnstiles, dress up in your wife's clothes, tell off a policeman, coat yourself in peanut butter—it doesn't matter, for the Stars say this is your time to howl! A meditative period will descend late in the week, when you may wish to consult legal and medical experts.

Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

Those not born under this sign would do well to visit all their Virgo friends before 4:20 P.M. on Monday, but to stay well away thereafter. As for you Virgos—well, astrology is still a difficult science, and maybe we're reading these signs wrong, ha, ha! Good luck to you all.

Libra (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)

A time for inwardness and mental housecleaning. Try to rid your mind of excess baggage. Forget about the Diet of Worms. Forget factoring, the cambium layer, Deanna Durbin, and Sibyl Colefax. Get rid of the Rock of Chickamauga, the color of Ventnor Avenue, and the words of "Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo." Throw out Gantner Wikies, Engine Charlie Wilson, and "anent." Try never to think about tundra. What a lot of trash you've been carrying around in the old bean! No wonder you can't make any money.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

Mars will be entering this house shortly after lunch on Tuesday, so you Scorpios, already habitually suspicious, would do well to double your guard in this period. If your friends have been whispering about you in the past, just think what they're saying now! Laundrymen and Celts may try to bilk you, possibly through the mails. An agent of a Balkan power, perhaps posing as a close relative, will try to blow nerve gas through your telephone receiver while you sleep. Next week will be worse.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)

All you Archers—so good-looking, so impetuous, so lovably harum-scarum—have been making a perfect hash of your lives ever since the moon slipped off your cusp way back in March, 1964. Time to come down to earth! This week, try to study some modest, everyday object and appreciate its true nature. Study one of your thumbs, for instance. Not the handsomest of all your fingers, perhaps, but one that does its job, day in and day out, without fanfare or vaingloriousness. See how wrinkled it has grown around the knuckle, but with never a word of complaint. You are lucky to have stubby Mr. Thumbkin (a typical Gemini) working for you, and you might do well to emulate his patience. If you were a dog or a fox, your thumb would be way up by your wrist somewhere, and absolutely useless. What a lesson for us all!

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

Pablo Casals, Senator Dirksen, Renata Tebaldi, Willie McCovey, Howard Hughes, Ava Gardner, President Nasser, and President Nixon were all born under this sign, which rules the knees. The best guide to your week is to watch these fellow-Capricorns closely, for if things go well for them they will go well for you, too. If they all have a terrible week—broken cello strings, blocked legislation, tonsillitis, popups, etc.—so will you, in your own tiny way. You may find it difficult to discover much in common with each and every one of these Goat people, but that's the way astrology works, so stop complaining.

Aquarius (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

Persons born under Aquarius are restless, indolent, fond of water sports, pleasing, and agreeable. Their greatest fault is procrastination. This will be a fine week for you to mooch around the house quietly, smoothing over family arguments and making friends with the milkman. Take a nap or look out the window for a while. Maybe you could get in a little surfing. On the other hand, why don't you wait and go surfing *next* week? What the hell.

Pisces (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)

This week climaxes a series of highly favorable indications for fish and Fish people. Go to the aquarium, take up fly-tying, buy a pair of guppies. Try codfish balls for breakfast—delicious! On Friday, before the onset of your coming counter-period of drought, why not throw a mammoth "Fish Fry"? Invite Hamilton Fish, Bob Trout, Ben Pollack, Dick Bass, Jean Shrimpton, Aldo Ray, Hulan Jack, Bishop Pike, etc. How they will laugh when they all "get it"!

Aries (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)

The Stars tell us that during the coming six to eight weeks the Indonesian government will be overthrown by a Mormon clique; two European chiefs of state will be unmasked as C.I.A. agents; Liverpool will be ravaged by locusts; Akron, Ohio, will slide into the Atlantic Ocean (you can't argue with the Stars); the International Monetary Fund will be rocked by a Profumo-type scandal; and an oil slick will imperil the Wollman Memorial Rink. In view of the world-shaking nature of these impending events, how can you pushy, invariably selfish Rams keep asking astrologists for help with your petty personal affairs? Enough, already! Can't you see we're busy?

—Roger Angell

THREE IS COMPANY

"THE only thing to be said for progress is that nothing new can be said about it," Iyer always says. And to prove it he jabs his finger at some offending item in the newspaper. By "progress," Iyer doesn't mean irrigation projects or welfare schemes or the daily task of feeding four hundred and fifty million hungry mouths. He means national aberrations like the Hindu Code Bill, which, among other reforms, for the first time abolished bigamy in 1955. Hitherto bigamy had been considered admissible though unsavory; why muddle it up now with legislation? "All this legal fuss for a matter of social opinion. Such nonsense!" he fumed to his neighbors when he first heard about the law a couple of years before it was passed, and he stamped up and down Thenoor in his indignation.

Then as now, Thenoor was scarcely a dot on the Coromandel Coast—so close to Madras that the postal authorities never could remember whether it lay within or without the city limits. And who could blame them? As you go south down the Madras Marina, with the splendid college and office buildings to your right and the even more splendid stretch of sea and sand to your left, all you can see of Thenoor in the distance is a clump of palm trees huddled by the shore. But to the left, off the main road, a mud track heading toward the sea disappears suddenly beneath the palms. Here it is brown and cool underfoot, green and cool above; the ground stays dry, but the wind smacks of wet salt; palm fronds shake the light down into slivers of sun and shade, and the waves sound very loud.

Blinking, you enter the grove and its sudden shade, and, blinking, you emerge on the other side into a dazzle of sunlight and find yourself in Thenoor. A temple lake is set like a square green emerald in its exact center, flanked on all four sides by a sandy white street, and the street in turn is edged by a line of low houses that forms the outer border of a temple square. The temple itself, forgetting such orthodox geometry, stands a little off to the south, as if to perpetuate an absentminded if magnificent moment of twelfth-century architecture. "Another world," Iyer says. "Not the city anymore, eh?"

That it isn't. Nevertheless, the city occurs often enough in those offending newspaper items, as it did one March morning in the early nineteen-fifties, thus jostling aside his indignation over the bigamy bill. Because of several late-night incidents of robbery and assault on the Marina beach, the newspaper reported, the city authorities had decided to install a string of neon lights across the sands. This was too much. He folded the paper defiantly under his arm, made his way to the city and the Corporation Building, demanded to see the man in charge, and was tangled up at once in a mass of red tape. One corridor led to another, one uniformed attendant to the next. There were doors with names on them and doors without—all closed to Iyer, since he had no appointment. What he did have, though, was plenty of perseverance. So he waited until the attendants were out of sight and shot through the nearest door, which was painted green and marked "H. S. V. RAO, ASST. SUPT."

The man wasn't even at his desk. He stood by the window gazing out. What's more, he was dressed in an unfamiliar fashion. Something clicked in Iyer's mind. "Depend upon it, a northerner," it warned. Having once worked in the North Indian branch of a state bank, he knew northerners were likely to deride everything about him, from the color of his skin to the accent that lay so thickly on his tongue, to his sharp southern mind that loved picking things to pieces. Nevertheless, he strode up to the man and thrust the paper under his nose. "Read that," he said, pointing to the column about the lights.

The northerner read it through, obligingly enough, then handed the paper back and looked politely inquiring.

"The beach, man, the beach!" Iyer said in reply to that look. "The most beautiful in the world, they say, after Waikiki or Miami or some place like that. And now they want to deface it with neon lighting. How can you allow such a thing?"

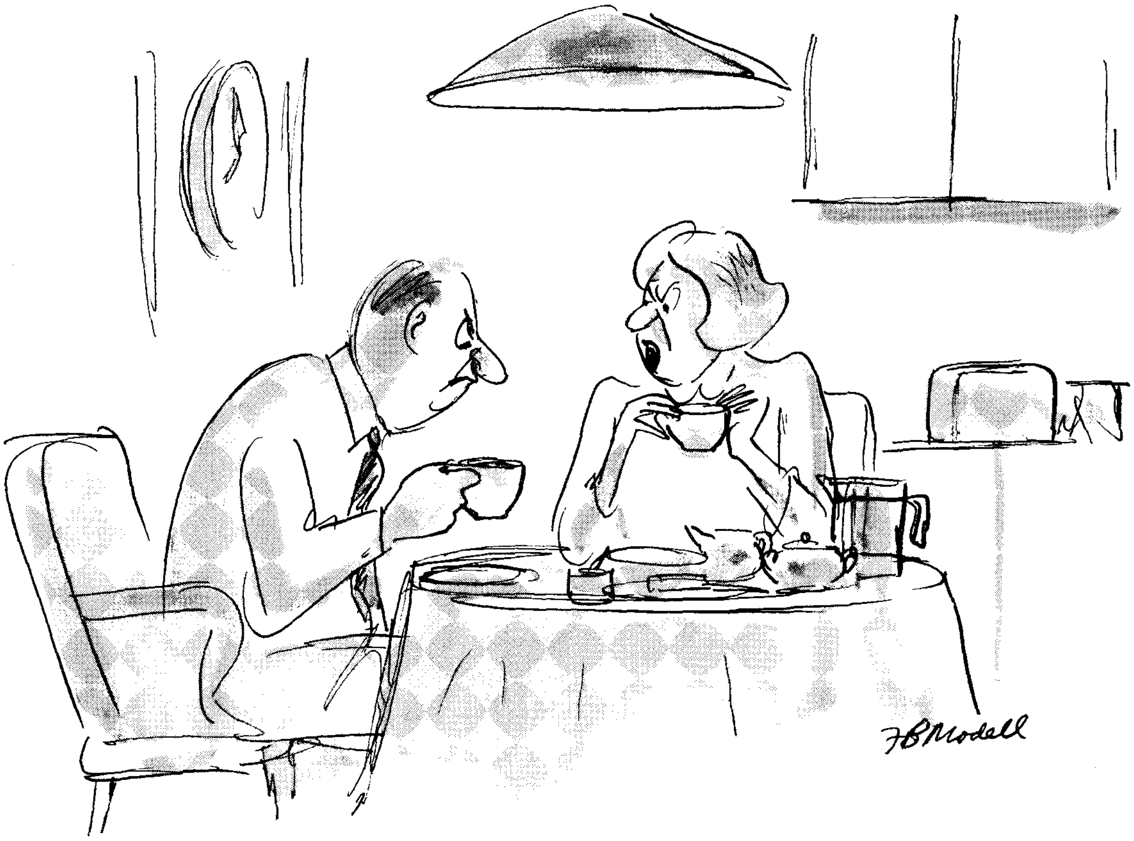
"Wait a minute." The man spoke at last, quite pleasantly. "Don't forget the people who were beaten and robbed there. They might put safety before any other consideration. Has that struck you?"

"Well, get more police on the beat, then. What's the use of boasting we have the best force in the country if we don't *use* it?"

This met with another gaze, thoughtful this time. "You may be right. In fact, if I saw the beach, I'd probably agree with you."

It took Iyer a moment to digest that. "You mean you're not the assistant superintendent?"

The man shook his head. "Far from it," he said briefly. "And a good thing, too. You wouldn't get anywhere with an official, bursting in like that. Though Rao is a nice fellow, really, even if he's always late. I've waited over an hour already. Anyway, he's



"You didn't like it when it was regular. You didn't like it when it was instant. Now you don't like it when it's freeze-dried. I'm beginning to think it's me you don't like."

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not your man. He's with Housing. That's why I came to see him—we need a house, my wife and I, preferably near the Language Institute, where I will be teaching."

"You'll get one," Iyer said bitterly. "All you need in this government is influence. Pull. Appointment this, appointment that. It's the same all over."

The northerner laughed.

At this—he didn't quite know why—Iyer not only calmed down; he found himself inviting the man over to his house for a cup of coffee.

Outside, the midday heat already covered the city in a taut daily integument, to be sloughed off only by the sea breeze every evening. Fanning himself with his paper as they walked to the bus stop, Iyer tried to place his guest's antecedents. The man said his wife had grown up in the south, though she was born on the west coast. He himself was from Bengal, but had been adopted, on the death of his parents, by an elderly couple from New Delhi whose name he had eventually taken for his own: Kedar.

"Iyer," Iyer responded politely. He had never known anyone with such a jigsaw puzzle of a background. But, once on the beach, Kedar gazed at the hot white sands and the shimmering blue road with such evident wonder and kept exclaiming "I've never seen anything like it!" with such sincerity that Iyer lost his head. "If you're looking for a place to live in," he said, "there are a couple of houses lying vacant in Thenoor."

"I can't imagine how I invited a stranger straight off like that," Iyer told his astounded neighbors afterward. "I must have got heatstroke or something. What do you think, eh, Raman?"

Raman, Iyer's oldest friend and neighbor to the right, had a reputation for wisdom on three counts: as a retired railway official, he'd travelled the entire country on his train pass; as a father, he'd married off six pretty daughters, having sent them all to college without disaster; and as a scholar, he had the largest private library Thenoor had ever seen, ranging the walls of three whole rooms. "Don't worry," Raman said now. "The main thing is he seems to be a good man."

THE couple arrived at the end of the week. Immediately, everyone noticed that Kedar's wife seemed older—older and at peace, with none of the erratic, unfinished quality of youth that still glanced off the bony angles of her husband's face. He stopped first to show her the temple lake. Steps led down to the water from all sides, and a few lackadaisical lotuses floated on the surface.

"There's the temple. That's Raman's house next to it. Iyer next to that, and this will be our house next to his. Wait until you see him! He isn't a man; he's a proverb—a tart Tamil saying, if only I could understand it."

"You'll learn." She spoke absently, her eyes resting on the low flat roofs of the square and the carved granite of the temple gate.

He watched her in a sudden access of anxiety and hope. Perhaps this would be journey's end, then. Here, using the temple square, the sea, her loved familiar south, maybe he could tether that growing detachment of hers, moor their relationship down again to the old shared ground. At least he'd try, as he had just now, even if all his remarks slid imperviously off her new gentleness. Ten years ago, she would have delighted in his comment on Iyer, throwing back her lively dark head and laughing with him. Now she did not even smile; her eyes were already on the temple gate. "Shall we go?" he asked.

She turned at once. Her smile, when it came, was one of apology as she followed him with meek and wifely steps to their new home: washed stone steps; threshold of solid wood; the inner doors set country fashion one behind the other in a straight line, so that you saw clear through seven doorways from threshold to back yard; an open courtyard with a dripping brass tap in one corner; and ponderous stone shelves in the storeroom.

"Raman uses his for books," he told her. "He says his daughters grumbled at having to move pickle jars to make room for encyclopedias."

Kamala laughed, becoming recognizable again in her growing and vivid delight at everything she saw. "Oh, look, there's a well in the back yard! And our own coconut palms and space enough for a garden. This is just the

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kind of home I've always wanted to live in—*always!* How did you know?"

Actually he hadn't known, though he should have realized it. Her south had been so different, stiffened ("like artificial brocade," she'd said) by life in the sterile cantonment areas of district towns, away from temples and squalid streets alike. She had told him about it at the very beginning, but for him it had merged into the glare and acrid dust of Bombay 1942, with no reality outside the chaos of their first meeting. Swirled off the pavements during the anti-British riots, they had been washed up against each other much as the bay washed up debris against the western shore; he remembered the suffocating press of crowds, his giddiness from the sun and the stench of blood, and then the young woman fallen against the street lamp. "Are you hurt?" When he tried to help her up, he had been startled, almost affronted, to see her eyes laughing up at him. "I don't think so. Just waiting until everybody goes away to see if I can stand up." Whether it was hysterics or heroics he couldn't tell, but of course he had taken her home to her aunt—a peppery old lady, who seemed torn between relief at her niece's safety and outrage that she should have so recklessly let herself be escorted by a stranger. "Oh, she isn't that bad, for all her talk," Kamala had said later, when the discovery of mutual friends had given him an entry to the house. "At least, this is better than the lives my brothers lead in the cantonment."

She mimicked that life without mercy—pursing up her mouth to emit the haw-haw accents borrowed from British officers, swishing up and down like the ladies she was expected to entertain, mincing and swaggering her way through an entire hierarchy of slang and shoulder stripes, fashionable wives, and dances at the club. "I had to get away, don't you see? And when Gandhiji came touring the south I *had* to go into town and hear him. Army personnel weren't allowed to, you know. My brothers were furious. I went anyway, and when I returned I told them grandly that if they wished to fight for the Army, I wished to fight for the country. Which wasn't entirely true, of course. I was fighting as much for myself, like so many other women all over, whether they admit it or not. Anyway, things changed when the war broke out. My brothers were posted north. I was allowed to come here after I promised to live with my aunt, and got this job at the Ration Office. . . ."

He had never met anyone like this woman. She charged everything from the Independence struggle to the dingy Ration Office with her excitement; not even the war could quench it. That he had thrown up a college degree to join the *Satyagraha* movement—to him it had been the single necessity—became in her presence a gesture worthy of the national cause, full of fire and dignity. He'd laughed a little at that, but more and more he found himself by her side, marching, picketing, and courting imprisonment while they worked together as khaddar-clad volunteers for the local branch of the Congress Party. Words like "work" and "service" had taken on an indigenous glamour then, strong as the handspun texture of khaddar itself, and to them she had added her own vocabulary of rebellion: "We have to improvise our values from now on." He had thrown that back at her when she refused at first to marry him: "All right, so you're five years older. How in hell can that matter to us? Don't we improvise our own values?"

What had they really improvised after all, he wondered now, taking count, watching his wife's face settle back into its quiet lines. A brief civil wedding held over the protestations of the old aunt, who'd insisted that anything less than an orthodox ceremony was downright immoral. A long and dusty journey across to the mountains of the northeast, where his elderly foster parents now lived. Teaching in a village school in the Himalayan foothills, mud-walled and thatch-roofed, with a printed map of the world and a broken easel—what could be more innocuous? Meetings at night. A ramshackle printing press in the back room. The red-faced Anglo-Indian sergeant who eventually confiscated it, along with the "subversive material" it produced. In the process, the experimental textbook he and Kamala were compiling for the children had been confiscated as well, and the major part of a novel he was writing. None of it had ever come back to him. Strange—he hadn't minded the loss as much as being cheated out of his share of imprisonment; though a warrant for his arrest was issued, Independence Day had intervened. All political prisoners were released, and Kamala had laughed at him. "Now you'll never be a member of the Cabinet, my dear one. You've never been to jail."

Others had said it, too, far less charmingly; Kamala's own joy—she cherished her political independence like a personal gift—had subsided rapidly after the partition of the country and the horror of its aftermath. Was that the first step in the change, then? At first, he couldn't have guessed. There was no question about their leaving the hills and moving to Calcutta, to a suburb on the outskirts of the ugly, sprawling city, where he taught in a school for refugee children and she worked herself to exhaustion at the Rehabilitation Center. Day after day, the refugees had poured in, dragging their tragedies across the border—an endless procession of pillage and murder and rape—with their belongings in a bloodied bundle on their heads and their children half fainting under their arms. She'd burned rags and dressed wounds, ripped up saris for makeshift bandages, berated herself for never having been a nurse, and wept all night in his arms. "It is unbearable. Oh, God, the children especially. There was one at the clinic today—a little girl, about nine years old. She needed seventeen stitches. The doctor said she was torn beyond belief. At least half a dozen men must have attacked her, he said, at least half a dozen. And she's nine. Seventeen stitches. What kind of arithmetic is that, will you tell me? It's unbearable. Oh *God*, I can't bear it!"

If she could have gone on weeping and rubbing her tears dry against his skin, perhaps she could have borne it all—including the helplessness of her own onlooker's guilt—as much as anyone could. But she had stopped weeping and stopped turning to him. After a while, when he touched her, it was he and not she who recoiled: it had been like touching dead flesh. Thinking she might be ill, he begged her to go to a doctor. She went to the temple instead.

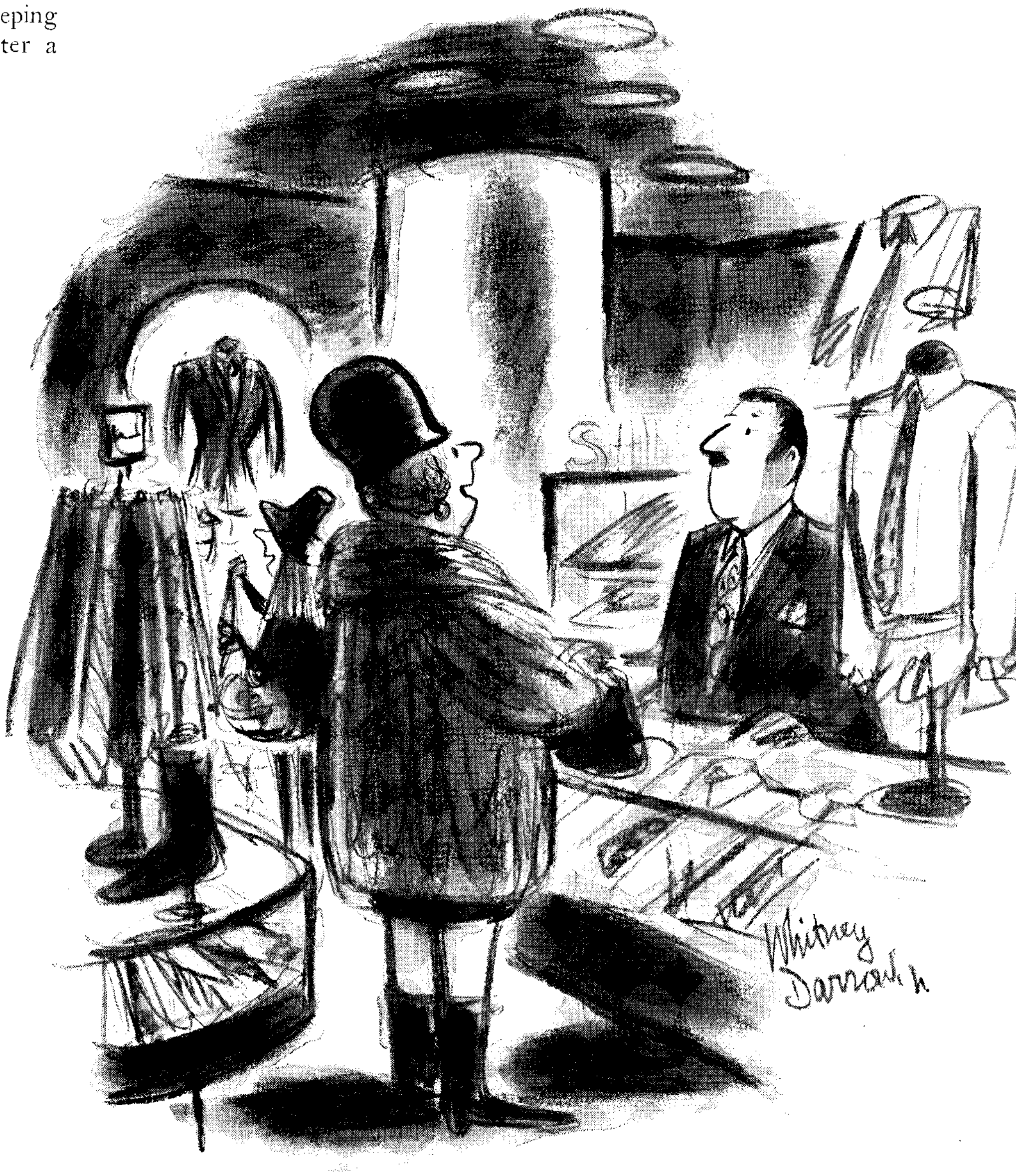
That was the beginning. Not until the day of Gandhi's assassination—in that constant blending of the national and the personal that had finally become the substance of their improvisation—had he really known the extent of her withdrawal. He remembered stumbling across the threshold. "Kamala, they've killed him! Bapu is gone!" She was crouched by the radio, and turned to look at him—a level look, too bitter for shock or grief. "Not they, we. One of us. There's nothing left of anybody. No faith, no feeling." They had sat all evening in the darkening room, to the sound of weeping in the streets, the radio going on and on between them. When the broadcast eventually ended, she reached for his hand as if to comfort him, and he knew then that it was the end of any real comfort between them. Her touch had become so removed and passionless that she could afford to be comradely again.

Everything she did for the next few years fell into an orderly line behind that, like the seven doorways of their new home: her decreasing visits to the clinic, her increasing visits to the temple, and then that irrevocable moment when she brought the temple into their home, with hours of meditation every evening. At least, thank heaven, she spared him the embarrassment of gurus. There was enough of the old Kamala left for her to seek her own salvation without authorized aid. Maybe even now it wasn't too late. A place like Thenoor could stimulate and awaken her old commitment to life. He mustn't let himself doubt that. But, standing quietly by his side, here in the south again, she seemed to have come a full circle: from departing rebel to a returned and reconciled native, and somehow he distrusted the finitude that implied.

"NAMASKARAM!" Iyer had appeared at the door, nodding a greeting as spare as his orthodox, clean-shaven head, and extending a bronze container with a handle and a screwed-on lid. "Compliments from my sister. Nobody can be welcomed properly without real South Indian coffee."

Iyer's sister, it turned out, was an elderly widow who never stirred out of the house except for yearly pilgrimages to Rameswaram. This event coincided with her brother's official tour of the state bank's southern branches. The rest of the time, she kept a watchful eye on the neighborhood from her kitchen window and made coffee on every conceivable occasion. Now that her bronze container had set its seal of approval on the northerners' arrival, the daily rhythm of Thenoor began to seep through their newness and assert itself again.

Every evening, as Iyer had promised, the city was left behind on the main road where the bus disgorged its returning load of students and office workers. In the square, the householders grouped themselves on their



"Can I get some shirts for a man who isn't tapered?"

CIRCLE OF STRUGGLE

This morning, when I had to kill
a mouse to free it
from my trap,
I remembered the rat's gnawed foreleg
my father made me see—sheer bone
protruding from a thin
clenched paw. And this was our secret,
father's and mine, kept
from mother, safe in her kitchen
for years.
When he died at the verge
of my manhood, she fled north
with me. There I learned the seasons
in a long strange year.
I saw the crippled trees
crumple into colors, shedding
their brilliant disease of leaves
that left the branches dead
and trembling in the snow-white wind,
magical and stark
between streetlamps and starlight.

I learned to set out traps
for muskrats, mink, and rabbits—declaring
I would never marry, never.
And each dawn of the long first winter,
silent in the moonlight, I hiked through
the frost-bright, mysteriously
dreamlike sleeping trees
that jutted like black bone
from wounded snow. Alone among
the creatured drifts and banks
piled up in the months between
my father's death and my
own beating flesh,
I was fearful and desirous
of the gray silent wolves
a crushed thing's single shriek
could summon from the dark.

With my strong Confederate bayonet
I'd pry slick frozen steel apart,
freeing stiff legs severed
in my traps. Now and then
a worthless skin.

One morning
early in the wind and while
the blowing moon still wobbled,
jostling the dark fixed trunks
of night, I heard a chain snap tight.
Then beating wings. Something white
was fumbling at the base of the trees.

Like snow rising from snow,
a silver fox locked
in its talons, the great white owl rose,
then fell—dragged back by the trapped weight.
Dazzled by the brightening
air, its lunar eyes blazed
in their mask of blind snow
as I tripped on ice, reared
to meet its stare. It challenged:
I froze.
White breast wide
with the heavy wings of a warrior
angel, it dipped the hook of its beak
in slow deliberation
and stole a vivid eye from the skull,
then turned to me. Impatient,
in an outburst of brilliance,
it battered up
out of the snow, blindly clumsy at first,
then—transfigured by the high light of ascent—
aglide
and glowing
in the pale soaring sky.

Wet blood, bright
in the decomposing snow,
wound in a desperate
circle of struggle, round
and round the strict radius
of the staked chain.

All around me the horizon tensed
for dawn, encircling my vision
with the limits of a saw-toothed land
sharp against the sky,
and from this trap's dead center,
I looked up at the fatal stars
so innocent in their slow prison
of seasons and hours.

This morning, when I
sent my wife and daughter from the room,
they fled as if to witness death
were death itself. *Am I to die*?
—this accusation in their fear
has followed me until
I feel as if my own is the small
nodding skull I've crushed,
and mine the one bright eye
staring from its ruin.
So I
am the child again, facing your candor,
knowing this time you must die,
your face pass into my face,
mine into others. What
shall I tell them, father? What can
we tell to these strangers
we have made from our love?

Somewhere,
in the belly of the owl and the earth,
we all stare incessantly from
darkness to darkness soaring.

—WM. PITT ROOT

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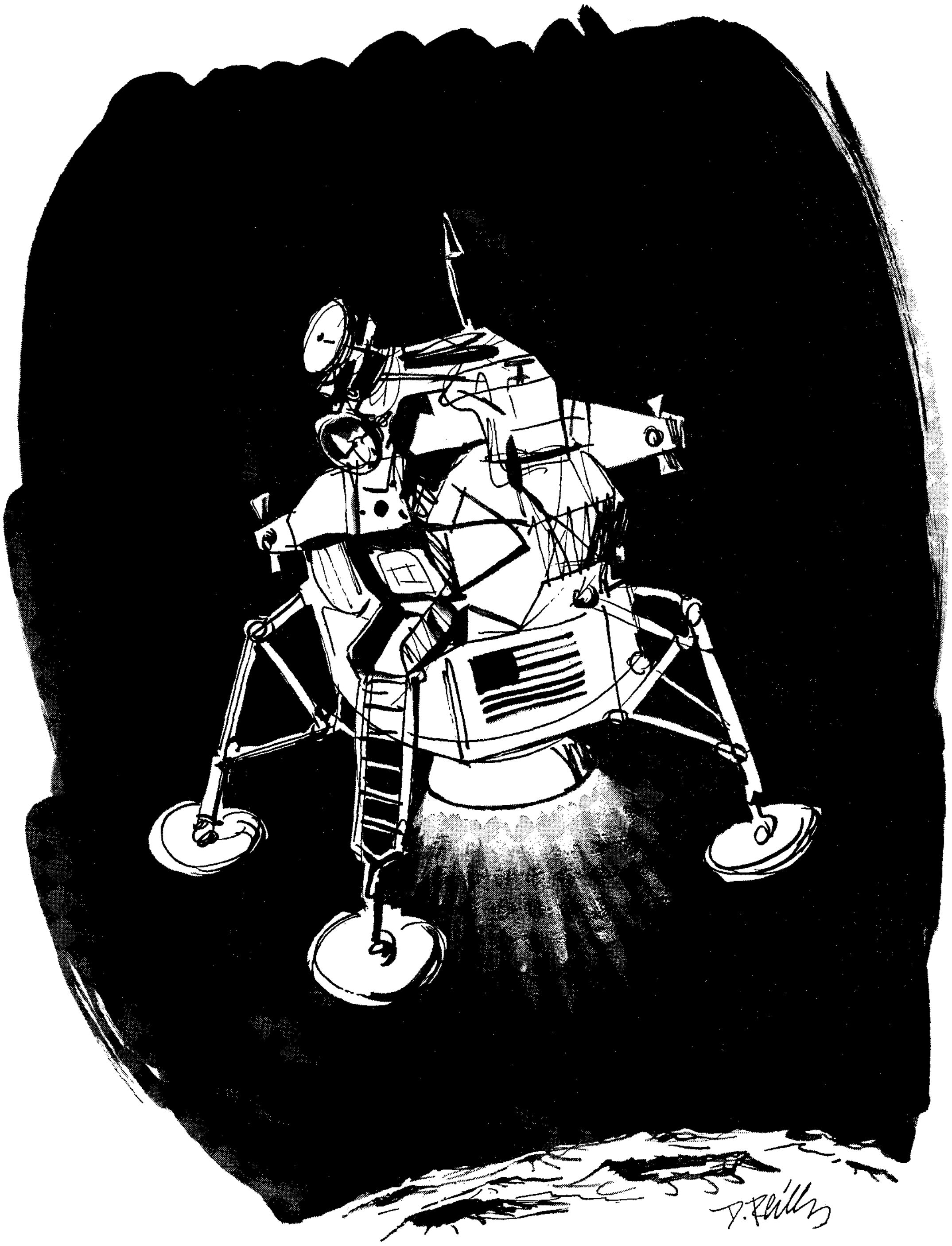
front steps to enjoy the sea breeze. From the Iyer kitchen came the hot, sharp tang of chili peppers sputtering in boiling oil, tickling your throat and making you cough. Across the square, the Badri child might run out, dragging a torn paper kite, which he presented with an air of ceremony to Raman, who put on his gold-rimmed spectacles to mend it. Their voices, as they discussed the damage, mingled with all the other voices on the steps, all the household noises of the square—a broom swishing across the Raman floor, water being drawn from the well in the Kedars' back yard, the scrape of pots being scoured in sand and ash. Devotees from nearby villages often came barefoot to worship at the temple. They walked through the massive doorway, and pulled at the fraying bell rope before entering the dimness inside; here the deaf old priest prayed and snoozed all day beside the shrine while the stone carvings kept such a lasting vigil that when the echoes of the bell finally died away even the silence seemed sculptured.

Deeply cherishing all this, Kedar and his wife soon began to feel at home. But their neighbors were nagged in the newcomers' presence by something unfamiliar, something implying a totally different way of life. It wasn't just that they were from the north. "I've known northerners," Iyer said sourly. "Kedar isn't like that." As he and Raman sat together on the front steps one evening, Iyer summed up Kedar as a man of political insight and experience; Raman approved of him as one who could truly appreciate the complexities of Sanskrit prosody; and both agreed that his wife was precisely as an older woman should be—sober, unruffled, and quiet.

"Too quiet sometimes, that's the trouble!" Iyer's sister interjected from her kitchen window. "I can't get her to tell me anything about herself. She talks much more freely to *your* young friends, Raman."

Raman's young friends were actually his daughters' friends, who often visited the old man to inquire after the girls—to share a letter, perhaps, or borrow a book, or bring him critical reviews from the university. The one who came most often was a slender young woman in her twenties—Priya. The northerners met her at the end of their first week in Thenoor.



"Pull up, man! How will it look in the history books if we land in Crater Tsiolkovsky?"

"You've got to see the Marina in the evening, just as the lights are coming on," Iyer had been insisting ever since they moved in. "That should prove my point to you once and for all." Flanked by him on one side and Raman on the other, they walked north along the shore all the way to the sands of the Marina, to see where exactly the controversial lights were to be installed. And there, down by the water's edge, where the evening sky stained the sea with purple, was Raman's young friend. Across the shimmer of wet sand, she stood watching a catamaran drag in its haul—slim and gleaming, like silver whips beating against the nets. Soon, up on the road, the street lamps would be lit, and away to the north, beyond the harbor, the lighthouse would start blinking regularly down the entire length of the coast. It was not quite dark yet; a faint and palpable aftermath of light still clung to the girl's hair and skin as she came smiling up to greet them.

"None of our other ports can compare with this, you know, Iyer," Kedar was saying. "Not even neon could spoil it. This beach is absolutely unique!"

His words reached the girl just as she joined them. Obviously delighted at a shared enthusiasm, she turned toward Kedar with a swift impulsive movement, forgetting he was a stranger. "Yes, that's exactly what I was thinking just now." Syllable and gesture fell into place between them with an emphasis as natural as the stresses in a line of poetry. After a moment's silence, Raman introduced everybody all around, and very soon Priya stepped back into the bounds of decorum, withdrawing from them with unobtrusive grace.

There the matter ended for the time. However, for the next few days, Kamala, generally detached and incurious, showed an extraordinary interest in the girl. Priya, she learned, had been a close friend of the Raman household. Originally a classmate of the oldest daughter, she had stayed on in the same college for postgraduate research, inheriting the friendship of the succeeding sisters and extending to each of them a certain fluid cordiality that found its way to their father as well.

"When she doesn't visit me, I miss the young creature as much as I miss my own daughters," Raman confessed to Kamala when she questioned the old man about her. "I certainly hope she doesn't go off to that college hostel at the other end of town."

"But why should she?"

"Her parents are returning to their native village. She has nowhere else to stay."

"What about your place?" Kamala spoke casually, and Raman was so pleased with the suggestion that he did not probe for her motive.

"Of course! Why didn't I think of it before? A private home is always preferable to a hostel. Her parents will be delighted—I've known them for many years, you know. They worry about her." He smiled at Kamala over the top of his spectacles. "This is kind of you. It will give her a home and give me a child in the house again. I do miss my children very much—you guessed that, didn't you?"

Kamala nodded gently and said yes indeed, she had.

Even Iyer's sister approved. "Poor child, she'd have got thinner than ever on that hostel food. At least we can fatten her up a bit." And Iyer pointed out that here was proof of the northerners' helpful interest in the community; for all their alien ways, they had truly become a part of Thenoor now.

Priya moved in two days later, and if she objected to being made a community project she gave no sign of it. Slender and rather remote, she hurried in and out of the square on her way to the library, the heavy knot of hair weighing down her neck, making her look more vulnerable than ever. At this, Iyer's sister worked herself into such anxiety lest the child fall ill that one morning she spoke of it to Kamala and Raman.

Raman looked up from his Sanskrit translations. "Oh, she'll be all right. According to my girls, nothing ever really bothers Priya."

When Kamala asked him "Why not?," he looked startled, as if he had never considered the girl outside the context of his daughters' friendship. To them Priya's remoteness had always seemed a physical attribute—an accident of birth, like the turn of her wrist or the oval of her face. "My daughters always said, 'Everybody likes her but nobody really knows her.' From what I hear, there are prettier girls at the university, but none with more admirers. The girls used to say that falling in love with Priya was an occupational disease all men students had to suffer before they could pass their exams. Of course, *she* never so much as gives them a glance." He laughed. "It's the same story with her parents. They've had several offers of marriage for her; she turns them all down. She appears to have all the meekness we demand of our women, but has managed to go her own way—much to my daughters' envy, needless to say."

Kamala smiled, but was assailed with shame at where her thoughts were leading. In an obscure need for penance—or perhaps it was an equally obscure impulse toward hope—she altered the pattern of her days. Every morning now, after her husband left for work, she walked across the square with a bronze platter of fruit as an offering—ostensibly for the temple, actually for the old priest. Leaving the platter at the door of the shrine, she moved away to one of the carved pillars; here she sat very straight and still, facing the shrine, where a thin black line of smoke unfurled from the camphor flame, gravitating upward into shadow and stone as smoothly as she was being emptied of herself. How long she sat there she never knew. When her eyes focussed on her surroundings again, the priest would have come and gone, the platter would be empty.

Once, as she was leaving, the noon light so blinded her that she collided with Priya, who was bringing midday offerings from the Raman home, and fell headlong across the doorstep.

"Are you hurt?" Like a new impression minted over the past, the girl's face hovered above her, enormous dark eyes as anxious as Kedar's had been a dozen years before. Then and now blurred, and Kamala felt herself dissolving again into the peace of the shrine. With a great effort, she floundered back into familiar perspectives, and found she had been seated leaning against the heavy temple door while Priya, still worried, tried to restore her with apologies and a glass of water.

"I'm all right, my dear. Don't worry."

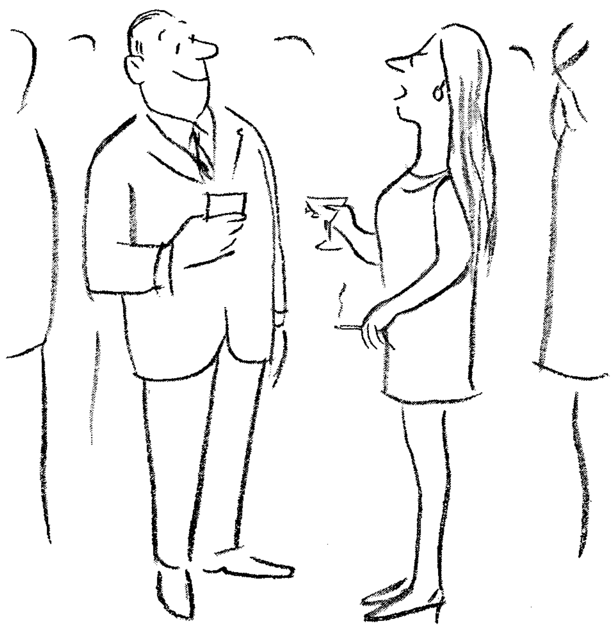
"Are you sure? I was frightened for a moment. You looked so terribly far away and I couldn't get you back." She was making a game of her foolishness, inviting the older woman to laugh at her.

But Kamala took in the remark with serious and immeasurable relief. Perhaps it was mere delirium from the knock on her head, yet it seemed fitting to her that Priya should be the first person to whom she could admit—even in the simplest terms—that she had indeed returned from an indefinable distance.

"Meditation, you mean?"

"Call it what you will. All I know is that first it is a discipline and afterward it has no name."

Priya nodded. She had seen Kamala emerging from the temple before, always in a strange and luminous calm; there was no name for that quality, either. Priya was not sure she wished to attain it herself, but it was restful to sit next to. She also leaned back, content, and the two women



"You mean you think you had a happy childhood."

sat for a while at the temple door without need of talk.

Kamala felt curiously absolved. It was out of her hands now, the worrying and the asking. Priya—so anxious and intuitive a moment ago, so serene and whole in the sunlight now—would know how to become a total answering rhythm to another person's need. To Kedar's need. She must possess a region of personal loyalty that Kamala herself, always blinded by causes, had never known. And that needed discipline: a graceful, human discipline. Aloud, she asked, "Were you ever a dancer?"

"How did you guess?"

"Oh, by the graceful way you slip in and out of things." Kamala smiled at her. "Do you know, I never realized that was possible until I met you? For me, things have always started and stopped suddenly, definite as the closing of a door. Yes. Perhaps that's what we do, people like me—shut one door when you can no longer endure the agony you've seen beyond it, open another for consolation. Or God knows for what other desperate reasons. I remember my husband asking me once why so many of our women got religion, like menopause, after a certain age. But I was so young and heedless then I only laughed." She came to a stop, aware that once again she had been lulled by the receiving quiet beside her into musing her way through areas and admissions where she had never ventured. "My dear child, you've no right to be so receptive—you make me talk too much!" As they returned companionably across the square to their respective homes, Kamala decided it was time to leave Thenoor.

Next morning, she broke the news to her husband. "If you don't mind, I'd like to join Mr. Iyer's sister on that pilgrimage to Rameswaram."

Kedar met this with silence. When she asked him tentatively if he was annoyed, he shrugged. "Don't you know by now I'm too much of a good Hindu to protest your religious impulses? Do as you like." The silence that overlaid their conversation lay over her departure as well.

After she had gone, he brooded over the extent to which his hopes had backfired. Thenoor had helped his wife lose some of her detachment only to provide her with a carapace of activity that altered nothing at the core. Now, for instance, she'd attended to every detail, even to arranging for him to have his meals at the Raman house while she was away—quite as if such concern could camouflage the sorry remnants of their marriage. For that matter, his own job at the Language Institute had grown conveniently more demanding of late. The south had merely encrusted them both with a busier politeness.

Consequently, Kedar's immediate reaction to his wife's absence was relief. For the first time, he noticed Thenoor—its flat disappearing shadows at noon, the temple gate rising like a solid statement above the staccato edges of the square (road, rooftops, steps everywhere), and at night the very knowledge of the sea, deeper even than its sound, when he sat on Raman's front steps, talking desultorily in the dark. Like most of the south, Thenoor slept early. By ten-thirty, lights were turned off in all the houses. Sometimes Raman stayed up to identify the stars overhead, slowly and with relish, as if he were reciting a Sanskrit *shloka;* but more often than not he retired early, leaving Kedar on the top step, with Priya on the bottom one. As long as he was in the house, Raman seemed to think, and Kedar married and Thenoor asleep, there could be no impropriety in the situation. At first, Kedar agreed with him. Darkness shaped itself around Priya as exquisitely as light, but he was still engrossed in his new freedom. He confined himself to prosaic discussions about the techniques of teaching language, until one night he found himself parodying them just for the pleasure of hearing her laughter.

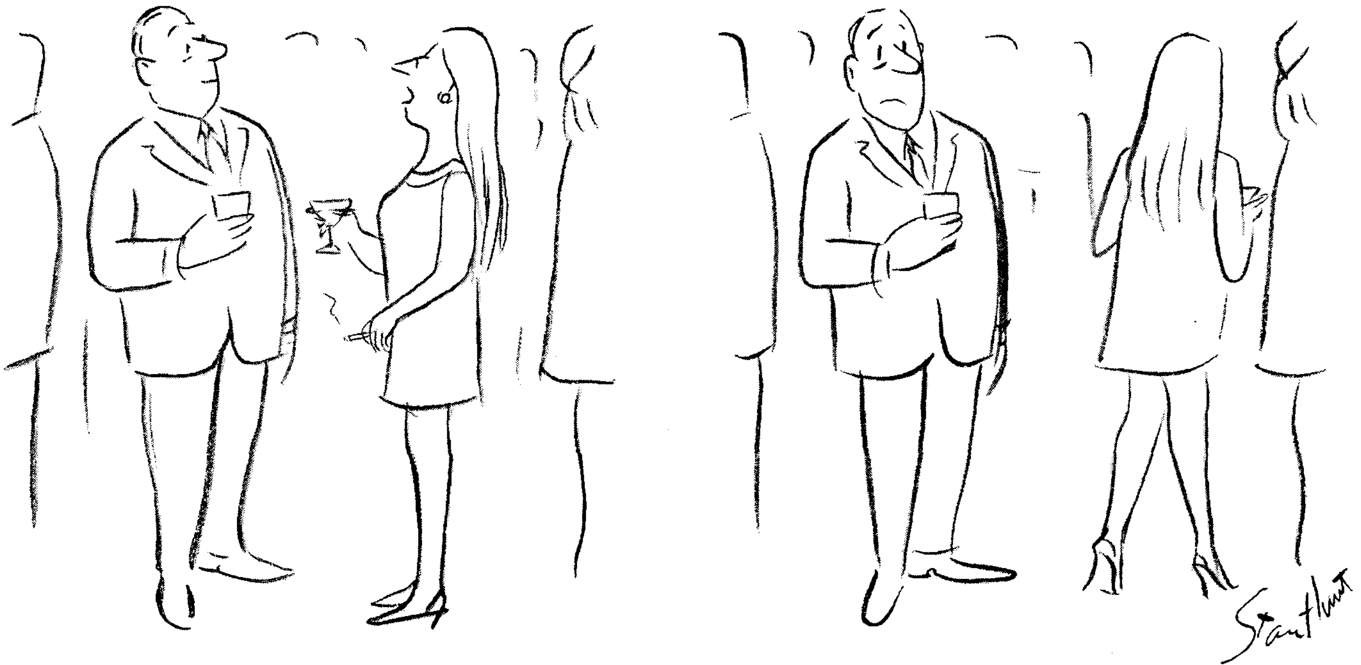
As if sensing the irrelevancy of his thoughts, she said, "I admire your wife very much."

"So do I," Kedar confessed gloomily. "That's why I can't *beat* that religion out of her."

Priya laughed and at once wished she hadn't. Seeking a distraction, she asked, "Have you seen Elliot's Beach yet?"

"What an absurd name. No. Will you take me there sometime?"

She took him when no one in Thenoor—not even Raman—knew. At sunset, the shore was a lonely gold. They sat with a careful space of sand separating them, and talked until he knew that, were it not for Kamala, she would have fitted as unquestioningly into his arms as her voice had fitted into



"You probably had a very unhappy childhood and are just suppressing it."

the silence between them when they first met.

BEFORE he could write and tell Kamala, she wrote and told him. A letter arrived from the holy town of Chidambaram:

> Mr. Iyer's sister wanted to extend the pilgrimage to this temple as well, so we're staying an extra day. This is a terrible place. Beggars everywhere, lepers most of them. Maybe you were right all along—what they need is science, not religion; medicine, not alms. But it's never that simple. Please, my dear one, please won't you marry Priya and let me come to terms with myself in my own way? I've been as selfish in my prayer as I was in my politics—can you forgive me? We have been dishonest with each other for too long.

To Iyer's sister, as they returned jostling and jerking in the narrow metre-gauge trains of the south, Kamala said simply, "I am growing old."

"Yes, yes," Iyer's sister agreed at once. Age was a position of privilege and would be given the dignity it deserved.

"I find I'm no longer interested in worldly things. I wish to spend more time in fasting and meditation. Go on another pilgrimage, perhaps—to Pandharpur, before the rains begin—and learn some more of the ascetic disciplines. To try and evaluate one's life, you understand, before going to meet one's death."

"Yes, yes," Iyer's sister agreed again. "Of course." It was entirely understandable, this correct and contemplative end to the four stages of life, prescribed by most of the sacred texts and accepted—at least, in theory—by any Hindu worth his salt.

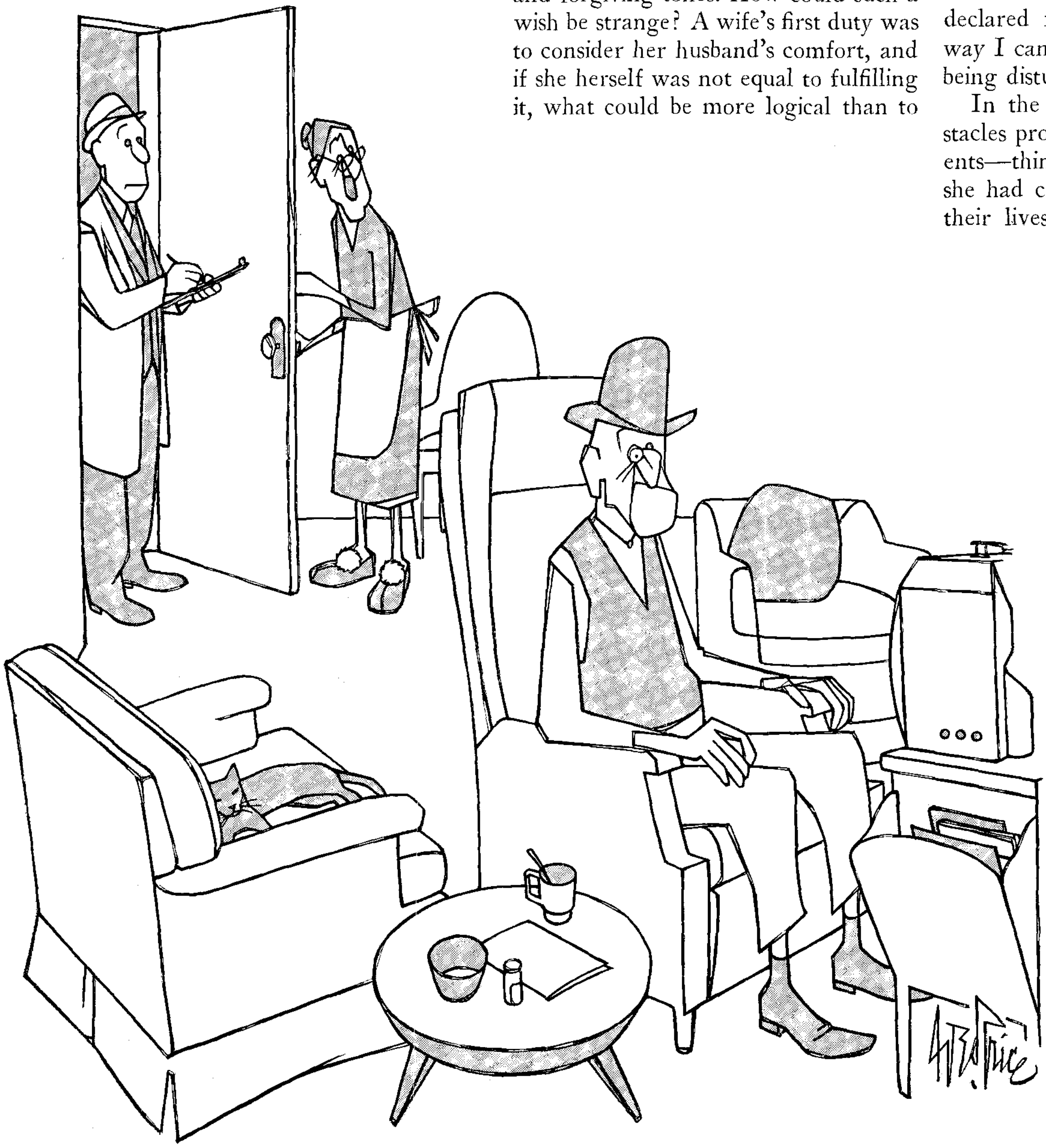
"And yet it is hard to do all these things and remain a good wife," Kamala went on. "I wish my husband would marry again. Does that seem strange to you?"

"No, no," Iyer's sister said in full and forgiving tones. How could such a wish be strange? A wife's first duty was to consider her husband's comfort, and if she herself was not equal to fulfilling it, what could be more logical than to provide a substitute? "We must find a good and gentle girl," Iyer's sister announced. "And well educated, too. My brother says your husband is a true intellectual. *Where* will we ever find the proper girl for him?"

As if in answer to her question, Priya came with Kedar to meet them at the railway station. By the time they reached home, much of the general constraint had fallen away beneath Kamala's spontaneous, almost maternal warmth—as an older woman, she seemed determined to remove herself to another generation; Kedar and Priya were just as determined to humor her; and the fact that nobody was deceiving anybody led to a very satisfactory reunion all around. Even the house seemed to have been built with an eye to such arrangements, for the open courtyard deposited a tactful quantity of sky and space and sunlight between front and back. "I'll have the back room behind the courtyard," Kamala declared firmly at the outset. "That way I can meditate all I want without being disturbed."

In the course of the week, all obstacles promised to vanish. Priya's parents—thin and dry as a whisper, for she had come embarrassingly late into their lives—proved as helpless at her acceptance now as they had been at her previous refusals to marry. They gave their permission; the old priest agreed to perform an abbreviated ceremony at the temple; and all of Thenoor gathered to bless the couple.

Then Iyer returned after touring the southern branches of his bank and was so agitated by the news that he called out to Kedar right from his front steps. "Kedar, you can't marry that girl! Have you forgotten the Hindu Code Bill? Any day now, they'll be making bigamy illegal. It says so right here." Jabbing his finger at the newspaper he'd brought from the train, he read out sententiously, " 'According to the provisions under consideration, a marriage may be solemnized between any two Hindus if the following conditions are fulfilled; namely, one: neither party has a spouse living at the time of marriage; two: neither party



"*Are we interested in saving the Florida alligators?*"

"What do you suppose the nobodies are doing tonight, Derek?"

is an idiot or a lunatic at the time of marriage.' Since your good wife is neither deceased nor you an idiot, the marriage cannot take place." He added severely, "I don't see how you could have overlooked a measure as important as the Hindu Code. I thought you and your wife were politically conscious people."

"We used to be," Kamala said sadly, turning to her husband. "If it weren't for me, you still would be. Admit it."

Raman stepped hastily to the rescue. "Come, none of that matters now. You were busy with religion, he was busy with Priya—it's all very natural. What about the rest of us, though? *We* should have thought of it, instead of going on as if what the government does is none of our business. As if it has nothing to do with us or our friends. It's this slave mentality we acquired during the British regime—"

"Enough talk!" Iyer's sister rapped on the windowsill. "*Do* something!"

But before anything could be done Priya went to what she considered the heart of the matter. "Marry me now before they pass the bill," she said to Kedar.

"And land us both in jail?" he said, wrung at the incongruity of this graceful creature having to blunt her edges with such boldness. "Or have the marriage annulled as soon as the law comes into effect? I couldn't do that to you."

"Why not?"

"Priya, it's out of the question. Things are so uncertain at this stage we just can't afford to do anything rash. Please believe me."

Kamala was the next to proffer her solution. The bigamy clause in itself was not, after all, the most startling measure of the new law; poverty and public opinion had enforced monogamy long before the Hindu Code Bill had even been formulated. But for the first time now the same nationwide law that would abolish bigamy contained another section allowing divorce. Pouring coffee for her husband and Priya by the open courtyard, she said, "It's simple, really. Divorce me," just as Priya, following parallel sequences of her own thought, said, "It's simple, really. Don't marry me. I'll leave."

Kedar's non-violence forsook him. "Are you both mad?" he shouted at them. And, storming out of the house, he stayed away until midnight.

Iyer's sister noted his dramatic exit and remarked with pity, "Poor man, he has suffered a great deal in his life." She had no proof of this, but everyone knows that suffering cannot be measured by visible yardsticks, so there was a general clicking of tongues in Thenoor. Kamala, however, enlisted no sympathy.

"Divorce?" Iyer's sister repeated suspiciously. "What's that?"

When Kamala explained, the old lady was shocked to the core. "You think a good man like Kedar would be so disrespectful to any woman your age, let alone his own wife? You think all of us in Thenoor would stand by and let such a thing happen? I thought you were a *religious* woman."

"I'm trying to be," Kamala said without much hope.

And then, as suddenly as it had arisen, the problem was solved. Iyer, who had been haunting the benches of the High Court, received a letter from a lawyer friend, who offered not one but two reassuring facts. First, it appeared that the relevant sections of the bill would have to be shelved for the following year; it was being passed in sections to ease the shock a little. Second, if and when the bigamy clause went through, it would not be retroactive.

"What does it all mean?" Priya whispered, unable to take in anything anymore, and Kedar could at last assure her.

"It simply means, my dearest," he said with a grin, "that there must be others besides myself with bigamy on their minds, and the need of some breathing space in which to indulge themselves while they can. You had the right idea all along. We'd better get married at once, before the law comes into effect."

So once again Thenoor gathered to bless the couple. The Badri child flew a giant kite to celebrate; the old priest officiated over the ceremony; and Iyer's sister blossomed into her element at the kitchen window. Hadn't she *told* Thenoor there would be a second wedding in the Kedar house? Hadn't she known all along that the first wife's religious inclinations would lead in the end to this, triumphing over all legal obstacles and even that new-fangled talk of divorce?

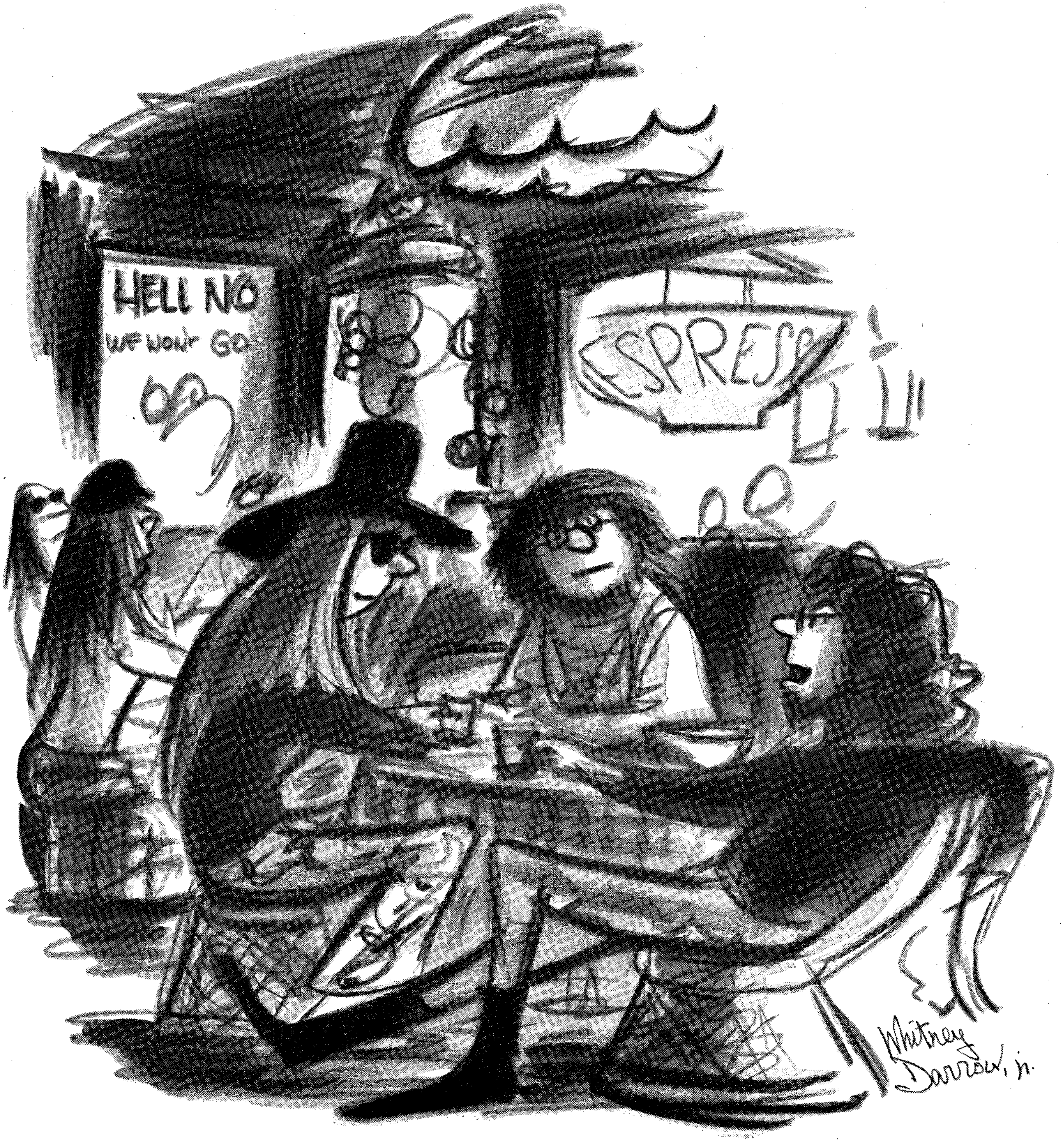
Kamala's religious inclinations, in fact, set the final note of benediction on the ceremony. Leaning serenely against her favorite pillar, she smiled at the couple in front of the shrine, their faces gilded and bound into solemnity by the very camphor flame that released her of her obligations. Kedar, glancing down at the delicate profile beside him, found himself wanting to proclaim fiercely that everything else had been a mere preamble to this moment. But the wish evaporated. This was a moment of affirmation after all, and in more ways than one; already his bride's presence had dissolved much of the sediment cluttering his relationship to Kamala. There was no need to clutter the rites with further disavowals.

Kamala saw them off on the inevitable trip to Cape Comorin, and afterward explained the concept of a honeymoon to Iyer's sister.

"I've never heard of such a thing." Iyer's sister sniffed. "Divorce. Honeymoon. This. That. All these Western customs."

Kamala reminded her that some customs were born of human necessity, Eastern and Western alike. "Like weddings."

"Like weddings," Iyer's sister



"I think I can safely say that I speak for the vast majority of the American people."

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agreed, both soothed and diverted by the thought.

IT took Parliament about as long to pass the bill as it took Priya to have her twins. Those twins are sturdy thirteen-year-olds now; they inherited the Badri child's kites and call Kamala "Aunt." Last year, Iyer's sister died—so suddenly that you still find yourself looking up, expecting to see her inquisitive face at the window. But neither grief nor the onset of old age can deaden the acerbity of Iyer's tongue. He still jabs his finger at annoying items in the newspaper and declares, "The only thing to be said for progress is that nothing new can be said about it." But he never looks at the Kedar house when he says it, and now Raman has a rejoinder for him.

"Progress has many faces," Raman says, deliberate as a judge. "Often it looks backward, and social reform lags behind legal reform. But sometimes it looks forward, and then, you must admit, human beings can be more tolerant than the law." After which, with an air of bringing his thesis to its logical conclusion, Raman puts on his gold-rimmed glasses and mends the twins' kite. —PADMA PERERA

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The rich blue cheese flavor in the unique stuffing of the mushrooms comes from Blue cheese.—*Chicago Heights Star.*

Despite the rumors that are flying around.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS: 1969—II

I

John Allegro: The attempts to trace the relations of the Biblical commentaries found among the Dead Sea scrolls to events in the history of the Dead Sea Sect are already in themselves so complicated that I have forborne to complicate them further by describing the personal relations of the scholars who have been working on them. The occasion for the most acrimonious of the controversies about the scrolls has been the opinions and exploits of Mr. John Allegro of Manchester University, and in summarizing the work in this field it is important to explain his role. Though his credentials as a scholar have been sound enough to win him his present chair as Lecturer in Old Testament and Intertestamental Studies and his membership in the international committee appointed to work on the Jordanian scrolls, he could hardly contrast more strongly with the typical Biblical scholar or the traditional English don. He is irreverent and rather brash. When I first met him, twelve years ago, he seemed to me, in fact, to belong to the species of what were then called the Angry Young Men—a member of this generation who had landed, by some strange accident, in the field of Semitic scholarship. The explanation of his occupying his present position is that he prepared himself in youth for the Methodist ministry, that he excelled in Hebrew studies and got a scholarship for advanced work at Oxford, was recommended by H. H. Rowley, the head of the Semitic department of Manchester University, for a place on the committee mentioned above, and went on to a chair at Manchester in Comparative Semitic Philology. He has been assigned for editing and publication in the series of "Discoveries in the Judaean Desert of Jordan" a group of mostly non-Biblical fragments which includes the Nahum *pesher* that I have described in the first of these articles. In the meantime—quite early, I imagine—Allegro had lost his faith, had now no commitment to any Church, and was thus in a unique position among the Protestant, Anglican, and Catholic scholars who made up the rest of the interdenominational commission. It has been partly, it seems to me, an inevitable result of this that he and his colleagues should not always have agreed, but it also cannot be denied that his having so much annoyed them—as well as having come to be on rather uneasy terms with some of the Jewish scholars and Arab officials—has been due to a certain element of bad judgment and indiscretion on his own part. It ought to be explained in advance, before specific examples are given, that his quarrels with other scholars have usually been provoked by his making through the press or radio sensational-sounding statements about unheard-of and disturbing revelations supposed to have been found in the scrolls, before publication of the documents on which these statements were based and which, when the texts were published, did not necessarily prove what he had given the impression they did. Allegro may thus at moments have misled the public. He has certainly been at cross-purposes with his colleagues.

I have already noted his conclusions or "conjectures" in connection with the Commentary on Nahum, and the objections to them afterward urged when he had published three of the extant columns of the document. But in the meantime his opinions had been expressed in a positive, rather jaunty way in his three B.B.C. broadcasts and had been somewhat distorted in the article in *Time* put together from these and from an interview. This article had the result of arousing Père Roland de Vaux, the Director of the École Biblique, a center for scrolls research, then in Jordan, to write a letter to the London *Times* declaring that there was nothing whatever in any of the documents so far deciphered which would indicate that the Teacher of Righteousness had been crucified or to warrant other statements of Allegro's. This letter was signed also by four other members of the team, three of them Catholic priests. Later on, there appeared in the Catholic *Tablet* three articles by another Catholic priest, the Marist Father Geoffrey Graystone, of whose vapid little book on the scrolls I have already spoken and who here also gave somewhat the impression of having entered the controversy as an official spokesman for the Vatican. The line Father Graystone took was, as usual, to pooh-pooh the parallels between the doctrines and practices of the Sect and those of the early Christians and to emphasize the many divergences, which no one has ever denied. One of these articles, called "The Mind of Mr. Allegro," seemed intended—though it dealt only with the B.B.C. broadcasts—to discredit a forthcoming book of his before its publication. Father Graystone accepted as authoritative the *Times* letter of Père de Vaux and a protest by one of the latter's colleagues, the American Monsignor Patrick Skehan of the Catholic University in Washington, D.C., who had recently been added to the team, and he reassured his Catholic readers by telling them that at least half of the team now working on the scrolls were Catholics and that the Vatican had just contributed five thousand pounds to the enterprise of deciphering them—which meant that five thousand pounds' worth of the manuscripts would go to the Vatican library. I have already explained that, in his book which followed, Mr. Allegro made it plain that his previous statements had been mainly based on conjectures, though it did not cease to be true that, in elaborating these, he had indulged certain fantasies. It is said that his superior at the university, the Baptist Professor Rowley, admonished him on one occasion, "Allegro, *adagio*, *adagio!*"

I ought to note here, in regard to Mr. Allegro's behavior in general, that, although he is professionally functioning in a very much restricted academic field, he has some of the talents and instincts of a dramatically minded journalist, which prompt him to make sallies outside it. In doing so, in issuing his astonishing statements, which the public may take for scholarly truth, he is trading as much on its

"Unbeknownst to yourself, you've just had it, Pal."

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ignorance—with the intent of influencing it in the opposite direction—as the orthodox clerics of whose practices I have complained. But his position as a freethinker in a department to which, in Britain, few such candidates are likely to aspire or in which, without some at least nominal religious affiliation, they are unlikely to get posts is bound to be somewhat precarious. How many such chairs in Britain are available to an openly uncommitted and independent scholar? Mr. Allegro was at one time unsure of his tenure and, with a family to support, it was obviously to his interest to write as many articles, deliver as many broadcasts, and publish as many popular books as possible. And we should be wrong to be quick to discredit the man of historical imagination—though he may sometimes be carried away to imagine beyond the evidence—in favor of the scholar with none.

Mr. Allegro's later adventures in connection with the copper scrolls I shall treat in the next section. But I shall go beyond that here to give some account of his most recent "conjectures," which seem to me quite fantastic. In articles in *Harper's* of August, 1966, and in the Sunday color supplement of the London *Observer* of November 13, 1966, he has been advancing a theory that the Gospels are actually an Essene document, that the names of Jesus and all the Apostles, including Judas, are disguises for the titles of Essene officials, and that the Gospel personalities are probably "myths." He says that the members of the Sect were "diviners" as well as healers, and calls the Gospels a "handbook of witchcraft." He arrives at these opinions by an extremely far-fetched method of searching for Hebrew or Aramaic words that can be made to bear some relation to the names of the New Testament and to allow such an interpretation. Allegro makes much of the fact that the Greek word for *carpenter*, τέκτων, which in Matthew is applied to Joseph and in Mark to Jesus Himself, must have as its Hebrew equivalent חרש, which may also mean *magician*. Professor J. A. Sanders, whom I have mentioned as the editor of the new Psalms manuscript, protested, in a letter to *Harper's*, that this word could mean also *engraver*, *ploughing*, *potsherd*, and *hillock of trees*, and he discredited another claim that the name Jesus must mean *magician*. When I first read Allegro on this subject, I was strongly reminded of the people who manage to find in Shakespeare hidden ciphers that show that the works which have been credited to him were actually written by Bacon or Marlowe or the Earl of Oxford, and it seemed to me that by using such methods I should have little difficulty in proving that the Pentateuch was written by Ben-Gurion. Later on, when I went the rounds of the scholars most interested in the scrolls, I did not find one, even among those who had no stake in the divinity of Jesus, who took Allegro's theories seriously. At a conversation tape-recorded in December, 1966, in the office of the London *Observer*, Mr. Allegro was confronted by Professor Yigael Yadin of the Hebrew University, Professor Géza Vermès of Oxford, and Canon E. F. Carpenter of Westminster, who challenged him to defend his thesis—which he constantly refers to as a "breakthrough." Allegro, for example, had made a good deal of what he calls "a little document" in which, he says, occurs a Semitic word which must underlie the significant name Cephas given by Jesus to Simon Peter. (*Kefa*, the Aramaic for *stone*, is translated into Greek as πέτρος.) "The Essenes," says Allegro, "deemed it a rather 'special' word, since it signifies one having the ability to read men's minds through their faces." Therefore, Peter is an Essene "overseer," and he is the first to recognize Jesus as the Messiah. Therefore, he "speaks with tongues"—how does this follow?—"relating the wonderful works of God, supervising the admittance of new members into the community, handling the common fund," etc. Here again Allegro is arguing from a text that has not been published, and Professors Yadin and Vermès keep asking him what it is. Professor Vermès reminds him that it has been the habit of that other unorthodox but scrupulous scrollsman M. Dupont-Sommer always first to publish scholarly papers that can be read and judged by other scholars before making any public statement that is directed to a wider audience. But they do not get Allegro to answer them till the very end of the

The Smiling Face of Spring

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conference, and then, though he has formerly suggested that he has been working on the document in question, he explains that he has not got it:

Yadin: Can we have the text? What is it?

Allegro: Why don't you ask Milik [another of the scroll editors]? It's part of his documents.

Vermès: How is it spelled? [the word that Allegro connects with Cephas]

Allegro: In the document? It's spelled in two ways—where you've got a signature at the end and where you've got the abbreviation—and at the beginning you've got the letters *kaph*, *'ayin*, *pe*, *samekh*.

Cross [not Dr. Frank M. Cross, Jr., of Harvard, to whom I have already referred, but a person of that name who was presiding over the conversation]: What is the document?

Allegro: It's this little clinical record.

Cross: On that basis Cephas means Essene overseer?

Allegro: No, no; it's more complicated than that.

Vermès: Very complicated.

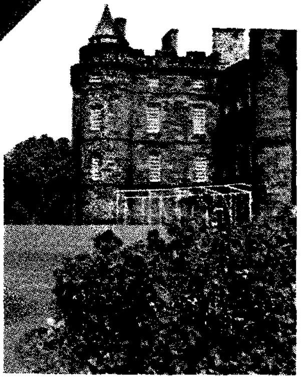
Allegro: It seems to be a special title within the community. The Hebrew equivalent would be *paqid*, *overseer*. . . .

Yadin: I don't find your argument on the words convincing at all.

Allegro: Fine, fine—work it out for yourself.

It would be unfair to deal with Allegro's theories on the basis of anything but considered and well-documented texts if it were not for the fact that his utterances are coming to sound more and more fanciful. The following report of an interview appeared in the London *Daily Mail* of October 13, 1967, and that professionally sensational paper can surely not entirely be blamed for either the language or the content of Allegro's remarks. Allegro, the reporter says, "is shortly to publish new findings which will trace the roots of Christianity to 'a phallic, drug-taking mystery cult we none of us would want anything to do with.' " "What?" the reporter inquires. "The prophets on LSD?" " 'Yes, indeed,' says Allegro, 'or something very like it. They *had* visions. They went on a trip.'. . . Allegro believes he has established a common fund of religious vocabulary between the pre-Christian literatures and the Bible stories—between the mysteries of the earlier cults and what he calls the 'readable, merry tales of this rabbi, Jesus, and his Mum and Dad. . . . [The New Testament is] no more

The Return of the Aged Inch



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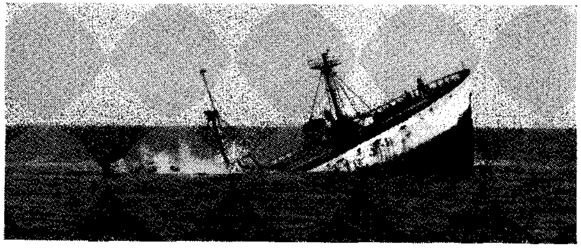

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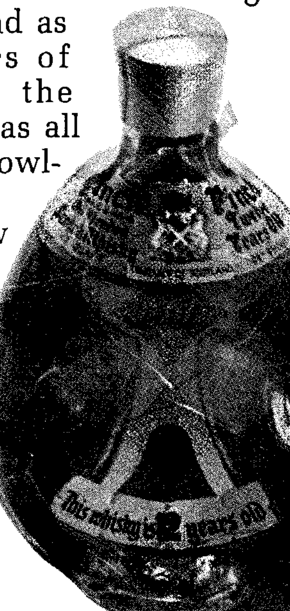

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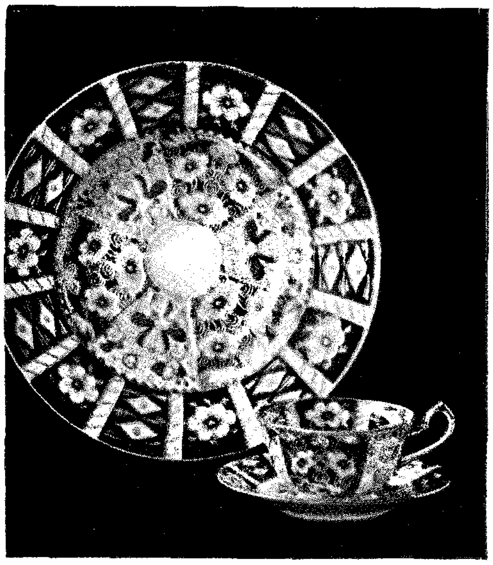

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than a cover document.... The origins of Christianity can be seen against the pattern of this vegetation cult, which involved the use of drugs. Its priests and prophets were dope-pushers, if you like, but only within their own groups. They were seeking the release of the soul from the body, as something which could fly into the future and then come back. Either with drugs or through fasting—which gives much the same effect—they went off on a trip and then came back. Here is your speaking with tongues. The Church's misunderstanding of the origins of its cult began when it took the New Testament at its face value. Once you break it down into its Semitic substratum, you get close to the mystery, fertility cult, which is much more significant than we have ever given it credit for. There is no Jesus, or Joseph, or Mary left. You are dealing with myths. If there is any one personality involved, it is possibly some shadowy figure from the Essene Sect, about a century earlier.' " The only thing that seems to me plausible here—and it has sometimes been suggested before—is that the cult of Jesus, with its spring resurrection, has taken on something of the aspect of the ancient fertility cults. Otherwise, the theory reminded me of that of the late Benjamin Smith, a very learned scholar, nonetheless, who also believed that Jesus may not have been an actual historical character and that the whole of the Gospels is an allegory, in which Jesus is made to figure as the Jewish people.

II

THE COPPER SCROLLS: In March, 1952, two mysterious scrolls of copper were found, one on top of the other, in one of the Dead Sea caves. They were evidently so brittle with oxidization that it was thought undesirable to try to unroll them. But the characters had been incised so deeply that it was possible, in reverse, to make out the outermost layer. Professor K. G. Kuhn of Göttingen, having studied them, came to the conclusion that they contained instructions for finding the buried treasure of the Essene monastery. Later on, one of these scrolls was sent to the Manchester College of Science and Technology in the hope that it might be possible to devise some method of opening them. This was managed in 1955-56 by Dr. H. Wright Baker, Professor of Mechanical Engineering, who contrived a small circular saw which, cutting between the characters, sliced the scroll into strips that could be laid side by side

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and read. The second scroll was now sent on, and the pair proved to be two sections of the same document. This was deciphered by Mr. Allegro and turned out to be, indeed, directions for discovering a hidden treasure. These directions were rather crudely written, as if in haste, and it could not have been easy to use a stylus on copper, but it was probably thought safer to leave the message on copper rather than parchment, since the chances of preservation were better. Yet was it really the treasure of the monastery, whose inmates were supposed to have led so austere a life? There was a good deal of money involved, and vessels of gold and silver. These scrolls were found at some distance from fragments of broken jars, which suggested that they might have been deposited separately. Allegro came to believe that the Essenes had nothing to do with these scrolls except, no doubt, to allow them to be hidden in a cave near the monastery, and that the treasure was that of the Temple in Jerusalem, which the priests there had taken the precaution of putting out of the reach of the plundering Roman invaders, just as the Essenes had hidden their library.

We must now return to the rather painful subject of Allegro's relations with his colleagues. He gave out to a Manchester paper a statement about the cutting of the scrolls, and at once received from Jerusalem an order to say nothing more about them. He was also reprimanded by Dr. Baker for having photographed the process of cutting open the first scroll. Allegro had not made and did not make any public announcement of the contents of the scrolls, but six months after they had been opened, Dr. Baker relayed to the press a statement from de Vaux and his colleagues that the hidden treasure listed in them was almost certainly imaginary. This became a kind of official view. Though Allegro, as a professor at Manchester, had been the first to decipher the scrolls, it was made clear to him that they had been assigned for editing to J. T. Milik, a Polish priest and scholar, who, as Allegro is ready to admit, "is perhaps the most brilliant of our little team of scroll editors. . . . He developed an extraordinary facility for reading Semitic scripts of a cursive character never before seen, and for recognizing the work of individual scribes from the tiniest fragments, which is the basis of our work of piecing together the torn scrolls into their original documents." But Allegro had made a translation, and he published it in 1960, before Milik's

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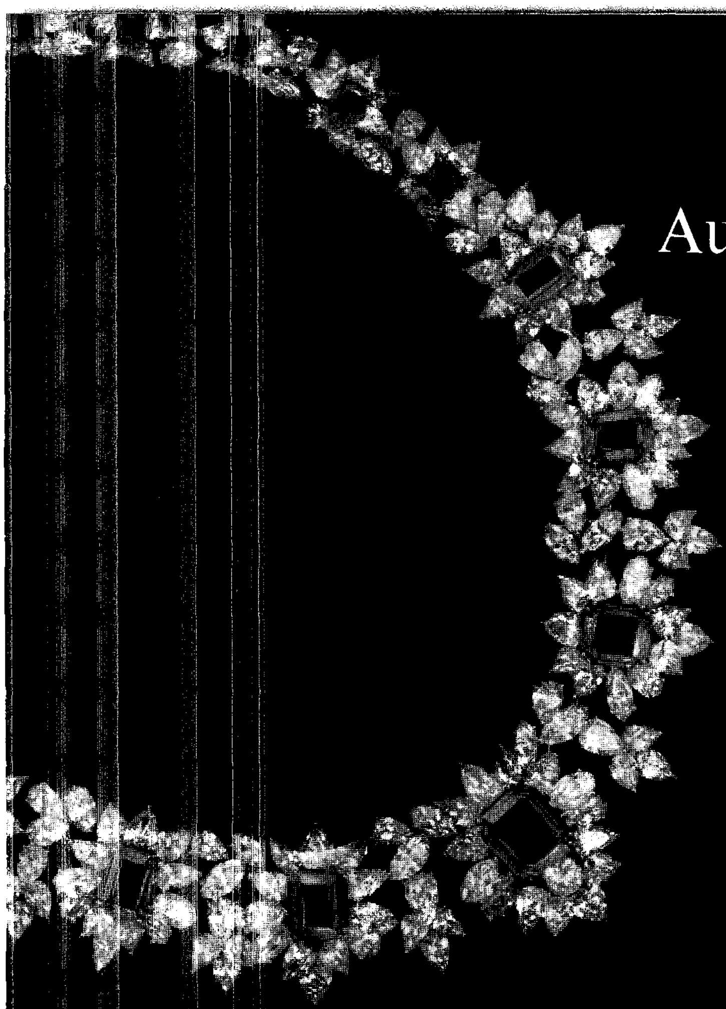

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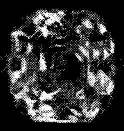

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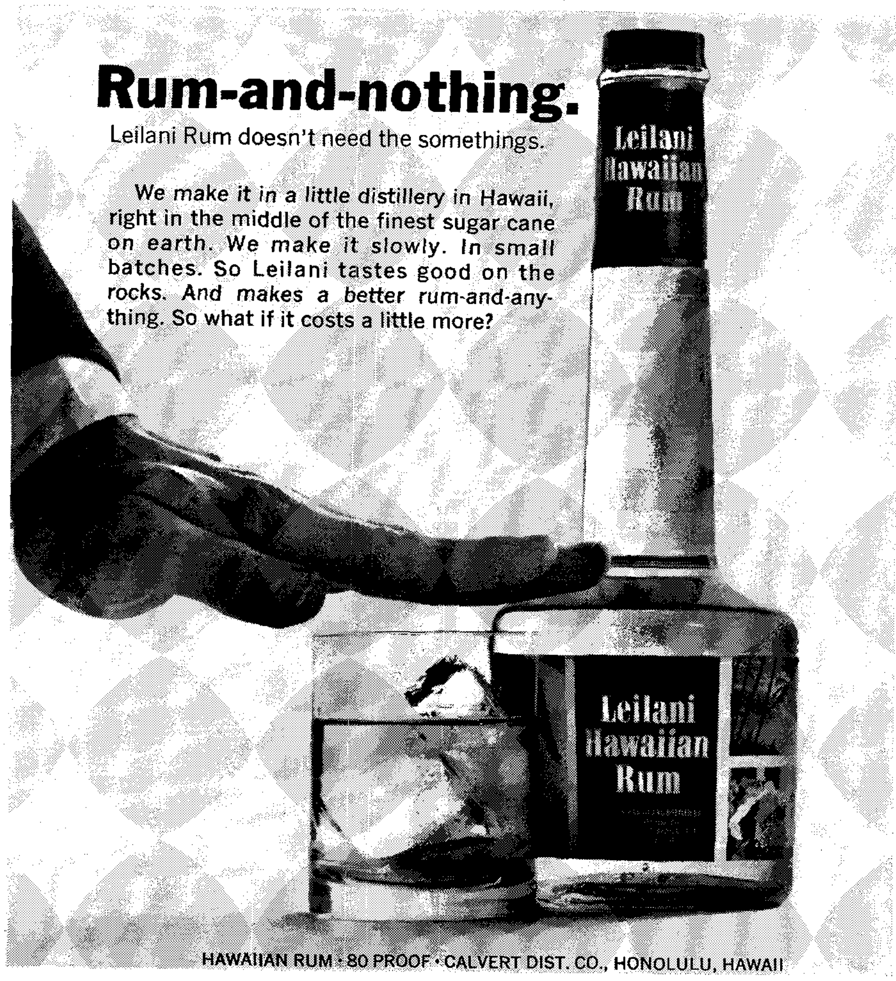

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text and translation came out in the third section of the official series of "Discoveries in the Judaean Desert of Jordan." This evoked a blast from de Vaux in an article on Allegro's book in his *Revue Biblique* of January, 1961. Allegro had asserted that three successive directors of the Department of Antiquities of Jordan had given him permission to publish the scrolls, but Père de Vaux says they had had no right to do so. The right to publish belonged to those who had actually discovered the scrolls, and Allegro does not even mention by name the American School of Oriental Research or L'École Biblique et Archéologique Française de Jérusalem, of which de Vaux was the head, or the Palestine Archeological Museum, which was the true custodian of the scrolls. In dudgeon or under orders, Father Milik refuses, in his volume, even to mention the work of Allegro until the very end: "I have added in the proofs a certain number of references to studies which have appeared after the manuscript was sent to the publisher. I do not, however, take notice of the book of J. M. Allegro, 'The Treasure of the Copper Scrolls,' London, 1960, and this is due to the reasons one may guess in reading the remarks of R. de Vaux" in his *Revue Biblique* article. Allegro had in the meantime succeeded in raising money in Manchester to take an expedition into Jordan in the hope of finding the sites of the hidden treasure, and de Vaux, in his article, had asserted that such expeditions, "with no serious archeological authority, have eviscerated the soil and the walls of Khirbet Qumrân [the monastery] and the approaches to the great Jewish tombs of the Valley of Kedron" and "have only been prevented at the last moment from extending their depredations to the esplanade of the Mosque of Omar." Milik is content to quote this statement. Allegro says in "The Treasure of the Copper Scrolls," a book which tells of his expedition, that he had the permission of the governor of the city and the custodian of the mosque to tunnel under the pavement of its terrace without doing any damage to it. But I gathered when I was in Jerusalem that his action had immediately excited alarm. The mosque is on the site of the ancient Jewish Temple and contains the rough rock which is venerated doubly as that on which Abraham was to have sacrificed Isaac and that on which Muhammad descended in his flight through the air from Mecca. The soldiery had been called out to prevent Allegro's explo-

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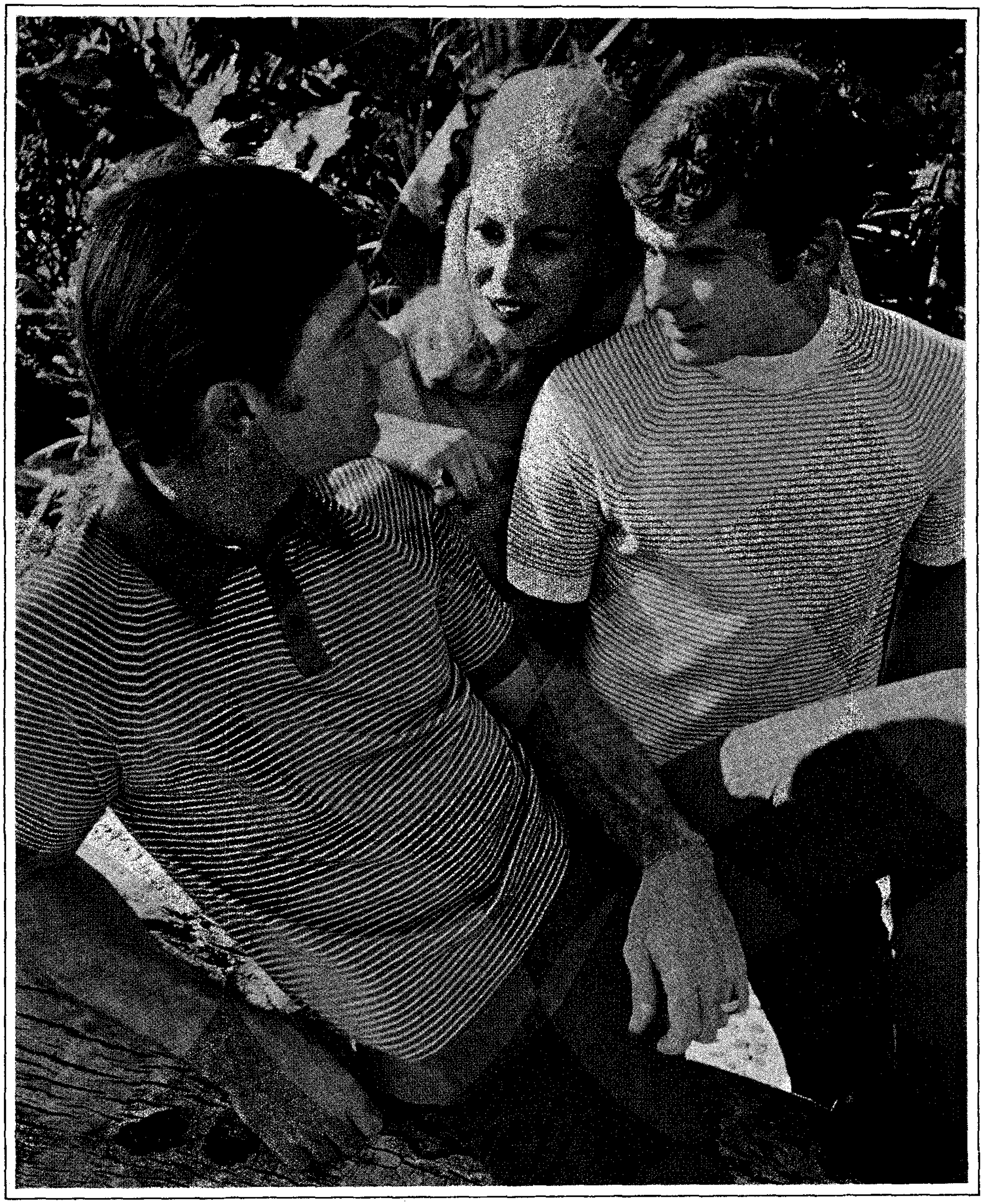

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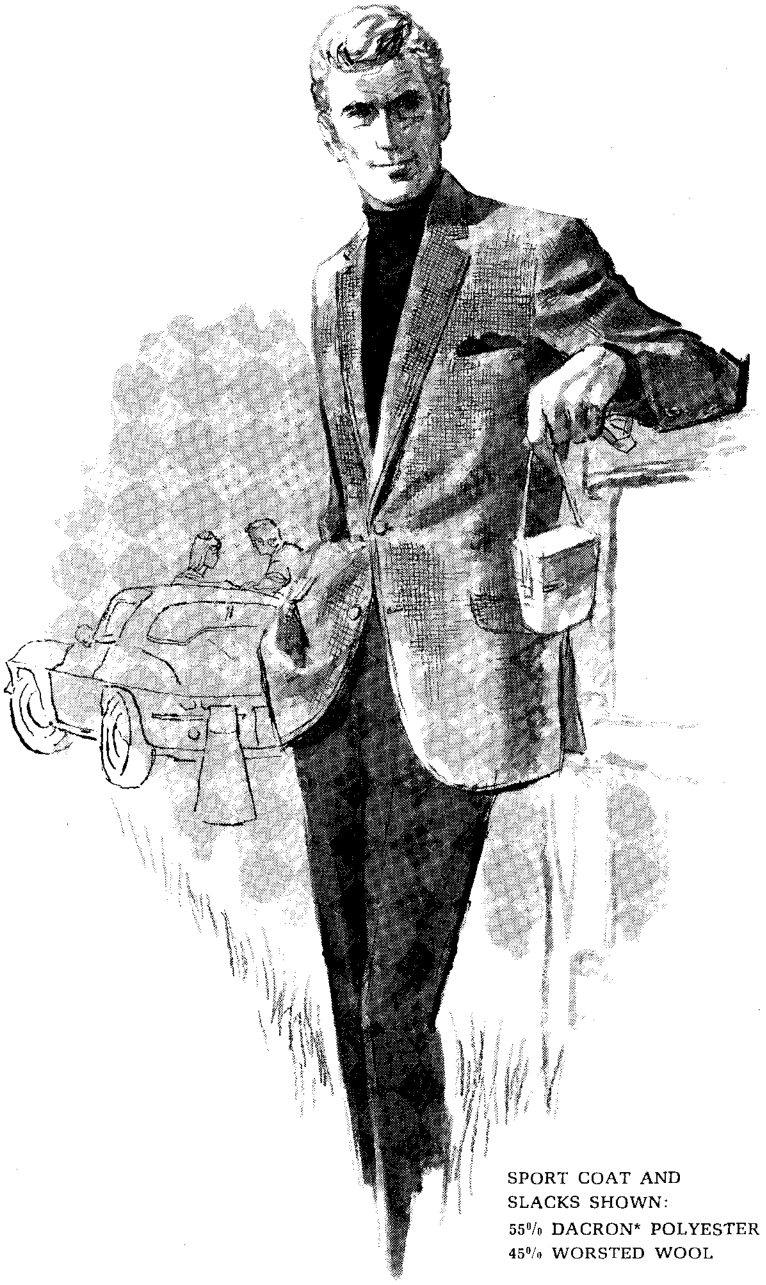
rations. Allegro explains that he is not the first Englishman to poke into the Dome of the Rock, as the Mosque of Omar is also called. In regard to the directions in the manuscript, Father Milik adheres firmly to what Allegro calls the "party line," with which other scholars are inclined to disagree: that the treasure is imaginary, and that the scrolls are an attempt to add documentation to an Oriental fantasy. He cites a work of "popular literature," written in Egypt in Arabic, "The Book of Buried Pearls and Precious Mysteries," which gives directions for locating these and which he says is typical of a genre, but he admits that the author of the Dead Sea directions "has succeeded in creating a strong illusion of the real, thanks to the principles that he has adopted: the elimination of 'historical' details and explanations of the origin of the caches, reduction of the information to the strict minimum of topographical and numerical data." But Milik, like Allegro, makes an effort to exactly determine these sites. This is difficult, because there are only a few place names—Mount Gerizim, the Vale of Achor—that are recognizable today; about the Tomb of Absalom, the Tomb and Garden of Zadok, and the Valley of Secacah, which is so often mentioned, one can only speculate. The descriptions of the sites may be purposely puzzling, so as to be understood only by initiates. I agree with Allegro that this list is too terse and particularized—in its way, too businesslike—not to indicate genuine treasures. Allegro defends his conviction by reminding us of the three jugs containing five hundred silver coins that were found under the floor of the monastery, and the accusation brought by de Vaux of "eviscerating its soil and walls" refers to Allegro's attempt there to excavate further and find something more—an attempt which, as can easily be understood, very much distressed the archeologist when, on visiting the ruins he had excavated, he discovered that, without his permission, someone else had been tampering with them. Milik tries to insist that the value of the treasure is so enormous as to be incredible, but Allegro replies that we do not know how the talent was then valued. The values assigned in the Old Testament and the later rabbinical literature would indeed give fantastic weights, and if the unjust steward of Matthew was dealing in Old Testament values, "he could have held his own quite comfortably on Wall Street," and the "good and faithful servant" of the same gos-



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pel "who speculated so successfully with his five talents would have needed a fair-sized wheelbarrow to bring his master the resultant four hundredweights of silver."

The translations by Allegro and by Milik of the text of the copper scrolls differ considerably from one another, and the former, in a second edition of his work, acknowledges Milik's contribution and defers to it to some extent in making revisions in his own. He regrets that the recent controversy should have destroyed a pleasant relationship, which had been based partly on a common enthusiasm for the writings of P. G. Wodehouse. Allegro's self-defense for publishing the text without the permission of his colleagues is based on the complaint that I have already noted on the part of several scholars: that de Vaux had taken an unconscionably long time in publishing the other documents. To this the team in Old Jerusalem reply that Allegro, as a member of the team, has violated the ethics of scholarship. He justifies the expedition undertaken on his own initiative on the ground that the official group, since they regarded the treasure as imaginary, were not trying to do anything about it. I was told in Jordanian Jerusalem that the government authorities of Jordan, who had undoubtedly given some authorization to Allegro's expedition, had become rather cold, as he reports in his book, when he had failed to find anything of importance—a few coins, merely, and pieces of pottery.

III

THE TEXTS: I have mentioned the consternation among the Orthodox Jewish scholars which was caused by the discovery of ancient Hebrew texts of the Bible that differ from the Masoretic version, and the nuisance to Christian scholars of the turning up of unknown documents that throw new light on the emergence of Christianity. The ordinary non-scholarly Jew knows simply that the Torah and the Prophets and the Writings, the *three sections of his Bible, are sacred*; the ordinary non-scholarly Gentile that *his* Bible, of which the first section is differently arranged from the Hebrew Tanakh (a word made from the initial consonants of the three sections) and which has been translated in several different ways, is a work of Divine revelation, consisting of two solid units called the Old and the New Testaments. He nowadays rarely reads it, and if he goes to church he hears it read in a few selected verses at a

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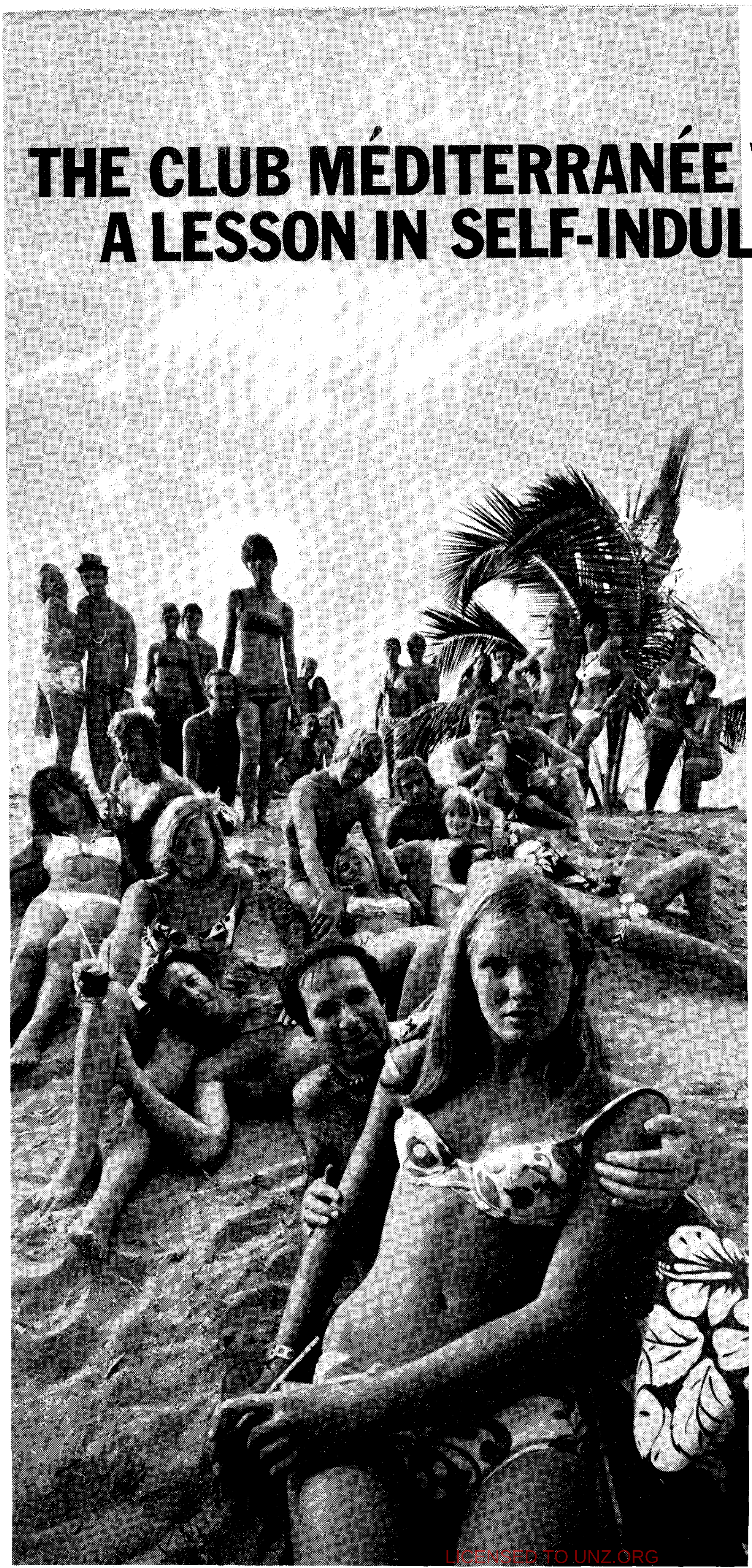

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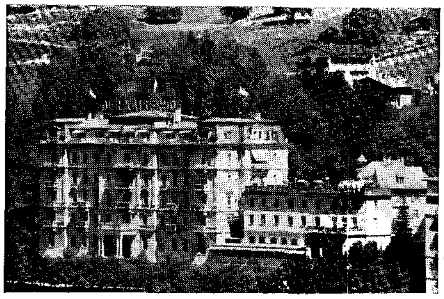

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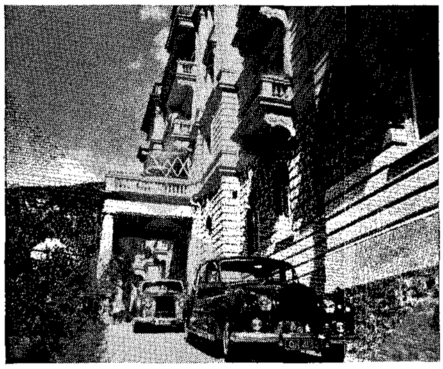
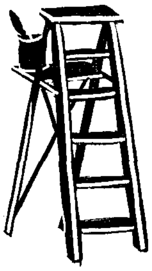


time, often very much detached from their contexts. I have been surprised to find, by inquiry, how many literate Gentiles do not know in what languages the Bible was written. The author of a grammar of New Testament Greek, D. F. Hudson of Serampore College, in West Bengal, tells of an English lady who is reported to have said to a missionary engaged in translating the New Testament out of Greek into one of the Central African languages, "But why do that? If English was good enough for St. Paul, why isn't it good enough for them?" F. F. Bruce, of the University of Manchester, in his book "The English Bible: A History of Translations," has some equally amusing stories of the reaction to the Revised Standard Version of 1952—revised, of course, in the interests of accuracy: there could be no question at that date of recapturing the style of the King James translation. Some people had objected to the inclusion in the committee who prepared the Revised Version of a distinguished Jewish scholar, an authority on the Septuagint. And when it was published, "one American preacher was reported to have burned a copy . . . with a blowlamp in his pulpit, remarking that it was like the Devil because it was hard to burn." Pamphlets appeared bearing such titles as "The Bible of Antichrist," "The New Blasphemous Bible," and "Whose Unclean Fingers Have Been Tampering with the Holy Bible, God's Pure, Infallible, Verbally Inspired Word?"—the last of which opens with the sentence "Every informed and intelligent person knows that our government is crawling with Communists, or those who sanction and encourage Communism." Such people, of course, are even further from understanding what sort of problems are presented by any serious effort to establish what was actually written in the Bible and what it meant to those who wrote it. The King James Version of the Bible, in its poetic seventeenth-century language, is such a fine piece of literature that it has been difficult for anyone familiar with it not to imagine, like the English lady or the author of the anti-Communist pamphlet, that it fixes the Word of God in plain print. We not only remember, from First Corinthians, "For now we see through a glass, darkly," and do not recognize—probably have not read—James Moffatt's "At present we only see the baffling reflections in a mirror" or Ronald Knox's "At present we are looking at a confused reflection in a mirror," but we even imagine the young Joseph of Genesis in a kind of harlequin costume, the "coat of many colors," though we have been told by Moffatt and the Revised Standard Version that this was really a robe or tunic with long sleeves (Knox tries to make the old interpretation more presentable by calling it "a coat that was all embroidery"). Yet every teacher of beginners' Hebrew has to commence by contending with this influence, by explaining that in many cases we now know better than the seventeenth-century translators. A professor at Union Theological Seminary told me that he passed out to his students mimeographed copies of Professor Walter Raleigh's essay on the beauties of the King James translation, telling them that everything Raleigh said was true: they were to read this, but then bear in mind that it was quite irrelevant to what they were going to study. A professor at the Princeton Seminary used to issue a similar warning, referring to the old cliché that the greatest treasures of English literature are Shakespeare and the King James Bible, and thereafter, when he recognized in a class translation any echo of the latter, which had been obviously used as a trot, would interrupt it with "Never mind about Shakespeare!"

The student who pursues any further the question of what the Bible says and the reasons for the many variations between its different versions—in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, Samaritan and the other Semitic languages—will find himself, especially since the Dead Sea caves have presented so many new texts, faced with a challenge to pore endlessly over something in the nature of jigsaw puzzles that rarely come out quite right because so many of the pieces are missing. The monographs written on these subjects are extremely hard to grasp for the layman: Why is it that fragments of another Greek text seem to differ from that of the Septuagint? Does a fragment which has just been found in Hebrew represent an anterior version of the text of the Samaritan Pentateuch, which, though written in the characters and dialect of the alienated Samaritans, the latter have always claimed to be older and more authentic than that of their Jewish distant cousins? Are not certain new readings from the scrolls really a good deal more satisfactory than those that have been so sedulously guarded in the sacred Masoretic Bible? A re-



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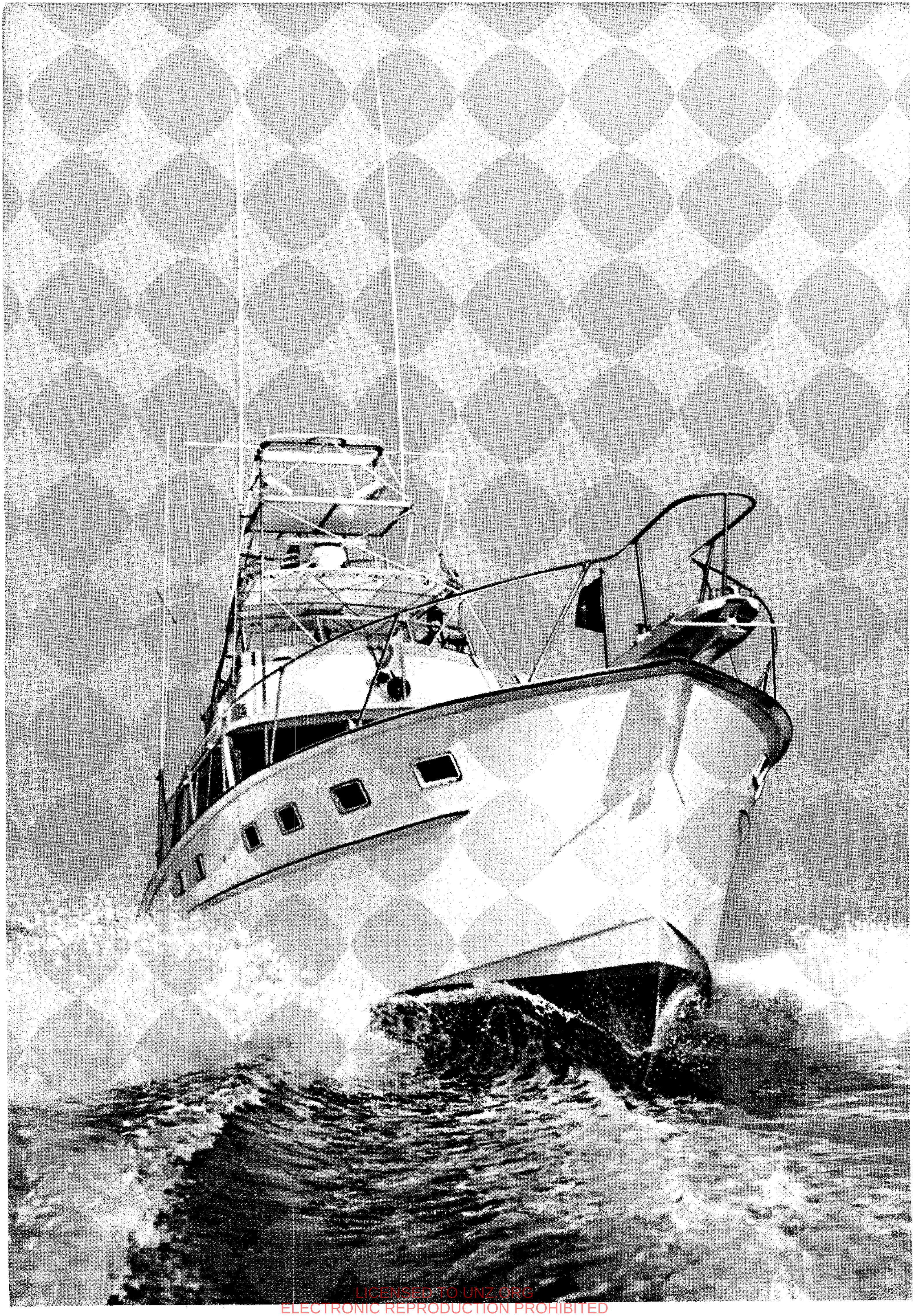

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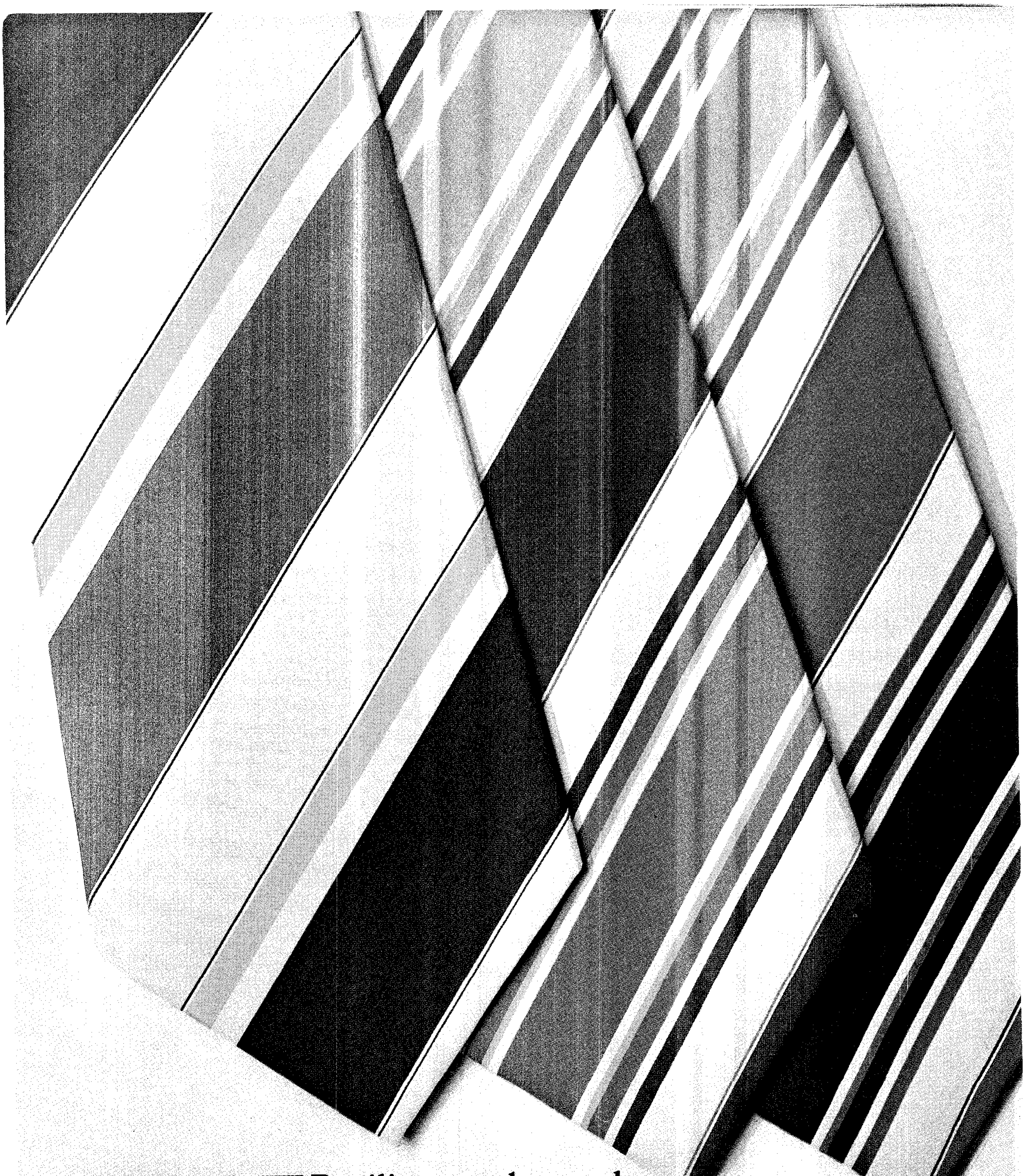

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markable example of this last is the text of the columns of Samuel discovered in Cave Four, the importance of which was first grasped by Dr. Cross. It is amusing to contrast his way of dealing with this, perfectly dry and impersonal, in his book "The Ancient Library of Qumrân and Modern Biblical Studies," with Mr. Allegro's characteristically more exciting one in "The Dead Sea Scrolls: A Reappraisal." If Dr. Cross will not dramatize his discovery, Mr. Allegro will do it for him. "Whilst engaged one day," he writes, "in cleaning and assembling some fragile leather pieces of the book of Samuel from the Fourth Cave, Frank Cross noticed that at one place the text seemed to run completely contrary to MT [the Masoretic text]. He checked again, and there was no doubt. He carried on brushing very gently until the next line came into view. Again the text showed marked variations, and the next few lines included a whole paragraph which was not represented in the standard Hebrew. His excitement mounting, Cross began to refer to the principal versions, and almost immediately saw that his text corresponded word for word with the Greek translation. The precious pieces joined to others," etc. Mr. Allegro prints in three parallel columns his translations of the same passages from this new text, from that of the Septuagint, and from that of the current Revised Standard Version translation, and this can give the ordinary reader perhaps the clearest idea of the variations in these texts. (This book is now readily available in a Pelican paperback.) The new manuscript of Samuel, says Dr. Cross, agrees more often with the Greek Septuagint than it does with the "traditional" text, but has many new readings that agree with neither. It is closer than the Masoretic text to that used by the author of Chronicles, who is telling more or less the same story. Thanks to a backing of papyrus, this Samuel is much the best of the Biblical texts found in Cave Four. An older text of Samuel has survived only in seven fragments. Dr. Cross believes that it is the oldest of the manuscripts from the Dead Sea caves and can hardly date later than 200 B.C. From this Fourth Cave alone have come fragments of what are estimated to be three hundred and eighty-two manuscripts, Biblical and Sectarian. Among the whole body of scrolls are versions—never complete except in the case of Isaiah—of all of the canonical books except Esther.

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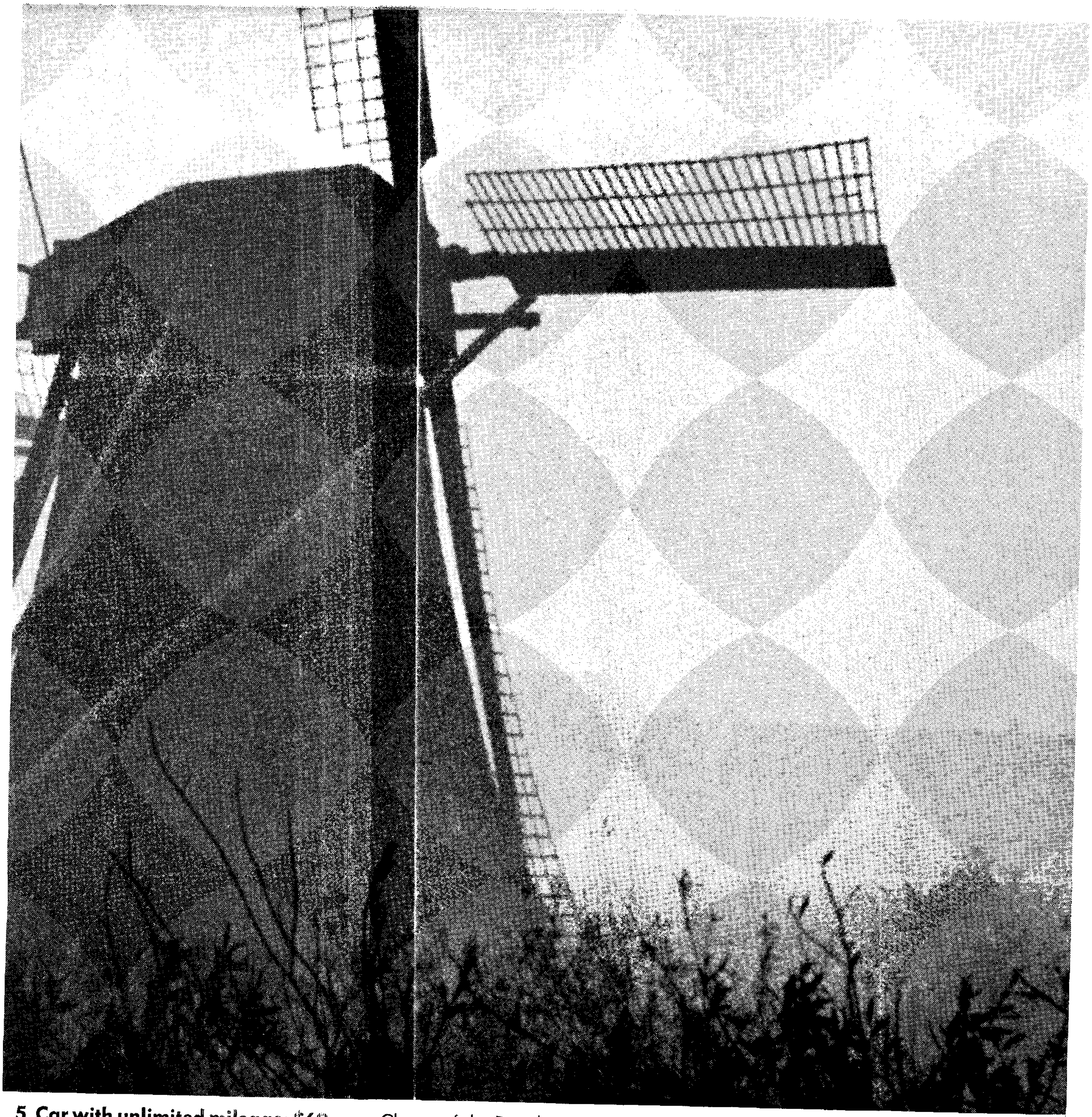

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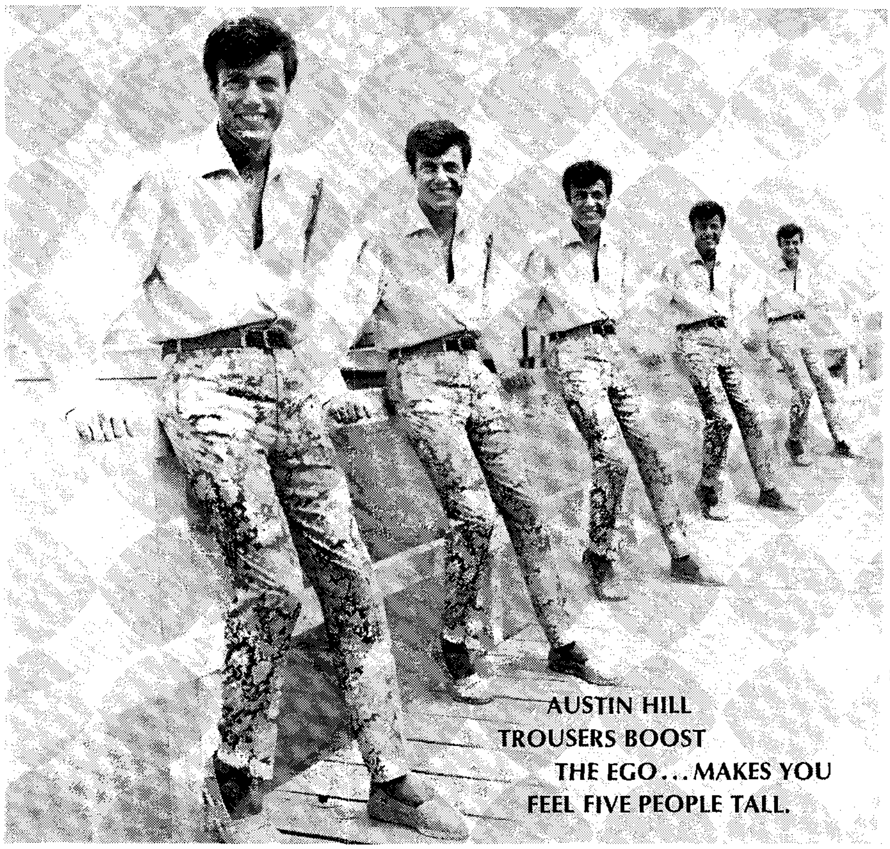

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ly audience, at the dedication of the Shrine of the Book, the special museum in Israeli Jerusalem for the display of the Hebrew University's scrolls, an address on "The Contribution of the Qumrân Discoveries to the Study of the Biblical Text," which was afterward published in Volume 16, No. 2, 1966, of the *Israel Exploration Journal.* This paper will give the layman an idea of the extreme complexity of the problems of unravelling the relations between the different Biblical texts, but it is worthwhile to quote at this point some of Cross's more general conclusions. There are, he says, three main "families" of texts: Palestinian, Egyptian, and Babylonian, each of which exhibits special features, from having grown up in a different locality. Among the Qumrân manuscripts, Dr. Cross can find no indications that a standard Biblical text existed at the time they were written and collected. "There is no exemplar," he says, "of the Masoretic text, and no evidence of its influence." This Masoretic text—that is, for the Jews, the "traditional" and today official one—was compounded out of the Palestinian and Babylonian versions and the Septuagint, the version in Greek translated in Alexandria, from the one then current in Egypt, which accounts for the differences between them. The "Rabbinic recension," says Cross, must have come into being "between the era of Hillel"—that is, the latter part of the last B.C. century—"and the first Jewish revolt." Though not the established version for the library at Qumrân, it "appears to have been the accepted text in other circles by 70 A.D., and, in the interval between the Jewish revolts against Rome, became the reigning text in all surviving Jewish communities. Its victory was complete, and rival textual traditions shortly died out, except as they were preserved frozen in ancient translations or survived in the text of an isolated sect such as the Samaritans."

It will be better, having reached this point, to continue the discussion of the Biblical texts in connection with the so-called Testimonia.

IV

The Testimonia: The passages from the Old Testament which are adduced in the New Testament as prophecies of the coming of Jesus Christ—that is, of Jesus of Nazareth as the Messiah expected by the Jews—and of other events in the Gospels have always been an embarrassment to

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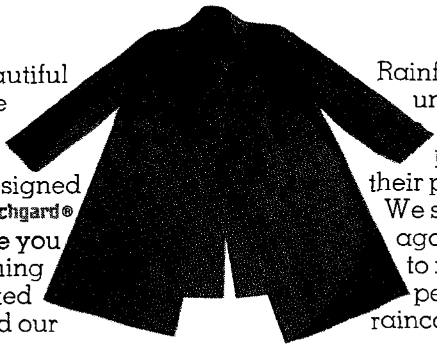

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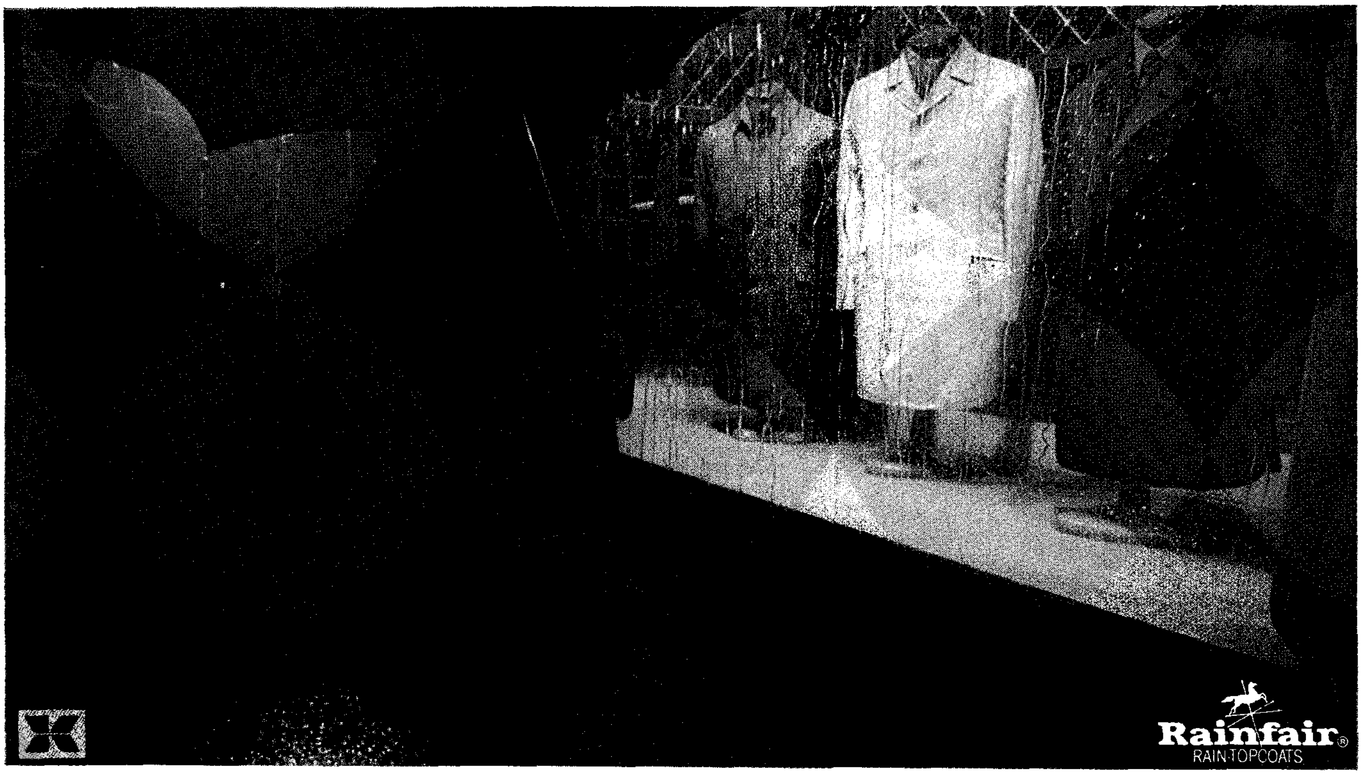

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scholarship, because they either do not occur in the Hebrew Bible as we have it or occur in a different form. As early, it is estimated, as the beginning of the ninth century, a Patriarch of Seleucia wrote to a Metropolitan of Elam inquiring about some writings which were said to have been found in a cave near Jericho. The Patriarch, he explains, had asked of a scholar who had seen them whether any texts had turned up that contained these passages, which did not appear in either the Masoretic text or the Septuagint. The scholar replied that such passages had indeed been found in texts from this cave, and that there had also been found among them more than two hundred Psalms of David. (As has been seen, psalms additional to the canonical hundred and fifty, though not so many as this, have recently turned up at Qumrân.) Further inquiries brought no reply, and the Patriarch was left in frustration. "This is as fire in my heart," he writes in his letter to the Metropolitan, "burning and blazing in my bones." We do not know how his letter was answered. But the puzzle as to whence the Christians had derived what have come to be called their "proof texts" continued to worry the students of the Bible. Not only the Bible itself but the apocryphal Epistle of Barnabas and certain of the Church Fathers seem to reflect in their quotations the Septuagint text—they could have read the Bible only in Greek—but in certain ways they differ from it. The theory was first suggested in 1838 by a German scholar, K. A. Credner, and clearly formulated, fifty years later, by an English scholar, Edwin Hatch, that anthologies of prophetic quotations existed—first, however, compiled by the Jews themselves—which were used also by the authors of the New Testament and the Fathers of the Christian Church. By the end of the last century, F. C. Burkitt and J. R. Harris had arrived at the hypothesis of the Testimonia—that is, of collections of prophetic texts intended exclusively for Christian use, in the arguments of the Christians with the Jews, to show that the Jews' own sacred books predicted the coming of Jesus as the Christ. The contentions to which this claim gave rise are dramatically illustrated by the "Dialogue of Justin, Philosopher and Martyr, with Trypho, a Jew," written by Justin himself in the second century. Justin, who is waiting for a ship at Ephesus, falls in with the Rabbi Trypho, who has escaped from Palestine, now occupied by the Romans, at the time of

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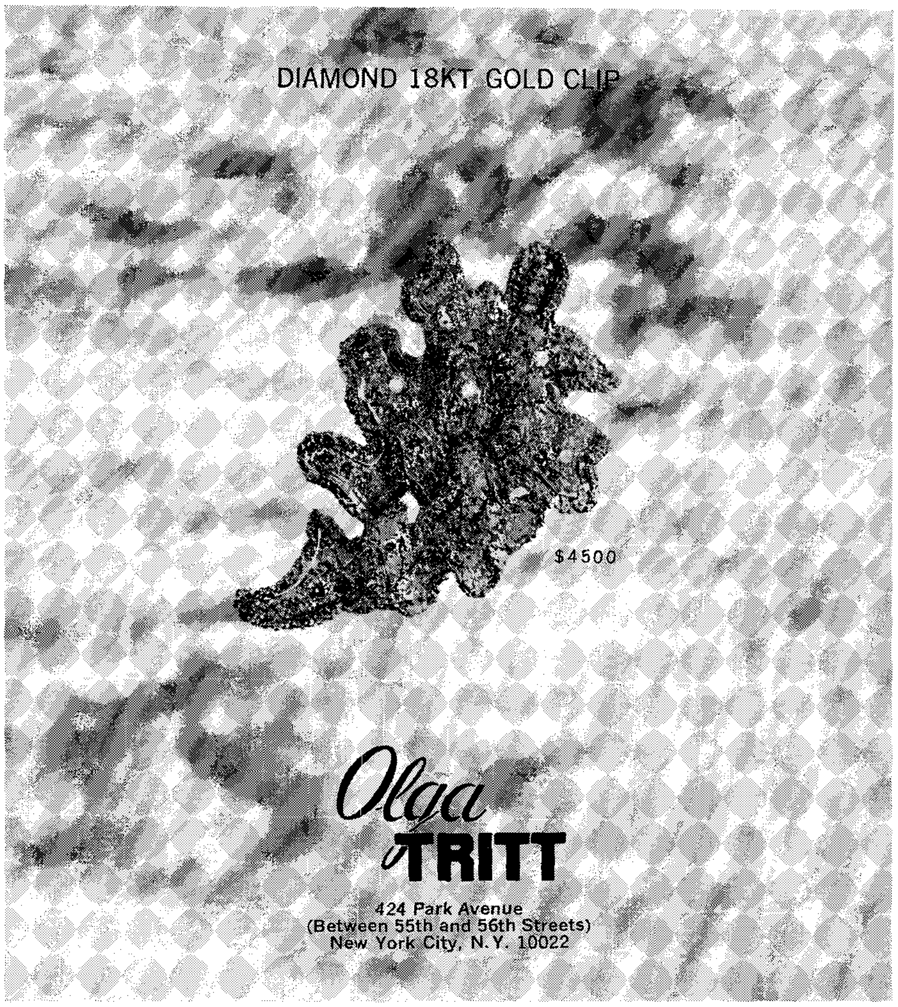

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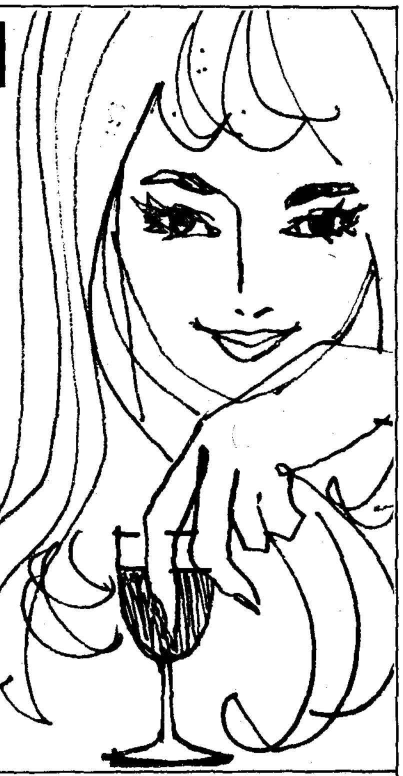

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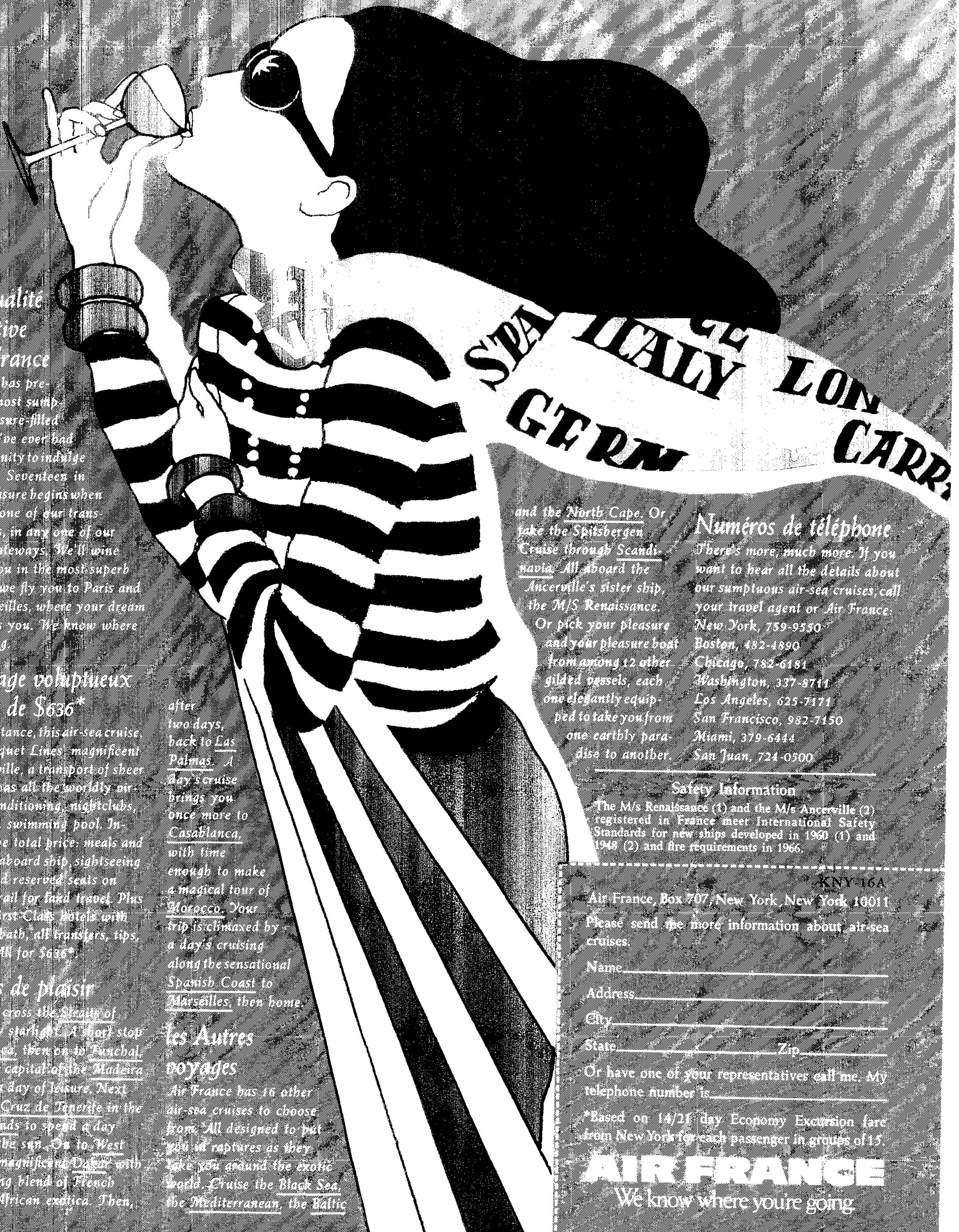
Bar-Kochba's rebellion against them. In the course of a very long argument, which apparently went on for two days and in which Justin rather browbeats the Rabbi, he makes the charge that the Jews have tampered with the text of their Scripture in order to eliminate such passages as properly lend themselves to Christian interpretation as prophecies of the miraculous origin and divine mission of Jesus. In one still much-mooted case, it is merely a question of translation, where the Jew can reasonably plead that the Hebrew has been wrongly rendered. In Isaiah 7:14, the Christian Bible has this version: "Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel [God with us]," evidently following the Septuagint, where the Hebrew word for Immanuel's mother has been translated ἡ παρθένος, whereas Trypho objects that *ha-almah* does not necessarily mean a virgin but merely a young woman, and that the prophecy, which was fulfilled, applies not to Jesus but to Hezekaiah, to whose father, Ahaz, Isaiah is addressing it. The Rabbi further remarks that this story of the birth of Jesus is on a level with the Greek myth that Zeus begot Perseus on Danaë by descending in the guise of a shower of gold, and that the Christians ought to be ashamed to make such absurd assertions. (How much this has remained an issue may be seen from the recent translation of the Bible by Monsignor Ronald Knox, who seems rather amusingly to compromise a little by translating the word *almah* as *maid*—a maid being not necessarily, he evidently believes, a virgin—"since it refers rather to a time than to a state of life;" "but in view of the event," he adds, "we cannot doubt that this prophecy looks forward to the Virgin Birth.") It is evident, however, that Trypho and Justin have been arguing from different texts, and it is now thought that the three Greek translations, apart from the Septuagint, which were made in about Trypho's time by the early Jewish scholars Theodotion, Aquila, and Symmachus, do show an anti-Christian bias or a non-Christian antianthropomorphic emphasis in competition with the kind of thing that lent itself to the uses of the Testimonia.

Then where did the Christians get their "proof texts"? Did these occur in other versions that are lost, or were they sometimes deliberately concocted? The people they were proselytizing were unlikely to be familiar with the Septuagint, still less the Masoretic He-



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brew. But the matter of unravelling these mysteries has always been a delicate one, because it verges on calling into question the veracity of the New Testament. Mr. Albert C. Sundberg, Jr., begins the introduction to his recent book, "The Old Testament of the Early Church" (Harvard University Press), by explaining that "the Old Testament of the early church, as a problem in canon, has received somewhat the treatment of a stepchild in Biblical studies. Treated as an adjunct to Old Testament canon, New Testament canon, and studies in the literature of the Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha, it remains unsettled as to which discipline is properly responsible for the treatment of this problem."

The kind of stumbling blocks here involved may be illustrated by two conspicuous examples, in Matthew 27:9 and 2:23. The first of these, in telling the story of Judas, says that his turning back to the chief priests and elders of the thirty pieces of silver he had been paid for betraying Jesus and their refusing to put the money in their treasury because it was the price of blood, but employing it to buy "the potter's field, as a burial place for strangers," was foretold by the prophet Jeremiah. Now, there is nothing like this in Jeremiah, but Zechariah (11:12-13) does contain the following passage, which has never been understood and which had perhaps slipped in from somewhere else: "And I said unto them, If ye think good, give me my price; and if not, forbear. So they weighed for my price thirty pieces of silver. And the Lord said unto me, Cast it unto the potter: a goodly price that I was prized at of them. And I took the thirty pieces of silver, and cast them to the potter, in the house of the Lord." There is a difference of opinion as to whether the word יצר stands for the potters' quarter, where there was a court into which were thrown the broken vessels from the Temple, or whether it is a misspelling of a word for *treasurer* which appears in Aramaic and Syrian texts. This is in any case quite different from Matthew's version, and it has been suggested by Knox that this passage may have resulted from a combination of the verses in Zechariah with Jeremiah 32:7-9, which tells of the buying of a field for "seventeen shekels of silver." The second of these references in Matthew—which had particularly worried the Seleucian Patriarch when he wrote to the Elam Metropolitan about the newly discovered manuscripts—is "And he [Jesus] came and dwelt in a city called Nazareth: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophets, He shall be called a Nazarene." But there is no such prediction in the Prophets as we have them. My old English Bible, printed toward the end of the nineteenth century, refers us to Judges 13:5 and I Samuel 1:11, but these deal with not Nazarenes but Nazarites, a special group first mentioned in Genesis, a part of whose cult it was not to shave the heads of their children but to allow their hair to grow long. The Angel of the Lord, in the first of these passages, is prophesying to the mother of Samson, "For, lo, thou shalt conceive and bear a son; and no razor shall come on his head: for the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb: and he shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hands of the Philistines." This plainly does not apply to Jesus. The provenience of this verse in Matthew has provided a great subject for controversy, and I am told that in the course of this there have been proposed almost as many explanations as there have been Biblical scholars who addressed themselves to the problem.

There have been no actual known Testimonia to show from where the author of Matthew had produced his so pat citations, and the existence of any such collections was still entirely hypothetical. But it is one of the more striking features of the discoveries in the Dead Sea caves that something of the kind has come to light. This is known as Document IV from Cave Four, and it has been published by Mr. Allegro in the issue of September, 1956, of the *Journal of Biblical Literature* (later, without his critical comment, in Volume V of "Discoveries in the Judaean Desert"). There is nothing about Nazareth or Jesus or thirty pieces of silver. Here it is merely a Messiah who is being predicted. But the compiler, for his special purposes, has slightly altered his Biblical quotations, as has been done by the New Testament writers, or, as has also been done by these, has run two separate texts together in such a way as to give them a meaning different from that which they had had in their respective contexts. Thus, Deuteronomy 5:28-29 is immediately followed by Deuteronomy 18:18, so as to compound the following passage: "I have heard the voice of the words of this people, which they have spoken

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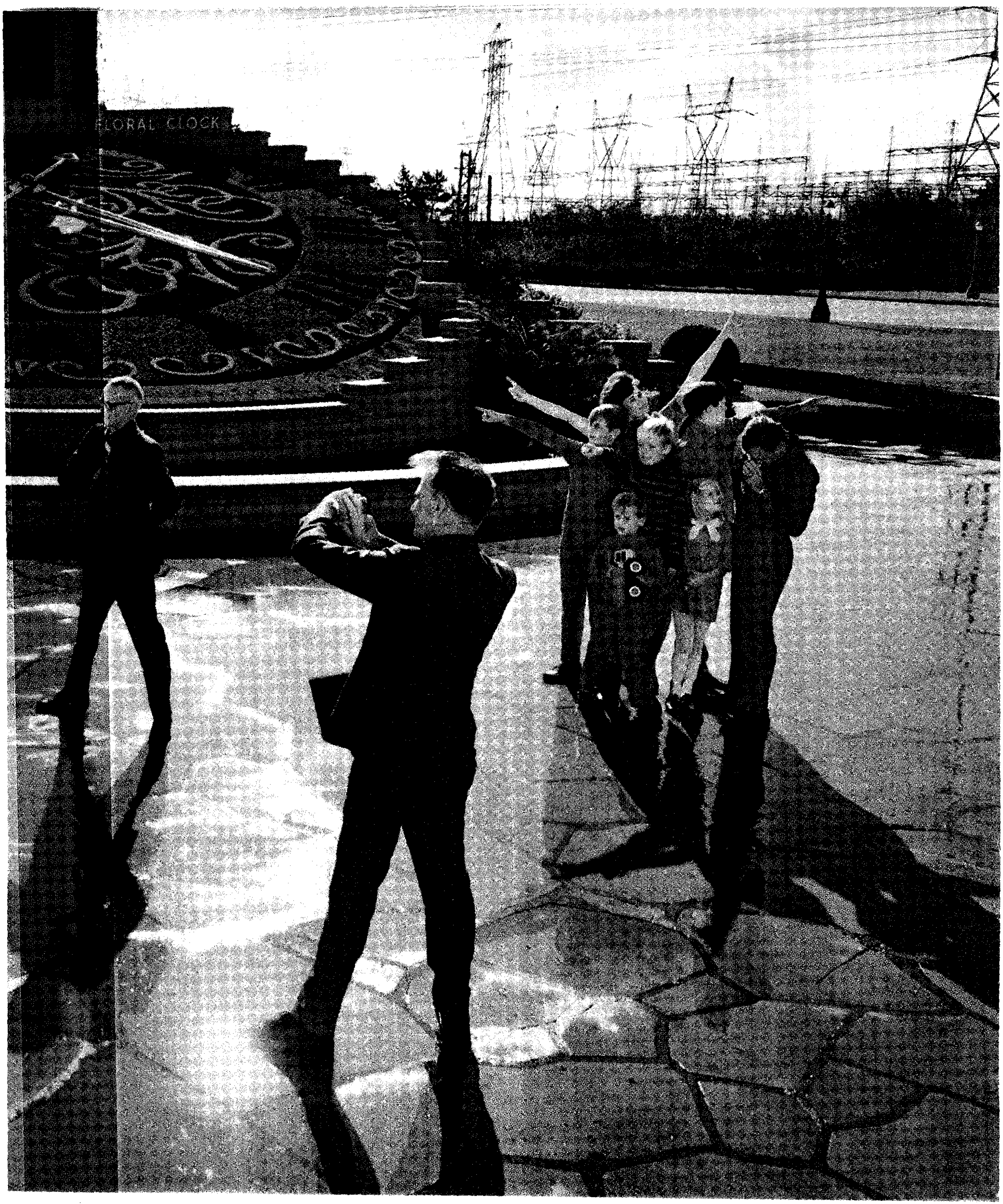

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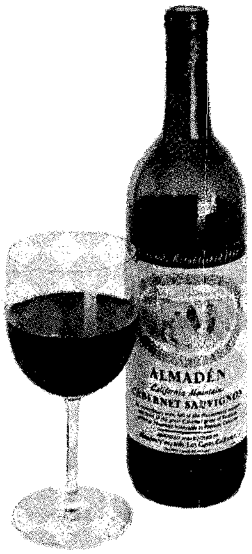

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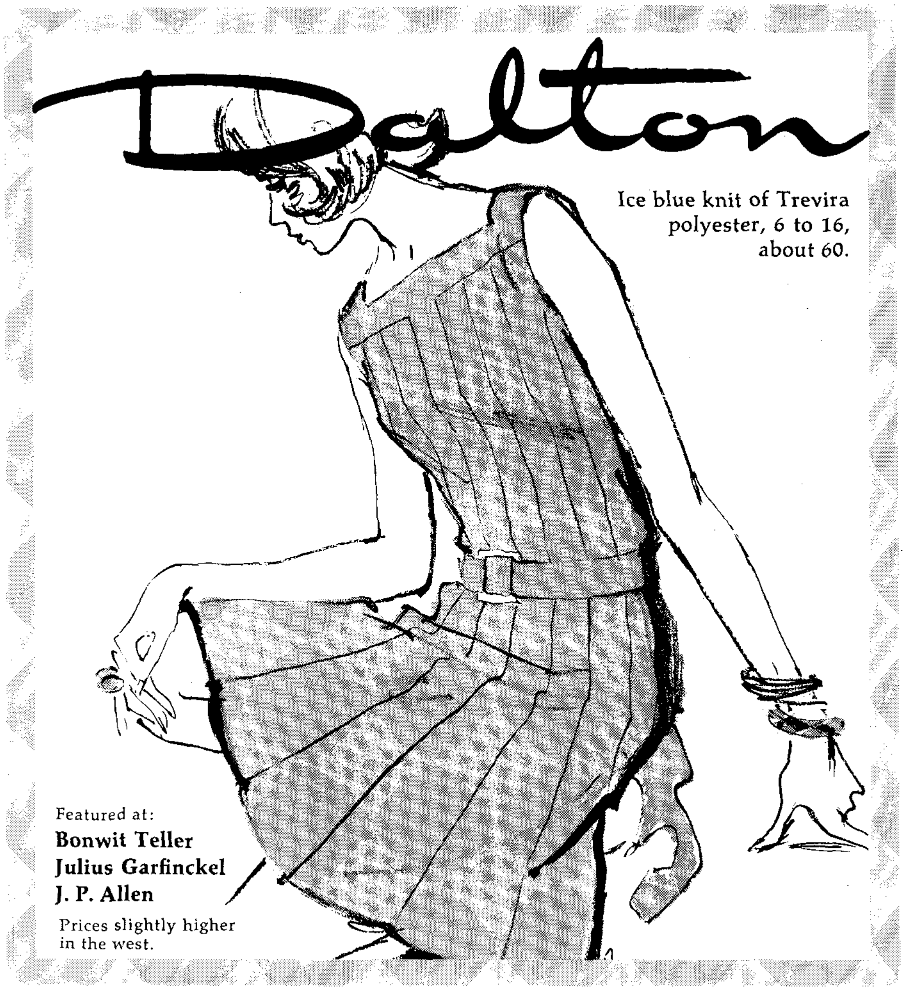
unto thee: they have well said all that they have spoken. Oh that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever! I will raise them up a Prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee; and I will put my words in his mouth, and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him." The first text, ending "children for ever," applies in Deuteronomy to Moses, but in the second, which begins "I will raise them up a Prophet," the text that had referred to Moses is made to seem to apply to an unnamed prophet who is coming. It should be noted, also, that in Acts 3:22 and 7:37, in the course of speeches by Peter and Stephen, the second of these texts is applied to Jesus. What makes the problem even more complicated is that the combination of these two passages occurs in Exodus 20 of the Samaritan Pentateuch, so that it must have been already in existence before the Masoretic text.

What has actually happened here is that the early Christians made use of the Prophets for predictions and authentications of the origins of their own group just as the Qumrân Sect had done—as I have explained in connection with the Nahum *pesher*—for the events of their own history.

V

THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS: It will be seen from the above discussions how sharply every word of these documents has been scrutinized and what far-reaching inferences may be drawn from the slightest allusion or suggestion. The existence of the remnants of this library, which are constantly being augmented, this sudden flooding in of only partially understood evidence, have had the result more and more of extending speculation in every direction—on the history of the documents of what we call the Old Testament, on the documents already known of what is called the intertestamental period, and on the beginnings of Christianity. In the last case, certain resemblances have been obvious from the first: the influence of the Dead Sea Sect seemed traceable in some of the language of the Gospel according to St. John and in the doctrine of the Pauline Epistles; the behavior of Jesus at the Last Supper appeared to be explicable as a challenging of the protocol laid down for the Essenes in the prescriptions for their sacred banquet. And attempts are still being made—sometimes with extremely implausible



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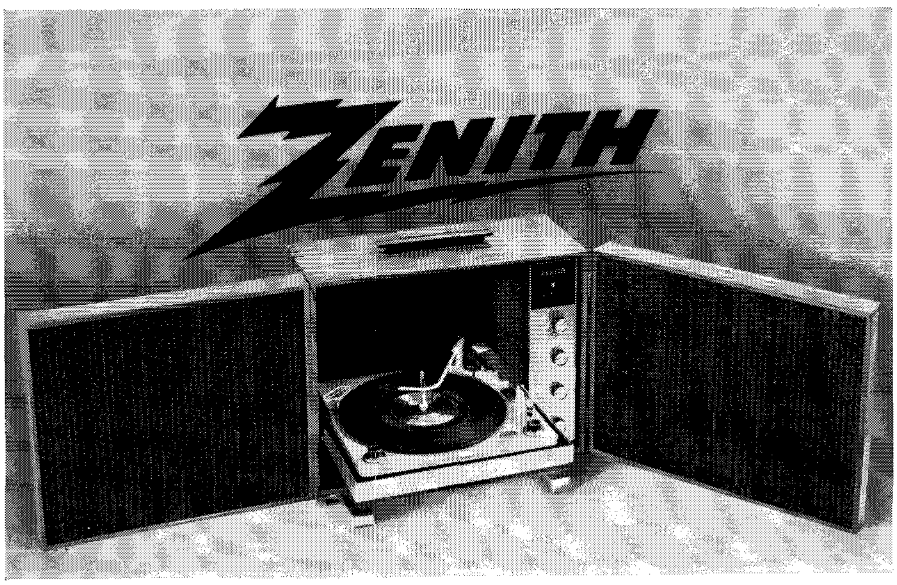
results—to link what we know of the literature of early Christianity with the last that we know of the literature of the Sect. One of the most interesting of these is the theory of Yigael Yadin in regard to the New Testament Epistle to the Hebrews.

This document, which is now printed as the last of the epistles attributed to Paul, has always been suspect, not merely to what used to be called the "Higher Criticism" of the nineteenth century but from the very beginning of the Christian canon. In one of three early codices, the Epistle to the Hebrews is omitted; in another, it is given only in Latin; in a third, it is included as a sort of appendix. The early Fathers of the Church had varying opinions about it. It was variously attributed to St. Luke, to Barnabas, who, though not of the Twelve, came early to rank as an apostle, to an early Alexandrian convert of Paul's called Apollos, and to the first-century Bishop Clement of Rome. Modern scholarship seems more and more to be favoring an attribution to Apollos. The conviction that it was written by Paul became stronger toward the middle of the third century, though still, at the end of the fourth, both Augustine and Jerome were doubtful. There is, then, it seems, a certain mystery as to how, in the first place, this epistle got into the New Testament canon and became embedded there. The reasons for believing it not the work of Paul are, among others, that, unlike his other epistles, it bears no salutation, no indication of authorship or locality, and that it is written in much better Greek than Paul was apparently capable of and in a style quite unlike his. The author sounds Alexandrian—hence the preference given Apollos—and he argues from the Greek Septuagint, the Alexandrian translation of the Bible, in such a way as to seem to indicate that he does not know the Hebrew original.

And who exactly are these "Hebrews" to whom this epistle is so vaguely addressed? Who were they and where were they living? We are given as little data by which to identify them as we are to the identity of the author. Professor Yadin, who has discussed the problem with Professors W. F. Albright and David Flusser, has now attempted an answer which has nothing in common with any hitherto suggested. He begins a paper on the subject—"The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Epistle to the Hebrews," in the fourth volume of the "Scripta Hierosolymitana," published by the Hebrew University—by quoting some of the opinions put on



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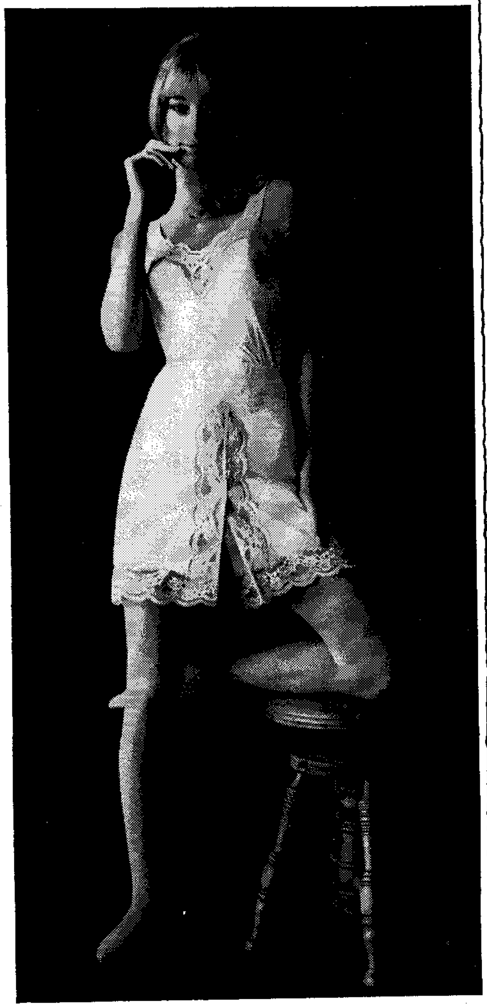

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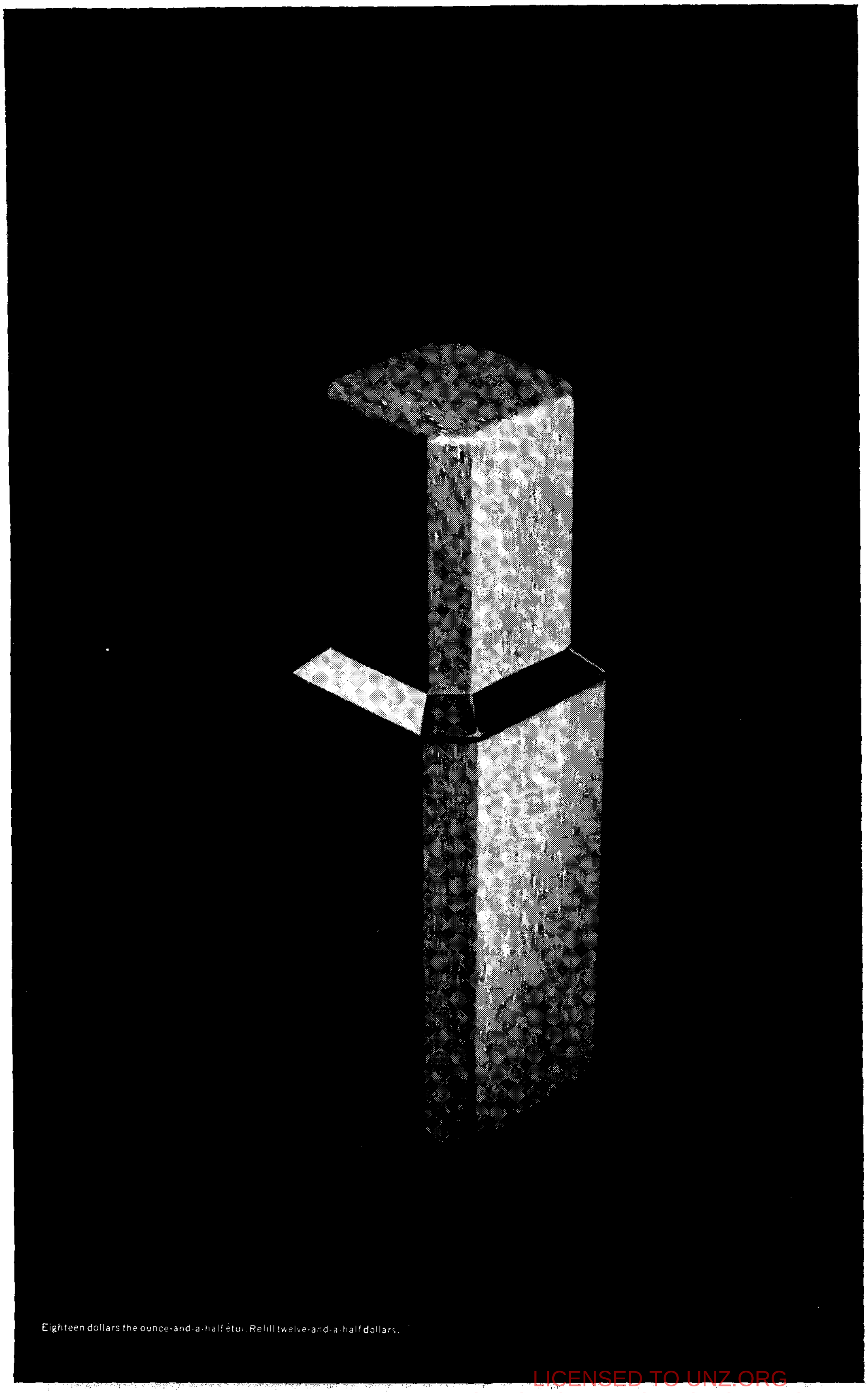

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record by previous scholars, which show their general disagreement with one another. Were these Hebrews Orthodox Jews or were they Christianized Jews or were they actually Christianized Gentiles? There is now, Professor Yadin believes, another explanation possible: these Hebrews may have been members of the Dead Sea Sect. The writer of this epistle is engaged in warning those to whom it is addressed against certain very special errors which do not seem to have much in common with the opinions and prejudices that Paul is generally trying to discredit. Professor Yadin has had the ingenious idea of turning around this negative doctrine in order to ascertain what the positive side would be, and in the picture produced by the positive side he recognizes some of the doctrines characteristic of the Dead Sea Sect—especially those against which an advocate of Jesus as Messiah would be obliged to contend. "At the outset, it should be emphasized," says Yadin, "*that the* main part of Hebrews is concerned with proving the superiority of Jesus over several persons and heavenly creatures of Messianic or eschatological character, who—according to the beliefs of the readers—are either superior to Jesus, as a lay Messiah, or were appointed to perform some functions at the End of Days which—according to the writer—are reserved for Jesus the [Divine] Messiah. Thus the author of the Epistle discusses the following subjects: Jesus and the prophets, Jesus and the angels, Jesus and Moses, and finally Jesus and Aaron."

To follow this order of presentation: At the very beginning of Hebrews (1:1-2), the prophets are rather disregarded, pushed into the background as obsolete, since "now at last in these times [God] has spoken to us with a Son to speak for him; a Son, whom he has appointed to inherit all things, just as it was through him that he created this world of time." (I here and from now on use Monsignor Knox's translation, which, although it respects the Vulgate, is closer to the Greek original than the King James or the Revised Standard Version.) The prophets, so much invoked in the Dead Sea documents, are, as I say, in these opening two verses downgraded, and the next step is to try to downgrade the angels, since these were of such immense importance to the Sect, who seem to give them—sometimes referring to them as "saints," "gods," or "sons of heaven"—the supreme power under God, with Michael, the Angel of Light, at their head. Now, the au-

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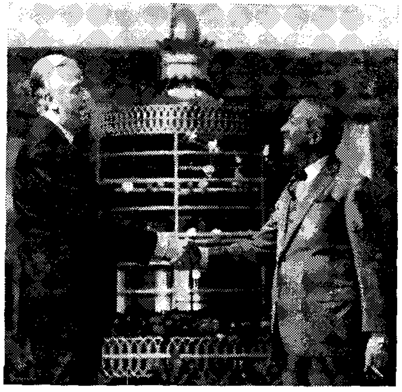

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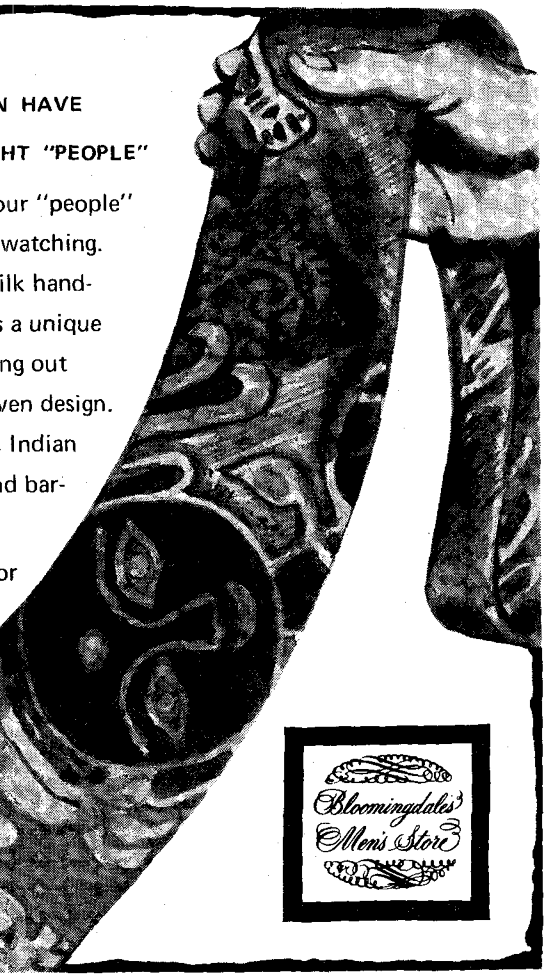

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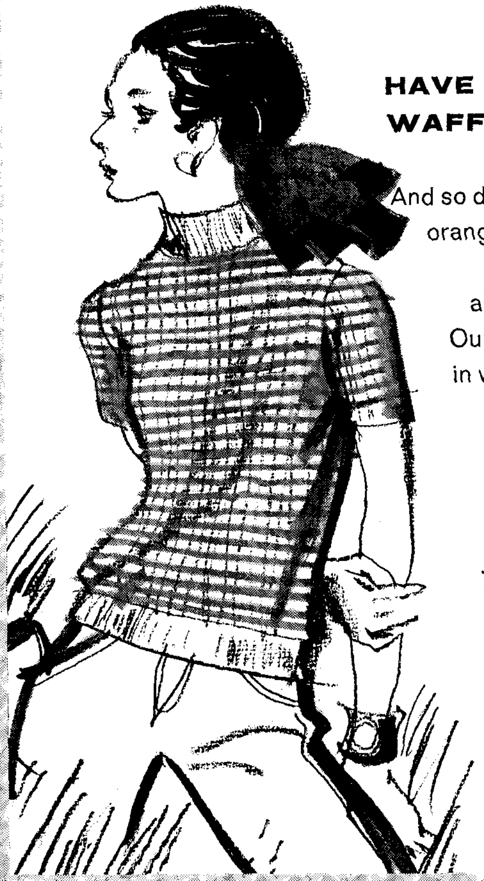
thor of the Epistle to the Hebrews devotes the rest of his first chapter and the whole of his second to emphasizing, in relation to Jesus Christ, the inferiority of the angels: "Did God ever say to one of the angels, Thou art my son, I have begotten thee this day? . . . Why, when the time comes for bringing his first-born into the world anew [no one knows the meaning of this "anew"], then, he says, Let all the angels of God worship before him. . . . Did he ever say to one of the angels, Sit on my right hand, while I make thy enemies a footstool under thy feet? What are they, all of them, but spirits apt for service, whom he sends out when the destined heirs of eternal salvation have need of them." Jesus, who has been constituted, in His human role, "a little lower than the angels . . . after all . . . does not make himself the angels' champion, no sign of that; it is the sons of Abraham that he champions." That is, the angels are the servants of the Son, yet Jesus, insofar as He is human, partakes of the nature of man, who is "a little lower than the angels."

It may be noted here, as Yadin mentions, that Colossians 2:18 also contains a warning against "a false humility which addresses its worship to angels." J. B. Lightfoot, the Anglican scholar, writing on Colossians in 1875, has spoken of this warning against angelology, and from this and other indications concluded that the influence of the Essenes—who, he thought, had themselves been inspired by the Gnostics—was traceable in the same negative way in Paul's attempt to advise the Colossians against what Lightfoot calls "the Colossian heresy." They must not regard themselves as élite and the possessors of esoteric wisdom, because Christ has come to "warn *every* man and teach *every* man in every wisdom, that he may present *every* man perfect in Christ Jesus" (translation and italics Lightfoot's). They must not, as the Essenes did, observe strict regulations about what they drank and ate. "So no one must be allowed to take you to task over what you eat or drink, or in the matter of observing feasts, and new moons, and sabbath days; all these were but shadows cast by future events, the reality is found in Christ" (Knox). Lightfoot, not having the Sectarian literature, could not have known that this last warning would have borne out his theory that the Colossians to whom it was addressed were imbued with the doctrines of the Essenes, who, as we now know, had a solar calendar which made their feasts come on days that



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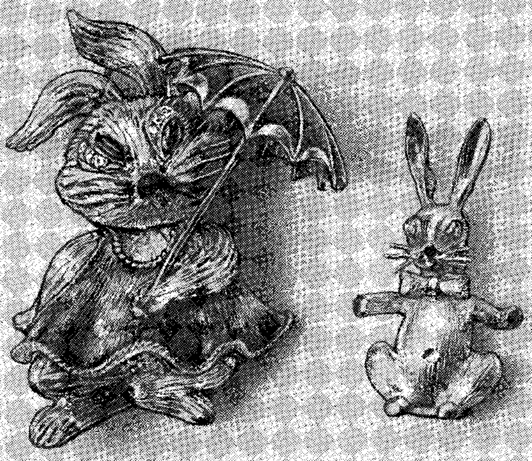

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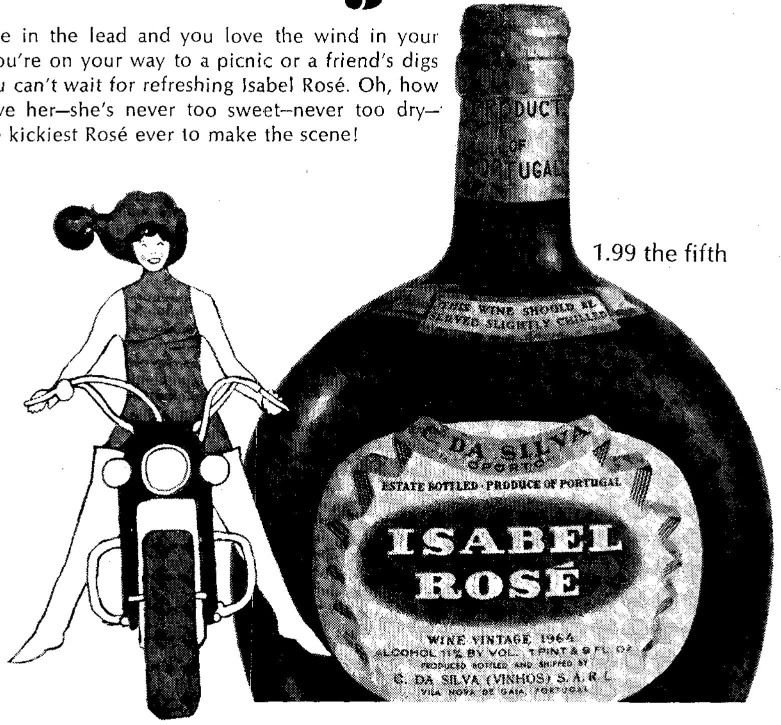
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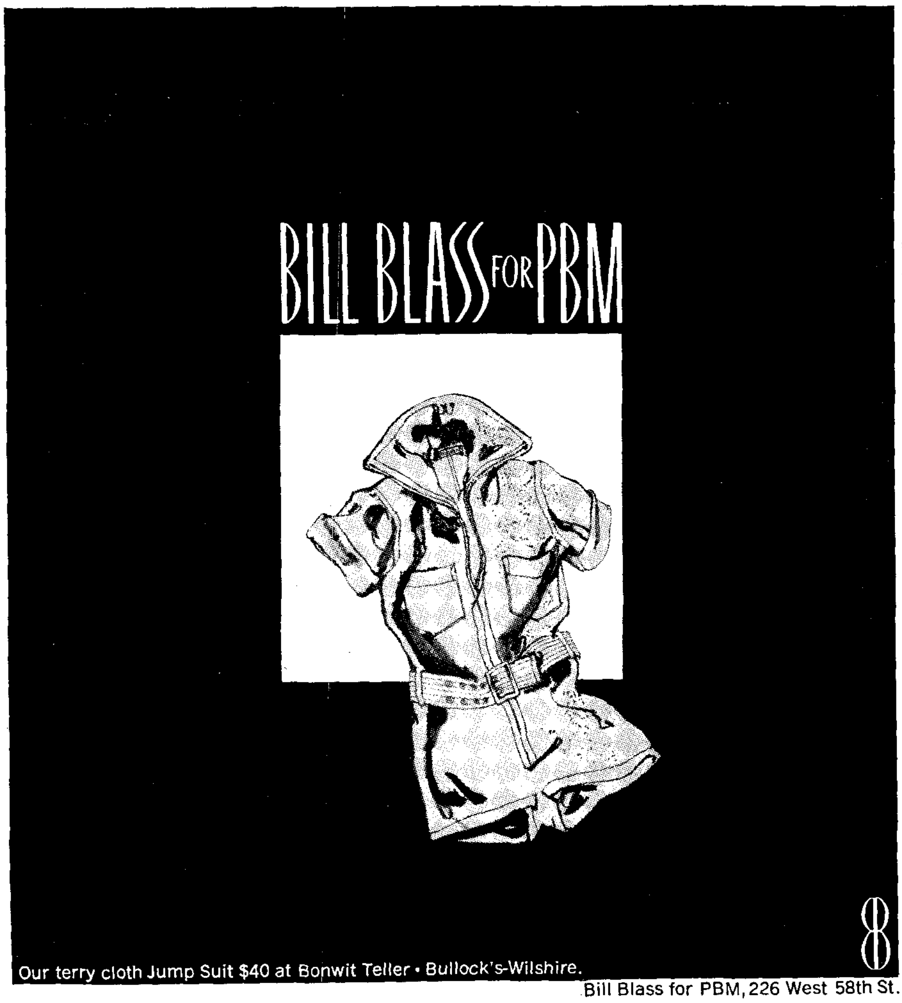

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differed from those of the other Jews.

To return to the author of Hebrews, he goes on to a special argument that takes up almost half his Epistle, by which he aims to show that Jesus is a real priest in a line that must be accepted by those he is addressing. "Of Christ as priest we have much to say, and it is hard to make ourselves understood in the saying of it, now that you have grown so dull of hearing." The Sect were expecting, at the End of Days, a Messiah who would be a priest in the line of Aaron—that is, a Levite—but this could not be claimed for Jesus, who was definitely in the line of Juda, "and Moses, in speaking of this tribe, said nothing about priests." But God has declared to Jesus, "Thou art a priest for ever, in the line of Melchizedek," who was both a high priest and a king, as was expected by the Sect of its Messiah. For Melchizedek had "met Abraham and blessed him on his way home, after the defeat of the kings [those of Sodom and Gomorrah and their allies]; and to him Abraham gave a tenth of his spoils. Observe, in the first place, that his name means the king of justice; and further that he is king of Salem, that is, of peace" (*shalem* is evidently taken here as the same as *shalom*). Melchizedek actually far outranks Aaron. One of the Psalms has said of David, "The Lord has sworn an oath there is no retracting, Thou art a priest for ever in the line of Melchizedek." And we know that Melchizedek held the ranks of both high priest and king long before Levi was born—from the latter of whom the Sect were expecting their double Messiah—so that it did not matter that Jesus was not descended from Levi. (David Flusser, however, believes, on the basis of a fragment from Cave Eleven—"Melchizedek and the Son of Man," in *Christian News from Israel*, April, 1966—that "at least some members of the Sect believed that the priestly Messiah of the Latter Days would be Melchizedek. How they harmonized this view with the commonly accepted belief in an Aaronic Messiah we do not know. One conclusion, however, seems to impose itself: the reference in Hebrews would be not an expression of opposition to the Aaronic ideology of the Sect but a view already held in certain circles of the Sect.")

Furthermore, it had been stipulated in a War Scroll of the Sect that eventually, after the liberation of Jerusalem, the sacrifices in the Temple should be resumed in accordance with the Mosaic Law: these sacrifices should be made "for the pleasure of God, to

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atone for all His congregation." The author of Hebrews describes the bloodletting of the Mosaic sacrifices, then explains that it is not necessary for Christ to "make a repeated offering of himself, as the high priest, when he enters the sanctuary, makes a yearly offering of the blood that is not his own. If that were so, he must have suffered again and again, ever since the world was created; as it is, he has been revealed once for all, at the moment when history reached its fulfillment, annulling our sin by his sacrifice."

Every one of these admonitions has thus its very special application to the doctrines of the Dead Sea Sect. Ernest Renan has dated the Epistle to the Hebrews between 65 and 70 A.D.—that is, in the last years of the Sect, just before the destruction of the monastery. Was the converted Jewish author attempting to proselyte its inmates?

It should be noted that a Dutch scholar, J. De Waard, in "A Comparative Study of the Old Testament Text in the Dead Sea Scrolls and in the New Testament" (E. J. Brill, Leiden, 1965), a purely textual work, which has nothing to say about Yadin's theory, has independently come to the conclusion that the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews must have been acquainted with the literature of Qumrân.

VI

THE SHRINE OF THE BOOK: To shift abruptly from antiquity to the present: I ought perhaps to give some description of the Shrine at the new Israel National Museum, which exhibits the seven scrolls in the possession of the Hebrew University. The museum as a whole seemed to me one of the best designed I had ever seen. It is relatively low and makes a rambling impression, since the different departments are segments which are adapted to the configuration of the hillside on which it stands, so that you go up and down a few steps in passing from one to another. There is so much space in the rooms that the presentation of exhibits is never confused or crowded: gold and silver and copper menorahs and scroll cases and spice boxes and other rich and curious objects collected from wealthy synagogues; folk pictures, illustrating the Bible, that include a delightful series on the ideal housewife described in Proverbs, and modern paintings that include one of those gruesome Francis Bacons, more distorted than any folk painting, which are as far as possible from referring to a well-ordered and pious society; Latin

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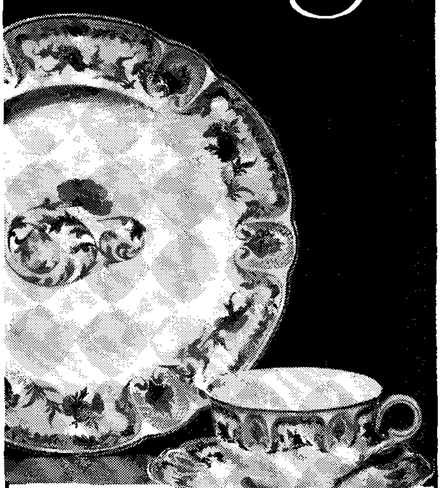

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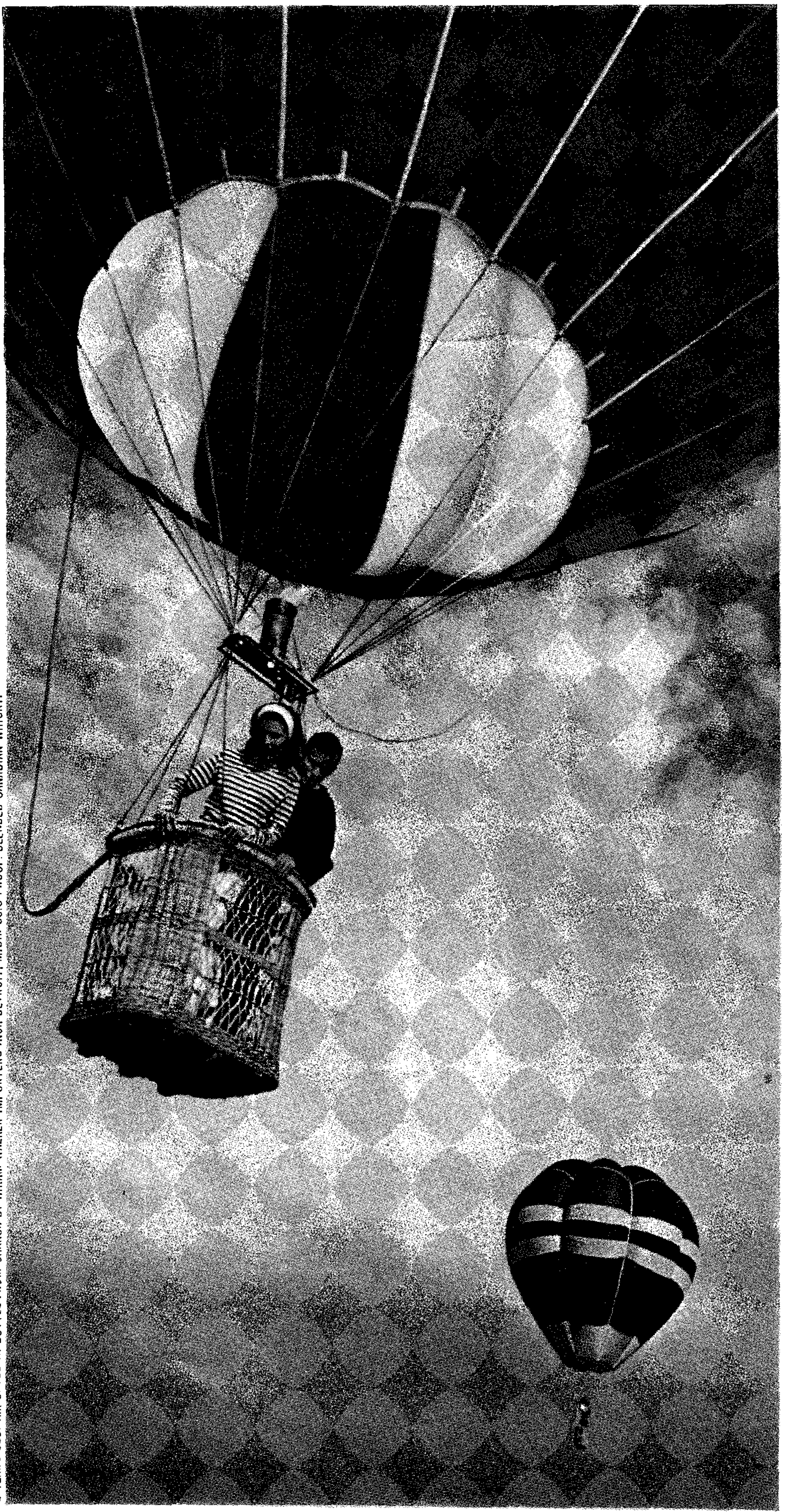

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inscriptions and pseudo-Greek fauns from the Roman occupation; the mosaic floor from a synagogue and the whole of a Venetian synagogue, transported and reconstructed—all of these *side by side with the old bones and stones* and fabrics that take us back to the age of Solomon and even to the age of Abraham. Behind the museum is an esplanade park, with a widely spaced display of sculpture—much of it bequeathed by Billy Rose, the American theatrical producer—which ranges from Rodin and Maillol, through a collection of Epstein busts, also left by the sculptor to Israel, to the mechanical contraptions and outlandish objects of which one may now see specimens in the "far-out" collections of New York museums. Jerusalem is quite austere—not merely, I think, from necessity but also, I believe, in submission to the traditional Mosaic ban against making "graven images," which, in spite of the splendor of the sacred objects that have been gathered from these richer synagogues, extends to the visual amenities in general. It has been only in our own day that it seems to have become possible for a Jew to indulge in such artistic exploits as the blazing and gorgeous windows created by Marc Chagall for the embellishment of the Hadassah hospital. (Yet Chagall is said to be dissatisfied with the dreary little box of a chapel which makes such an inadequate setting for them.)

A more imaginative construction is the special museum, designed by two non-Israeli architects, F. J. Kiesler and A. P. Bartos, to house the seven Dead Sea scrolls from the first-discovered of the caves, which were acquired by the Israeli government. This building, called the Shrine of the Book, has been made to dramatize its contents in various symbolic ways. The entrance to the shrine is screened by a section of black basalt wall, the purpose of which seems purely decorative. It is explained that its sheer black is meant to balance the sheer white of the dome of the shrine, thus representing the contrast between the forces of darkness and the forces of light that play such a part in the literature of the scrolls. The approach to the shrine is along a walk which—in order to give the impression of entering a cave—is narrowly confined by walls of rough stone that are tilted so as to lean in toward it. This leads to a cave-like tunnel of symmetrically irregular shape, along the walls of which are set rows of glassed and lighted cases, each with a box of crystals in a corner to

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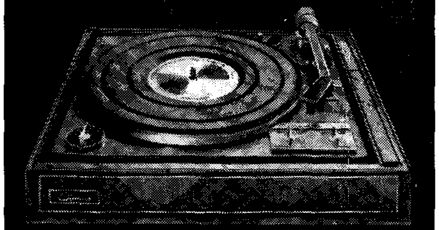

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protect the exhibits from humidity. These exhibits are the contents of caves explored by teams led by Yadin and other scholars of the Hebrew University from the precarious ledge of a cliffside between Masada and En Geddi. This was a hideout of Bar-Kochba, the leader, in 132-35 A.D., of the last Jewish revolt against the Romans. There are the toilet appurtenances of the women who accompanied Bar-Kochba's followers: jewel boxes, copper mirrors, combs, objects connected with cosmetics; the sandals of the women and children, not much different from the sandals of today; a glass plate and a large glass bowl, knives, cooking pots, and a basket with coarse grains of salt; remnants of well-dyed and woven shawls; decorated bronze bowls and jugs intended for ritual use, most of which, evidently made in southern Italy, are similar to such vessels found at Pompeii (they must have been loot from the Roman army); human bones and several skulls, one of them still with some hair. What is perhaps most extraordinary—although two such letters had already turned up in one of the caves on the other side of the Jordan-Israel line—is the finding of papyri of fifteen letters in Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek, written by Bar-Kochba himself, dealing with mobilization and supplies. There is also a bundle of thirty-five documents carefully docketed, folded, and tied, which concern the affairs of a twice-married matron, evidently well-to-do, who owned property in the vicinity: marriage contracts and deeds, papers connected with lawsuits. Nearby was found a property deed in Aramaic made out "on the first day of Iyar in the first year of the redemption of Israel by Shim'on Bar-Kosiba, Prince of Israel." (Bar-Kosiba is thought to have been the leader's real name; Bar-Kochba, Son of the Star, an honorific nickname.) This deed included "water rights as proper and fit"—which meant the right to channel the streams from the hillside springs in such a way that they would run down to water the gardens. The Israelis like to point out that it was only after almost two thousand years that En Geddi was again to be irrigated. Bar-Kochba, after fifty-two battles, was defeated and killed by the Romans, but after centuries the Jews of our time have taken possession again.

This tunnel brings you into a kind of rotunda, where the scrolls are displayed behind glass. The manuscript of the Thanksgiving Hymns very dark brown, almost black in spots; the Man-

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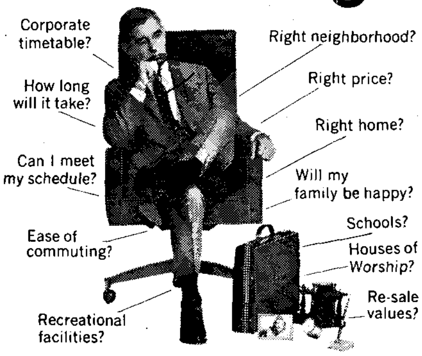
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ual of Discipline of the Sect beautifully written and very clear; a Leviticus fragment from Masada so blackened as to seem unreadable, but a photograph shows that it is perfectly clear when photographed by infrared rays; the tantalizing Habakkuk Commentary, with the bottoms of its columns gone, which can only be read in snatches, and the equally deteriorated War Scroll; the Genesis Apocryphon, partly tattered in lacy shreds like a sea fan. In the middle of the round room, which makes a great inverted bowl with a corrugated interior, is a round platform to which one ascends by steps, and in the center of this is a large round hole, from which rises a kind of pedestal. This pedestal is belted by a circular glass case of dimensions exactly adapted to the length of the complete Isaiah, which one can follow by walking around it. On top of this showcase, in turn, stands what looks like a huge old-fashioned office stamp, the clublike brass handle of which gives the impression of a phallic prong, though it is said to be meant to harmonize with the shape of the jars in which the scrolls had been hidden. Above it, like a narrower neck of one of these jars, is an opening to the sky. This and the blunt stamp handle were originally intended for a fountain, which would send a jet up through the roof so that the water would fall on the dome and run off into a trench below, but this was thought not a good idea, since the moisture might damage the exhibits. The prong thus remains rather meaningless, unless it can be taken to represent an upthrusting will to persist.

The effect of this shrine is a little bizarre but dramatically quite impressive.

—EDMUND WILSON

(*This is the second of a series of three articles on the Dead Sea scrolls.*)

•

Former Defense Secretary McNamara recently gave these figures on U.S. strategic offensive forces: 1,000 minutemen missile launchers, carefully protected underground; 41 Polaris submarines carrying 656 missile launchers, with the majority hidden beneath the seats at all times. —*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

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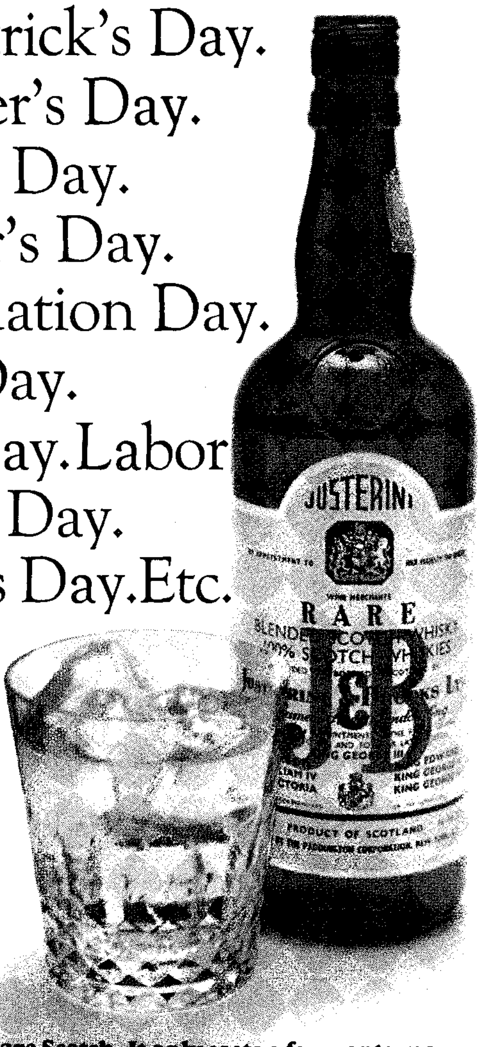

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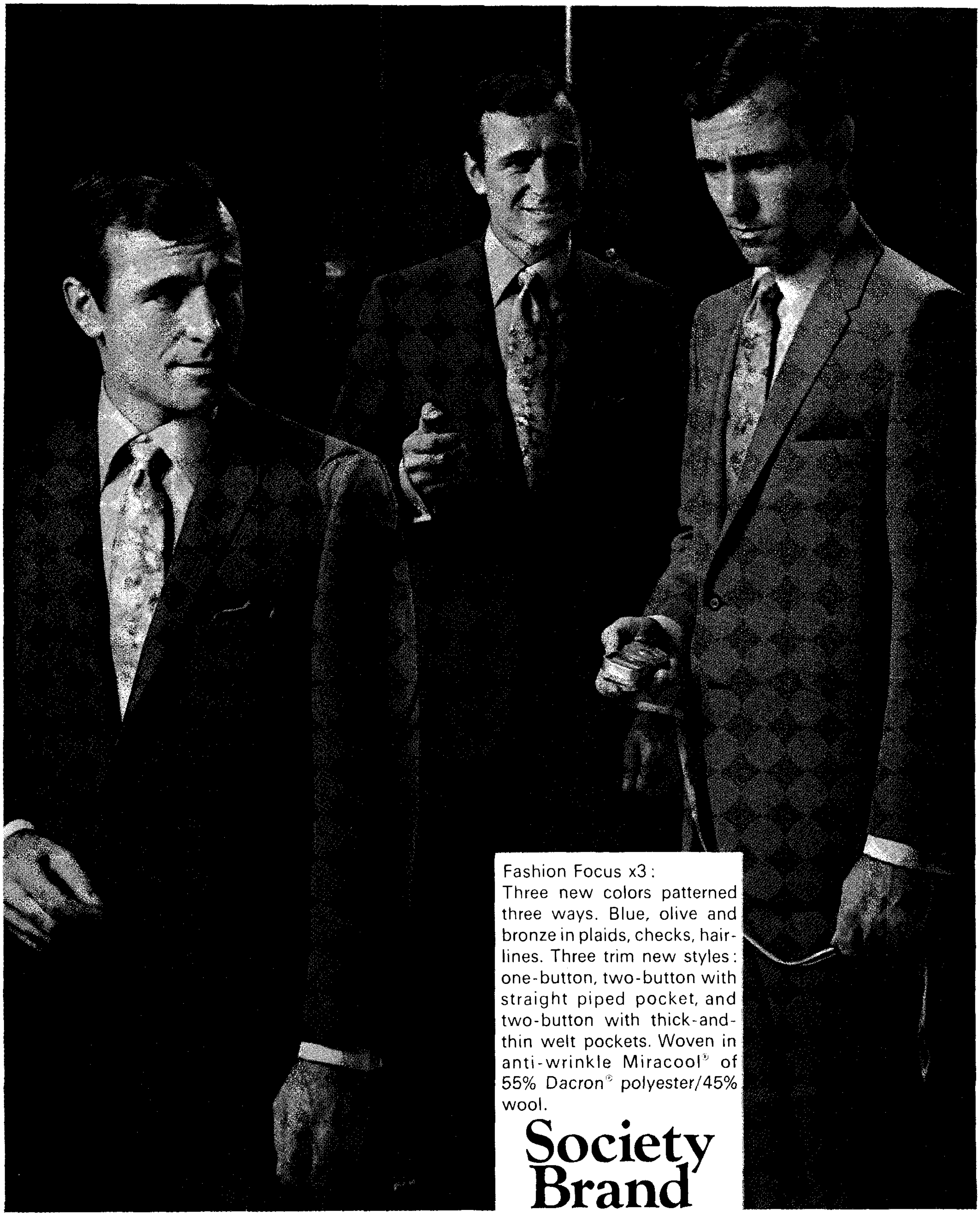

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THE THEATRE

SANCTA SIMPLICITAS

HERMAN MELVILLE'S "Billy Budd" is one of the most mysterious novels ever written. It deals with huge themes on a Tanagra scale, but there is little of Tanagra charm about it; the austere inaccessibility of its author in old age is reflected, and not winningly, in the pages of this posthumous bequest to a world that had long since shouldered him aside. In "Billy Budd," the reader and Melville and Billy all occupy places at a fixed, unbridgeable distance from one another; advancing tentatively onto a sort of minefield of buried meanings, we perceive that the author and the hero are receding at precisely the same rate. We can come to grips with neither the lacerated, stoic Melville icily putting law above justice nor with Billy and his holy and menacing simplicity. The flawless ambiguity of Billy's last cry—"God bless Captain Vere!"—comes as no surprise to us; we *knew* he would utter at that moment something unwelcomely superhuman, or extra-human, or perhaps even extra-divine, for though Christ falters on the Cross, reproaching His Father for having forsaken Him, Billy on the yardarm retains the sang-froid of an intolerable goodness. Being fallen creatures, we dare to be glad that he must die. As the multitude, offered a choice between Christ and Barabbas, chose Barabbas, so we, offered a choice between Claggart and Billy, might well choose Claggart. He is, after all, one of us, and Billy is not.

Having already been turned into a play, an opera, and a movie, the novel has now been turned into a musical, called "Billy," which swung open and shut like a door in a high wind last week at the Billy Rose (an unlucky coincidence of names). I am sorry to say that more than "Budd" was lost in the course of the transformation, the young author of the book, Stephen Glassman, having resolved many of the difficulties of the novel by omitting them. Deplorable as this may have been, Mr. Glassman's additions were worse than his omissions. In the opening scene, we found Billy's girl coming on board the Indomitable to say goodbye. What was a girl doing even for two minutes aboard the Indomitable? Billy sang a characteristic musical-comedy farewell song to her, telling her how much he was going to miss her. Later, we overheard Captain Vere singing what amounted to a farewell song to himself, in which he explained that his wife was the sea and his nights were emp-tee. All of Gene Allan's lyrics were on that level of ingenuity, as were Ron Dante's tum-te-tum tunes. The dance numbers, staged by Grover Dale, were attractively vigorous, and kept hinting to us that what this "Billy" should have been was a blessedly wordless ballet. The success of the occasion was the sets, by Ming Cho Lee—the deck, fo'c'sle, and captain's quarters of an eighteenth-century man-of-war, with a great mast and its accompanying cat's cradle of ratlines leaping heavenward, and, during a battle scene, authentic-looking cannon firing away at an invisible enemy.

Robert Salvio played Billy, making him a figure less foolish than, in his ruthlessly truncated form, he threatened to become. Laurence Naismith was a sad Captain Vere, and John Devlin played the black Claggart with what seemed to me insufficient signs of how his evil nature was inflamed and given an erotic intensity by Billy's innocence. The costumes were by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the direction was by Arthur A. Seidelman, who made the scenes march at a commendably smart clip.

A LANGUID musical called "Come Summer" drifted in and out of the Lunt-Fontanne last week, giving up its wispy ghost after seven performances. It was one of those amiable, dim-witted productions that nobody feels inclined to get very angry at, in spite of the amount of talent and energy, to say nothing of money, that they wantonly consume on their way to opening night. "Come Summer" was based on Esther Forbes' book "Rainbow on the Road" (the naming of shows is indeed a puzzling affair: I can imagine a musical called "Rainbow on the Road," based on a book called "Come Summer"), which I gather had to do with the lives of Yankee peddlers in the Connecticut River Valley in the early nineteenth century. This is a subject that may be of more interest to me than to most New Yorkers, my ancestors having lived in the Valley at the time, but I fear that an occasional flutter of local pride over the mention of a familiar place name was not enough to make me feel that I was enjoying a crackerjack evening in the theatre. The musical was so damnably empty—it introduced us to a number of perfectly nice people in a setting of considerable rustic charm, and then saw to it that nothing happened. One was told that peddling as a way of life was going out, and that this was depressing for old peddlers; one was also told that the best thing for an old peddler to do under the circumstances was to go on walking. In the nature of things, valetudinarian itinerancy is not the sprightliest subject on earth, and when, as in "Come Summer," it is more often described than embodied, one is inclined to doze off. Agnes de Mille, who directed the production, kept her company of dancers whirling about in a lively simulacrum of purpose, but the sleepers in the audience easily outnumbered the leapers onstage.

Ray Bolger played with characteristic rueful insouciance the aging peddler whose day is done. He capered, he sang, he told jokes, he made droll faces—did everything, in fact, that he would do successfully in a night-club turn—but it would not suffice in a theatre. David Cryer sang appealingly in the role of a young peddler who would soon find a better trade to follow (I suspected he would end up as the founder of one of those big insurance companies in Hartford), and Margaret Hamilton provided a few pleasant moments as a salty country housewife. The sets, by Oliver Smith, were exceptionally handsome, and I hope they find a good home somewhere—perhaps in a sunny rural museum on the upper reaches of the Connecticut. The exiguous book of the musical was by Will Holt, who also wrote the lyrics that accompanied the music, which was by David Baker. I find the titles of the various numbers printed in my program, but I find not a trace of them in my mind. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Talk, Talk, Talk

JAMES LEO HERLIHY'S triple bill of one-acters, "Stop, You're Killing Me," which was presented at Stage 73 last week, is, properly speaking, a

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series of three monologues, the last of them done with extremely effective interruptions. In each, the speaker reveals, or is meant to reveal, his own base or dangerous nature by way of comedy. In "Laughs, Etc.," which opens the evening, a woman who has just moved into an East Village apartment entertains a couple of uptown friends by describing, in a spate of glittery, up-to-the-minute cocktail chatter, her new, fascinating hippie neighbors, on whom she has forced her friendship, and a party that went on in her house the previous Friday evening, during which she refused to give one of them thirty-five dollars to supply heroin to a girl dying of withdrawal symptoms. As she sits sipping away at her drink and lighting one cigarette after another, she also calls repeated attention to her husband's inadequacies. A silly, callous, dreadful woman she may be, laying waste everyone around her, but she is awfully good company—especially in the hands of Sasha von Scherler. Miss von Scherler, sitting alone in a wicker armchair, succeeds in populating the empty stage with the invisible people she is talking to and the people she is talking about. And yet, although the character is shrewdly conceived and her patter comically written, it is impossible to share the playwright's total contempt for her or his righteousness or general sentimentality. Just as the woman is so gleefully slumming in her new neighborhood, so is he condescending to his audience.

"Terrible Jim Fitch," the second play, is set in a motel bedroom near Albuquerque, and the speaker is a psychopathic killer who makes his living robbing churches. He addresses his remarks to a prostitute whom he has been travelling with and whose face he has recently cut up in a fight. She sits on the bed or in the chair, angry, frightened, and absolutely silent as he tries to make her answer him. He pleads with her and threatens her; he even tries to be funny—and is, once in a while—about his "criminal mentality." He tries to be affectionate, but gets nowhere, and he talks about his dreams and fears and his hatred of God, all the while attempting to tamp down his murderous violence. The play is not convincing, in spite of a good performance by Larry Bryggman and a fine one by Rochelle Oliver as his wary, attentive listener. At any rate, I found it impossible to believe that this man—the son of a prostitute himself, and a delinquent wanderer from the age of thirteen—would be capable of such eloquent, to-the-point self-revelation. Once more, too pat and indirectly sentimental, but it is certainly never dull.

"Bad Bad Jo-Jo" winds up the evening, and it is the most amusing play of the lot, right up to its grisly—and, I think, misguided—ending. The monologist here is a fellow called Kayo Hathaway, the author of a successful series of bloodthirsty, sadistic thrillers, which outsells even James Bond. He describes himself as the King of Camp, which will do nicely. During several rattling phone calls to his secretary and his business manager, in which he sounds like a bitchier, more openly mean Sheridan Whiteside, he is interrupted by a very young man, much given to such expressions as "Wow!" and "Gosh!" and "Gee!," who has come to interview him. The interview is wildly funny, with the boy sitting wide-eyed over his notebook as Hathaway wanders around primping and putting on make-up and spouting his hair-raising confessions and opinions in near epigrams. Even in his blinding egotism, though, he senses that the young man is too innocent to be true, and he suspects that something is up. Something is indeed up, and, again, it is not believable; in the end, one feels that it is Mr. Herlihy himself who has taken revenge on his waspish protagonist. William Young is sharp and flamboyant as Hathaway, and Matthew Cowles is just about perfect as the awkward young man, who will remind you of any number of charming, awkward young men you know. As for Mr. Herlihy, he has provided a lively evening, but it is too bad that he has not yet learned to conceal his hand in manipulating his characters, or to prevent his morality, which is probably sound enough, from seeming moralistic. His comedy is bright and inventive, but I wish he would put his serious ideas in order. The actors, about whom I have no reservations whatever, are members of the Theatre Company of Boston.

"INVITATION TO A BEHEADING" is a dramatic adaptation, by Russell McGrath, of Vladimir Nabokov's early novel. It is performed, at the Public, in Expressionistic style, and since I dislike Expressionism, finding it not only whimsical and tiresome but ridiculously old-fashioned, I doubt whether I can appraise the show with any fairness. "Time: Sometime Now in the Future; Place: The Artist's Mind," says the program. Oh, God. The dismay is not unwarranted, although the actual setting—an ingenious and stunning one by Ming Cho Lee—is a prison cell, two stories high, with a metal door that crashes down and with bars that swing

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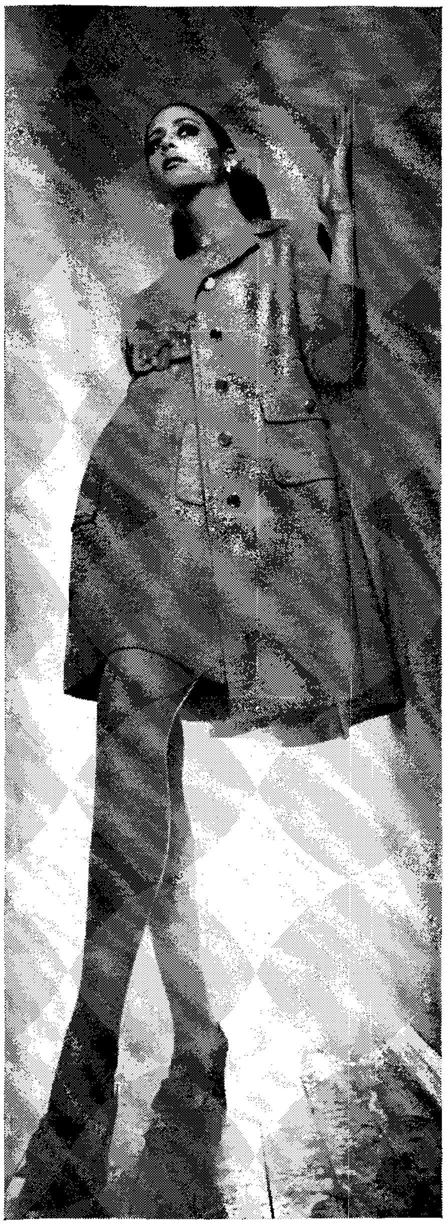

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free. The hero is a man awaiting execution for, among other crimes, opacity, occlusion, and impenetrability, and he is surrounded by a great many subordinate characters wearing grotesque costumes and makeups and behaving with a dreadful iron playfulness. On the other hand, the lines—many of them straight out of the novel—are good. Also, Robert Ronan, who was so funny as the teacher in last season's "The Memorandum," is just as funny this time as the fussbudget prison director. There are a few flights of Nabokovian wit and fancy, but the stage makes fancies explicit, sinking them to earth. Gerald Freedman's direction is adequate, I suppose.

Ronald Tavel's "Gorilla Queen," a spoof of jungle movies, hetero- and homosexual mores, and a number of other things, which ran briefly a couple of years ago, was trashy, dirty, girlishly mischievous, utterly tasteless, and wild. Yet it had something (besides a funny score by Al Carmines) that held its audience—or, at least, held me—right to the end, though I am not sure what it was. Now all those uncomplimentary adjectives can be applied to Mr. Tavel's "Boy on the Straight-Back Chair," another spoof, which is winding up its run for the subscribers to the American Place, but it, too, has something. An eruptive quality? A life of its own? A quirky seriousness? I don't know. In any case, the scene this time is a small Western town, and the play itself becomes a verbal, visual, histrionic, and musical inventory of the evils and fatuities of semi-rural life—an inventory, by the way, that turns up nothing that has not been gone over before. The boy on the chair—he stands on one throughout the action, because he is annoyed at being so short—is a sleazy killer who spends whatever time he doesn't devote to murdering girls making up his pretty face and either bullying or caressing his mother. Mother is a stripper, and she does a couple of strip numbers for the audience. Three foolish, complacent middle-aged women constitute a kind of chorus. Under Lee Von Rhau's understanding direction, everything that goes on seems appropriate to this peculiar (and nasty) enterprise. The performances are O.K. The music, by Orville Stoeber—parody string ensemble, parody whining folk song, and electric rock—sounds amusing and right as played and sung by Mr. Stoeber, Richard Vos, and Billy Burstion, Jr. There are any number of microphones scattered around the stage, so most of

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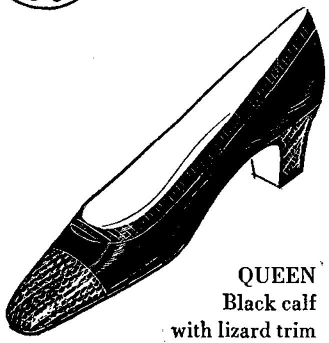

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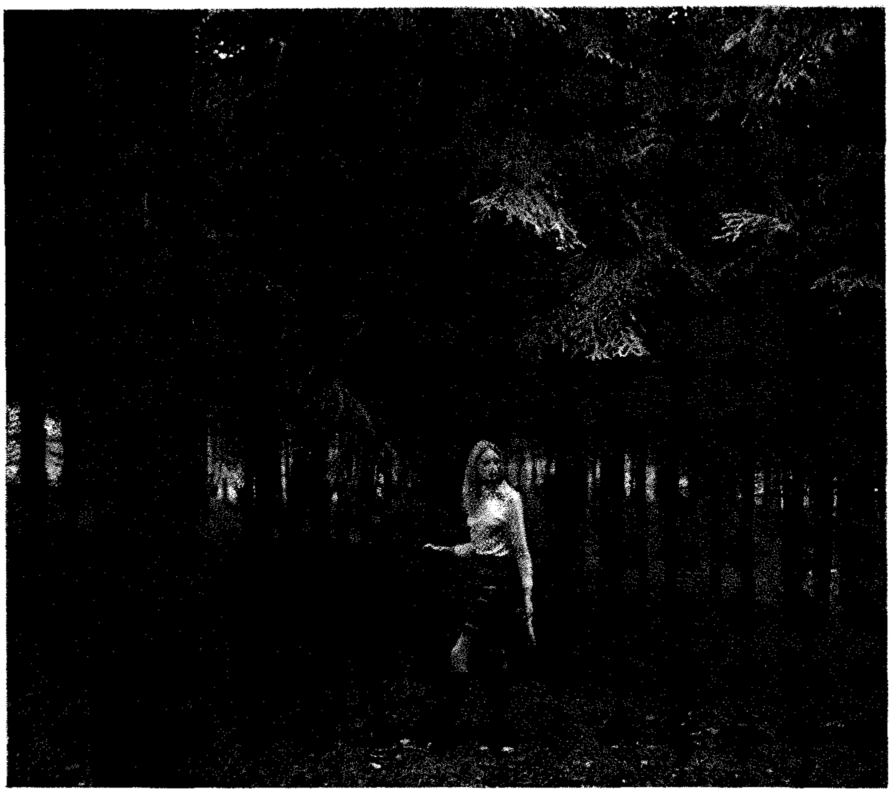

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what is spoken or sung has the proper false ring.

THE less said the better about James Hanley's "The Inner Journey," at the Forum, a glum affair concerning a British music-hall family. The father is a vain, posturing fellow; the mother is an alcoholic; and the son is a dwarf. (He is given to standing on chairs, too.) During the four years or so covered by the action, the mother drifts away and the son is pressed into service as ventriloquist's dummy for his father. Aside from a couple of routines set on music-hall stages (how the act ever got any bookings is beyond me), the dialogue throughout is alternately maudlin, recriminatory, and brutal, unrelieved even by the few swatches of hollow or bitter laughter. The performance as a whole is vacuous, but, to be just, the humbug-ridden script offers no help. There are a number of juicy parts—to use the most conventional term I can think of for this conventional melodrama—yet no real ones. The juiciest part—that of the put-upon son, who is on the receiving end of most of the brutality—is played by Michael Dunn, a good actor who deserves a real part.

ALL the characters in "The Perfect Party," at the Gate, are racially mixed couples—black and white—who live in a model integrated village, and all their small talk, jokes, needling, squabbles, and fights hinge, directly or indirectly, on racial matters. Nobody ever changes the subject. This situation may be valid sociologically speaking, but I doubt it, and dramatically speaking it is a washout. In this totally unconvincing melodrama, Moses Gunn, of the Negro Ensemble Theatre, plays an architect and the founder and leading spirit of the village. At the party of the title, his white wife, whom he plainly loves, announces to the guests that he is about to leave her for a black woman so that, to quote from a previous speech of his, he can "feel like a whole black man." The guests, outraged and frightened that his going will endanger the existence and "image" of the community, gang up on him, and he is killed by a couple of the white husbands. As an actor, Mr. Gunn is as strong and valid as they come, but even he seems somewhat baffled by the requirements of the script. Perry Bruskin, who directed the show, has assembled an able cast. I hope to see every member of it again in better plays (in better times). Kert Lundell's set of a modern duplex living room is effective.

—EDITH OLIVER

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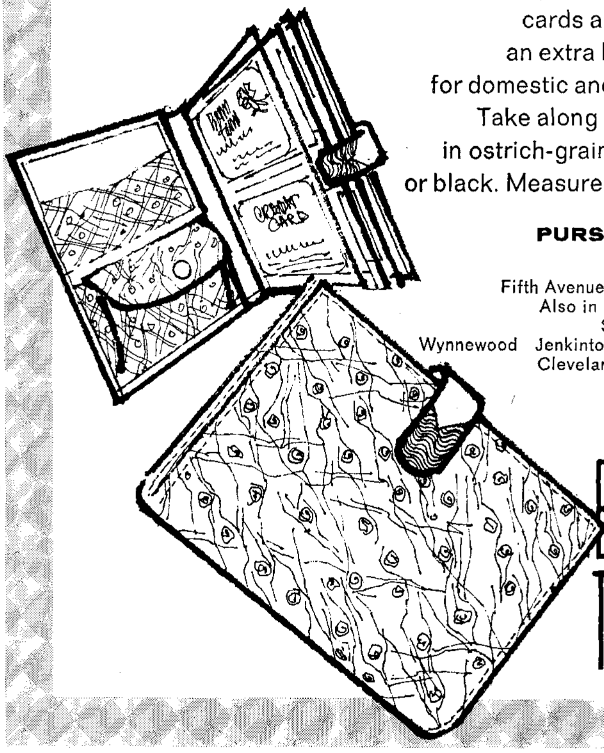

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

People with Room

TAMARA KARSAVINA, the great Diaghilev ballerina, once said that she thought Russian dancing owed a lot to the scale of Russia. Sitting at the time in her minute drawing room in Hampstead—she married an Englishman—and aged over seventy, she suddenly bounced up, put out her tongue at the room, and did a wonderful leap across to the opposite wall. "In Russia," she said as she went, "you feel you have a terrific amount of space to cover." I remembered that beautiful and un-English leap when I saw Miklós Jancsó's "The Roundup," in 1966, and again when I saw his new film, "The Red and the White." He comes from Hungary, the land of huge plains. The draftsmanship of his films (one thinks of them that way, as if the montage had been planned first in black-ink drawings, like Eisenstein's) replies to the space he was born to, and his scenarios are peculiarly about figures dwarfed by their setting. As with the matter that he found in the 1848 Kossuth rebellion for "The Roundup," the situations of Reds and Whites in his new film keep coming back to the image of men accustomed to ranging across enormous territories who suddenly find themselves trapped in buildings and smashing themselves against them, like caught birds mistaking windowpanes for air.

"The Red and the White" is set in 1918, in central Russia, where it was shot. The civil war is going on, with Hungarians joining Russian Reds against the counter-revolutionaries. Jancsó and his cameraman, Tamás Somló, used Cinemascope, and for once it belongs organically instead of striking one as a feat of headless technology. The new loping screen shapes don't often seem to have much to do with people, partly because this isn't the way a real eye sees anything, and they almost never become a necessity of the material, but "The Red and the White" makes Cinemascope the only apt proportion. It expresses feelings in the characters' bones. As the soldiers are physically on the screen, so they are psychically in the story: small and unsuitable figures trying to fill impossible distances, serving life sentences in the upright cells of self while new names for brotherhood prompt hopes of merging with the world.

The film begins with a map, and then a slow-motion shot of Cossacks. There is no sound of hoofs—only a trumpet. We are on the upper Volga. Red soldiers are being rounded up and shot. Some of them escape and gather around a Hungarian commander in an abandoned monastery where the Reds' prisoners, in their turn, are lined up for execution. Each time it happens, to Red or White, the people to be shot are fleeced of their shirts and boots. The Romanoff symbol of subjection remains potent to the Soviets. If one therefore gets muddled about which side is which, I think that this serves Jancsó's implicit point about the fogged and dual nature of the things he photographs so distinctly. The Reds' monastery, a sanctuary full of sun, turns out to be infinitely more dangerous than the plain. The Whites have surrounded it, and they trail the Red commander to the bell tower. There is an amazing and terrible moment when he suddenly leaps sidewise to kill himself. He simply jumps out of the camera frame, and there is no more of him except a thud.

The White commander tries to sort out the Russian Reds from the Hungarians. The Magyars are told that it isn't their war. The Russians—skinned, as usual, of shirts and boots—are told they have fifteen minutes to escape. Everything resembles its opposite: the order of release is snapped out like a prison judgment; the Reds have the same fighting habits as the Whites. In the eye of the hurricane of change, there is immobility. "The Red and the White" is a profoundly anti-dialectical film. The narrative is not a progression but a repetition: events and rhythms recur, and history has no engine. The characters are haring across Asia, and at the same time their feet are stuck in mud. The objective gets lost, as it does in nightmare, and there is only motion, interspersed with scenes that suddenly have an eerie tranquillity although they are splashed with blood. The aims of revolution and counter-revolution merge and disappear. There is a running theme in the film about attempts to force distinctions that aren't real: Hungarian Reds sorted out from Russian, only to be treated exactly the same; nurses told to separate Reds from Whites, when their ethic is that all wounded men are the same; a rabid White commander cooled down by an adjutant who arranges that the

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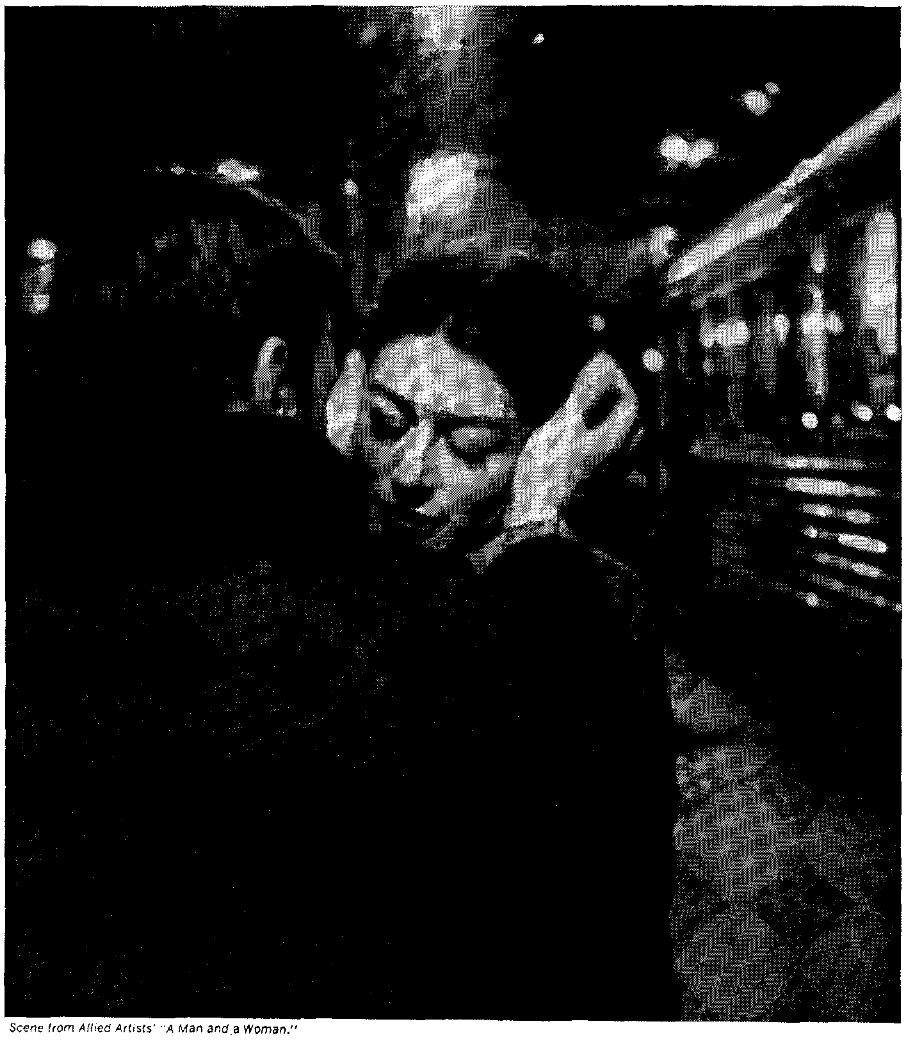

Scene from Allied Artists' "A Man and a Woman."

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uniformed nurses reminding him of present troubles shall dress up in pre-revolutionary muslins and dance with each other in a birch wood. This scene comes up through the action unannounced, with humor and the stab of an epiphany. Among all the shots of half-clothed men being killed and of soldiers racing over ground for their lives, there is suddenly this ridiculously beautiful game of grace through dressing up, with a maddened commander being subdued by a charade of gentleness forced at pistol point. Jancsó's timing and montage—frantic battle stagnating into a scene like this terrified waltz, or the slow-motion gallop at the start—state exactly what his intellect means them to. Nothing could be simpler or swifter than the happenings of war, say many of his shots. No—nothing could be more ambiguous and alluringly suspended, say others. Fugitives swim slowly in water and duck to escape. Oars plop. A man about to be executed stands with his head idly to one side and his hands on his hips, reposed and aloof, as if he had already outlasted the men who are on the point of killing him. He has more time than they, the shot implies—which is inside out, brave, realistically fallacious, made true by his stronger opinion, and very typical of Jancsó. At the end of the picture, all that is left of the revolutionaries is a sword stuck in the ground, to be found and kissed by the next wave of Reds.

The effect is not of a story coming to climax but of an incessant rhythm of thin victories and losses that shuttle because of an obstinate symmetry in the process that Jancsó describes. His intellectual notions have intimately to do with the physical locations he chooses, which are places of double meaning: hospitals that offer no safety, dells illusorily protected by hills that can actually be taken in ten seconds, sanctified shelter that turns into an obscene booby trap, hermetic buildings that are suddenly as open as the plain. He photographs like a man drawing, almost like a mapmaker, and at the same time he imbues this clean, soldierly vision with a very unsoldierly feeling for the complicated. There are no defined people in the film, and this may be what makes it a remote one to watch. Jancsó's attention is fixed on behavior abstracted from personality—behavior clinging with mysterious stubbornness to its reverse at a time when the awful simplicities of civil war are most desperately concerned to assert that good and evil are separable.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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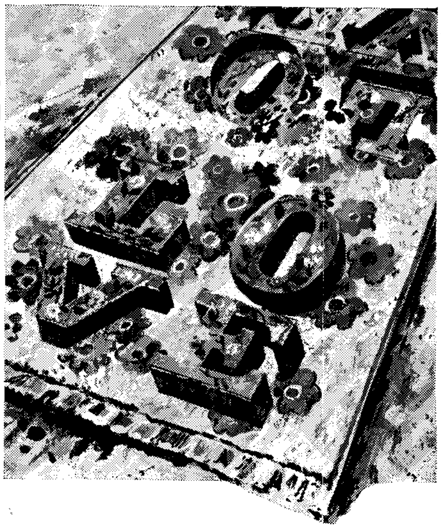

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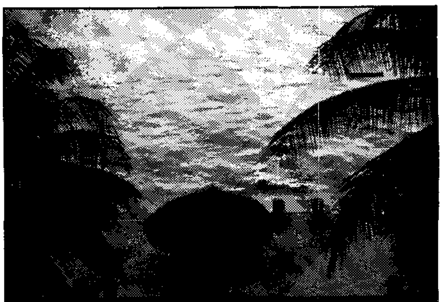

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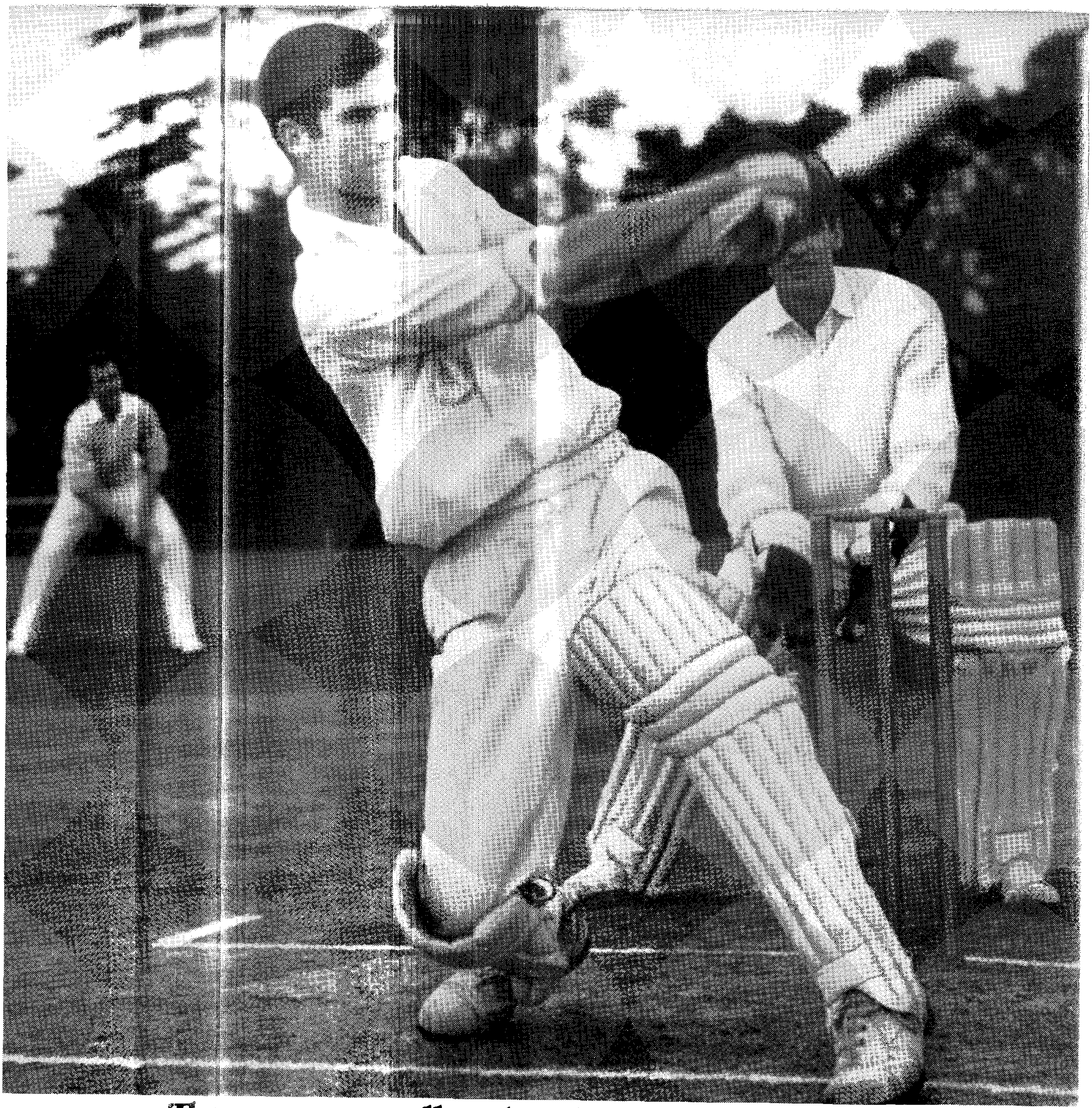

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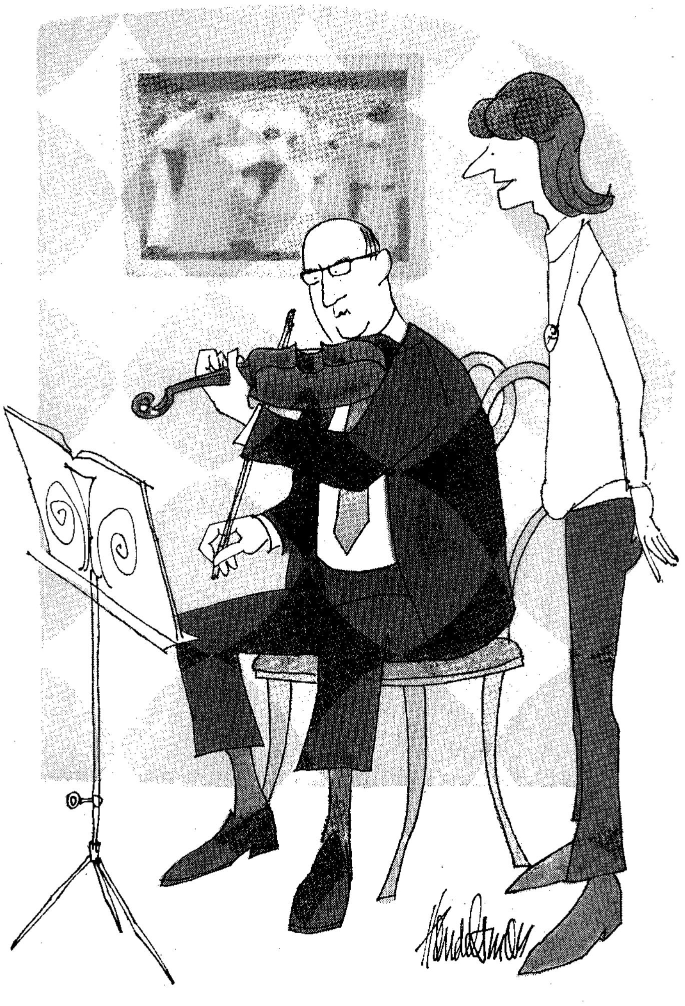
THE ART WORLD

Art and Words

A Contemporary painting or sculpture is a species of centaur—half art materials, half words. The words are the vital, energetic element, capable, among other things, of transforming any materials (epoxy, light beams, string, rocks, earth) into art materials. It is its verbal substance that establishes the visual tradition in which a particular work is to be seen—that places a Newman in the perspective of Abstract Expressionism rather than of Bauhaus design or mathematical abstraction. Every modern work participates in the ideas out of which its style arose. The secretion of language in the work interposes a mist of interpretation between it and the eye; out of the quasi-mirage arises the prestige of the work, its power of survival, and its ability to extend its life through aesthetic descendants. The art-historical significance conferred by Duchamp and by Duchamp commentators on a bicycle wheel has induced the repeated resurrection of this object as if it were an "Annunciation," an image indispensable to contemporary spiritual life. Its latest rebirth is "The Perpetual Moving Bicycle Wheel of Marcel Duchamp," drawn by the kinetic artist Takis and shown at the Howard Wise Gallery in February.

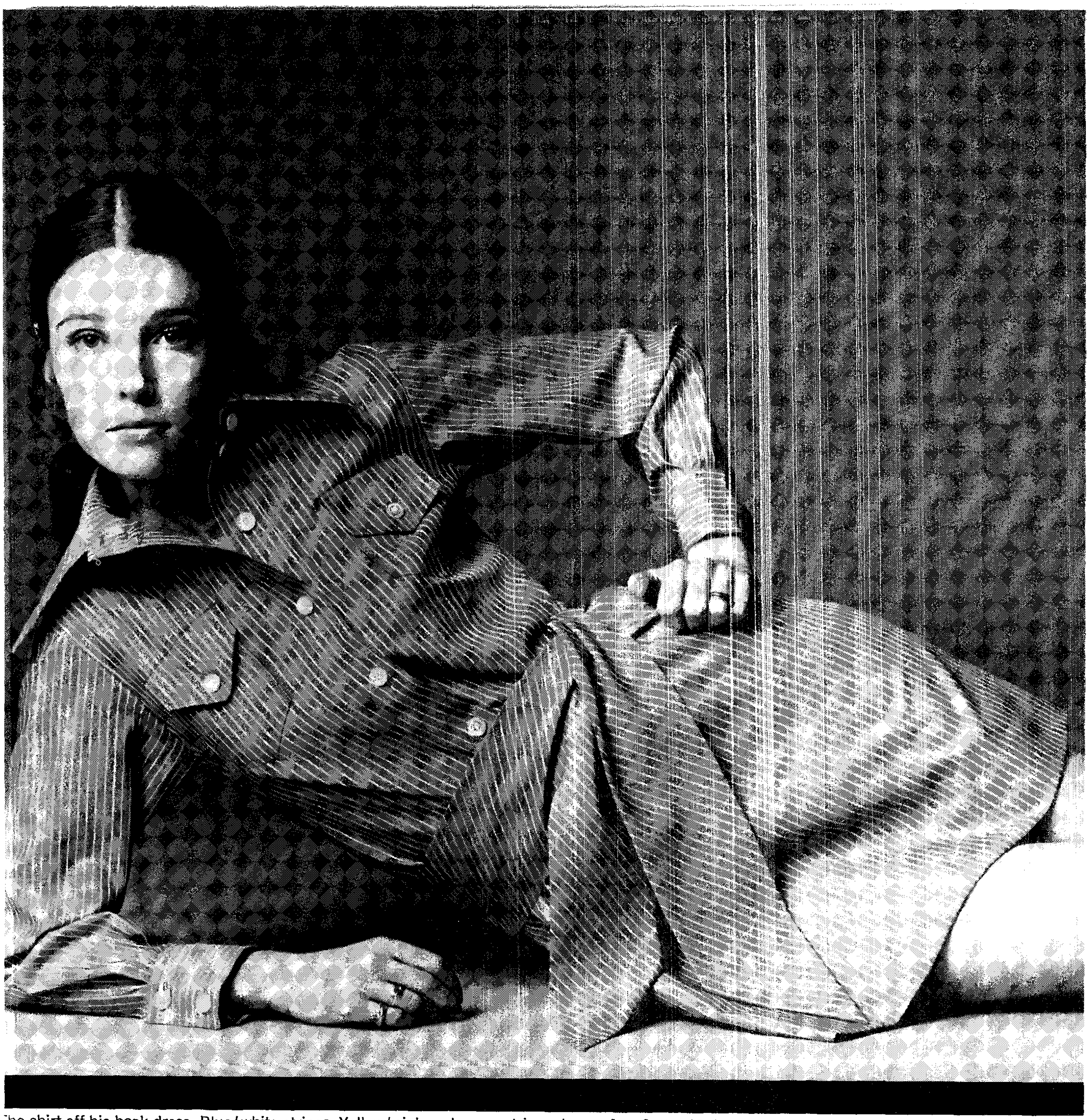


"Mozart and Haydn and all those guys leave me cold, Dad. I guess I have incurably longhair tastes."

In the last century, it was believed that the exclusion of subject matter (landscapes, people, family scenes, historical episodes, symbols) from painting would disentangle the image on the canvas from literary associations and clear the way for a direct response of the eye to optical data. In becoming more and more abstract, art is supposed to have attained, or been reduced to, speechlessness. The "Art of the Real" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art last year described its selections as chunks of raw reality totally liberated from language; the black paintings of the late Ad Reinhardt aspired to be material equivalents of the silences of his Trappist friend, the late Thomas Merton. The common view was recently summed up as follows: "Modern art has eliminated the verbal correlative from the canvas." Perhaps. But if a work of today no longer has a verbal correlative, it is because its particular character has been dissolved in a sea of words. Literary language has been banished; a painting is no longer conceived as the metaphor of an experience available to both words and paint. But the place of literature has been taken by the rhetoric of abstract concepts.

An advanced painting of this century inevitably gives rise in the spectator to a conflict between his eye and his mind; as Thomas B. Hess points out in the February *Art News*, the fable of the emperor's new clothes is echoed at the birth of every modernist art movement. If work in a new mode is to be accepted, the eye-mind conflict must be resolved in favor of the mind; that is, of the language absorbed into the work. Of itself, the eye is incapable of breaking into the intellectual system that today distinguishes between objects that are art and those that are not. Given its primitive function of discriminating among objects in shopping centers and on highways, the eye will recognize a Noland as a fabric design, a Judd as a stack of metal bins—until the eye's outrageous philistinism has been subdued by the drone of formulas concerning breakthroughs in color, space, and even optical perception (this, too, unseen by the eye, of course). It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that paintings are today apprehended with the ears. Miss Barbara Rose, one of the promoters of striped canvases and aluminum boxes, confesses that words are essential to the art she favors when she writes, "Although the logic of minimal art gained critical respect, if not admiration, its reductiveness allowed for a relatively limited art experience." Recent art criticism has reversed earlier procedures; instead of deriving principles from what it sees, it teaches the eye to "see" principles; the writings of one of America's influential critics often pivot on the drama of how he failed to respond to a painting or sculpture the first few times he saw it but, returning to the work, penetrated the concept that made it significant and was then able to appreciate it. To qualify as a member of the art public, an individual must be tuned to the appropriate verbal reverberations of objects in art galleries, and his receptive mechanism must be constantly adjusted to oscillate to new vocabularies.

Since the eye and the analogies it discovers in common-sense experience cannot be trusted, the first rule in discussing modern art is that a painting or sculpture must never be found to resemble (or to be) an object that is not a work of art; a sculpture consisting of a red plank must under no circumstance be identified as a red plank, a set of Plexiglas cubes as a type of store fixture. When Theodore Roosevelt observed at the 1913 Armory Show that Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Stair-



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case" reminded him of a "Navajo rug," he committed the archetypal critical *faux pas.* Art is the product of an etiquette, and to neglect its conceptual framework and reduce it to its physical data is an act of barbarism, like using a prayer shawl for a cleaning rag; the point of the emperor story is that it was a child ignorant of the rules who announced that the emperor was naked. As a sculpture, a painted plank is not only its material substance but the crystallization of a moment in the continuous debate on the nature of art—an intellectual element missing from planks in lumberyards. Injected into this discourse, the plank, or one of Christo's packages, becomes an item of our aesthetic culture, though not necessarily a profound or desirable item. The ban against saying what a painting or sculpture "really is" arises out of the verbal aspect of modern art, and to keep art intact the power of words in it needs to be constantly augmented. By segregating the object it accredits as a painting or sculpture from all other objects in nature, language sustains the sacred or mythical status of art without the need for religion or myth. The taboo against assimilating the description of a painting into the general rhetoric of visual experience, against describing a striped canvas and a striped tablecloth in the same terms, is a twentieth-century version of the outlawing of blasphemy. For more than a century, radical art movements have been demanding the "desacralization" of art and the dissolution of all barriers between art and life. Such efforts are bound to fail as long as the word "art" continues to refer to a special category of objects. Regardless of the anti-art character of modern paintings, their verbal ingredient separates them from images and things merely seen and removes them to a realm founded on the intellectual interrelation among works of art. No matter how completely paintings and sculptures succeed in purging themselves of subject matter, they continue to present the essential subject matter of art's own self-conscious history. Without this invisible content, art would no longer exist, though individuals, among them two-year-olds, grandmothers, and automobile designers, might continue to satisfy the impulse to make things attractive through form and color.

TO the consternation of art critics, the materials-words composition of art has become an explicit theme in the newest modes of painting and sculpture displayed this season. With

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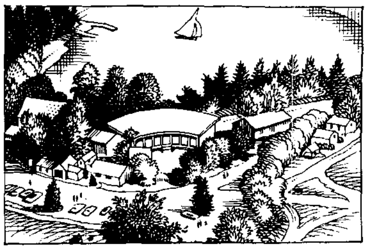

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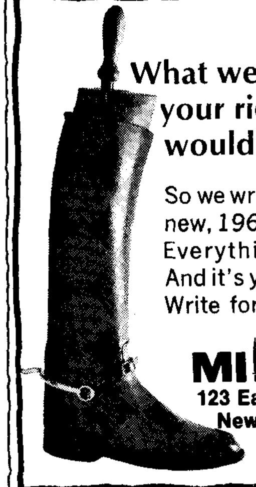

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comic literalism, "earthworks" sculpture attempts to overcome the separation of art from nature by acting on a segment of the landscape—in short, by treating nature itself as art material. An artist makes circular tracks on a snowfield or shapes a contour in the desert; another cuts a trench across a driveway. Art that reshapes the terrain was once known as landscape architecture or landscape gardening. The terms are, however, strenuously resisted by contemporary earthworkers, whose aim is not an eye-delighting prospect but the realization of a concept. Art that is part of nature represents a hyper-materialization that overcomes the limits of specialized art materials and even of man-made materials generally (since everything, from foam rubber to magnets, has now been incorporated into art's stockpile). Earthworks also avoid placing creations in art galleries, and so surmount the segregation of art on the social plane, though earthworks art does get into art galleries by informational means—photographs, models, diagrams, maps, statements by the artist (for example, the current exhibition of moss and algae, chemical, and mold pieces by Peter Hutchinson at the John Gibson Gallery). Ironically, earthworks materialism produces in practice an effect opposite to the intended fusion of art and the physical world, for, like "Art of the Real," its existence as art depends entirely on words (the announcement of the Hutchinson show cites his articles on earth and plant art in leading art magazines). Since the earthwork is usually not transportable—it may not even be perceptible as a unit or during a particular time—all that is available to the spectator is its documentation, and this, according to one site-modifier, "creates a condition of absolute coexistence between 'image' and 'language.' "

Art communicated through documents is a development to the extreme of the Action-painting idea that a painting ought to be considered as a record of the artist's creative processes rather than as a physical object. It is the event of the doing, not the thing done, that is the "work." Logically, the work may therefore be invisible—told about but not seen. The sculpture Oldenburg made to be buried underground has become an influential work through hearsay. In the same spirit, a sculpture by Bruce Nauman consists of a flat slab said to have a mirrored surface on the underside, and an item by Richard Artschwager at the Whitney Annual was made up of a hundred

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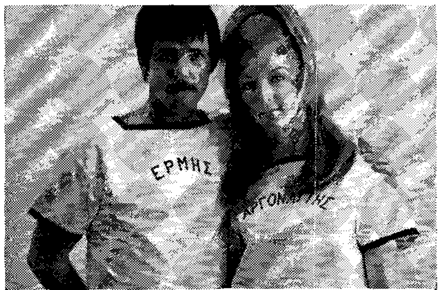

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pads of varied substances inconspicuously scattered around the gallery (because it used the Annual as its environment, the Artschwager could never "take place" again). One step further and the work of art need not even be made; the creative act can consist of a proposal for a work. Not long ago, Kienholz exhibited a score of framed sheets describing projects he was prepared to execute. This is, intellectually, a more rarefied gesture than sending diagrams to a factory and delivering finished products to an art gallery. Two young artists in Latin America contrived a Happening that was reported in detail in the press but never took place, so their "work of art" consisted of their own news releases and the resulting interviews, accounts, and comments. Given the mythical status of art conferred by words, uncreated art is the myth of a myth. An artist whose current medium is space bought in newspapers put it another way: "Art may exist in the future as a kind of philosophy by analogy."

In his exhibition at the Dwan Gallery last month, Robert Smithson, a sculptor who is also the author of arcane meditations and satires, attempted to combine the conceptualization of the invisibilists with the rugged materiality of the earthshapers. His "non-sites" consisted of containers of rocks, gravel, and lumps of asphalt selected and arranged according to a recondite system of formal correspondences, geological information, stone-collecting trips to the country, and interpretations of the recent history of sculpture. For spectators incapable of mastering Smithson's rationale or unwilling to take the trouble, the visual actuality of his exhibition consisted of stones in differently shaped and painted bins (some cut out on top to match the profile of the terrain, others shaped in the chic mode of mathematically patterned floor sculpture), plus diagrams, photo-maps, documents, and framed statements on the wall. Here, as in "Art of the Real," aesthetic metaphor was replaced by the "real thing"—what can be more real than raw rocks, piles of gravel, maps, and documents?—but the real thing proved once again to be art as an excrescence of theory. An interviewer writes that Smithson "reads Worringer, Hulme, Ehrenzweig, Borges, Robbe-Grillet on the subject of art," and, mentioning also Empson and Wittgenstein "on the subject of linguistics," he concludes that Smithson's pieces are "not primarily sensual or even visual [but] are reconstructions of thought processes;" Smithson, like the artist of newspaper

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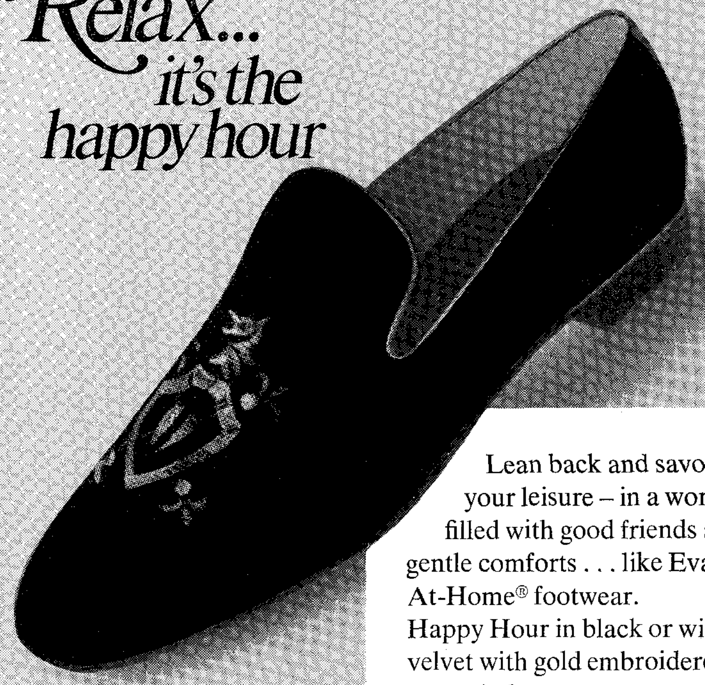

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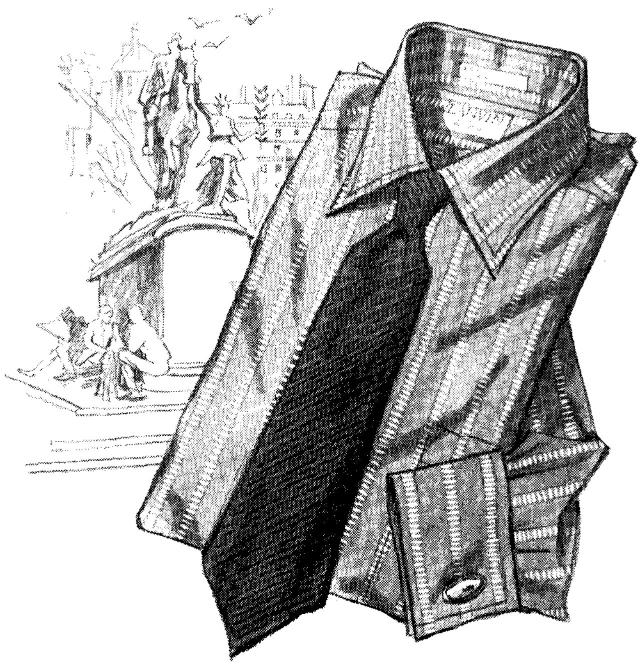

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inserts, believes that art today must become "speculative philosophy."

In an apparent move away from verbalized or conceptualized art, experiments are being made to produce paintings and sculptures through letting materials "speak for themselves" with a minimum of formal ordering by the artist. Allowing paint, scattered scraps of paper, or flung bits of metal to arrange themselves as they will belongs to the traditional ruse of the art of this century employed to bring forth unknown energies out of its mediums in order to silence the directives of aesthetics and art history. The reduction of the arts to their material components corresponds to an awareness of the decomposition of inherited art forms—an awareness that keeps growing more acute. The composer Morton Feldman states the proposition that "sound *in itself* can be a totally plastic phenomenon, suggesting its own shape, design, and poetic metaphor." Equivalent ideas are presented in literature by practitioners of "concrete poetry." They stem from the conviction that existing forms in painting, poetry, and music inevitably distort experience, and that it is necessary to start afresh with the raw matter out of which a poem or painting is made. The medium itself becomes the "mind" that, to Feldman, "suggests its own shape, design, and poetic metaphor." In sum, it delivers its own substance as its "message."

The idea of art as the action of the artist's materials complements the idea of art as the act of the artist. The retrospective of the paintings and drawings of Willem de Kooning at the Museum of Modern Art is the record of thirty years of experiment in fusing these forms of action into a synthesis of will and chance. In de Kooning's laboratory, the animated paint takes its form from the artist's personality, while the artist discovers the changing form of his personality in the physical potentialities of his medium. The Action paintings of Jackson Pollock, a large selection of whose works in black-and-white will be on view at the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery through this Saturday, also represent a union of the artist's action with that of his pigment. Pollock's handling of paint has, however, been misinterpreted as a version of automatic writing, and this has led to distortions concerning the self-activation of materials and the part of materials in the creation of art.

The reputation of Helen Frankenthaler, currently seen in a retrospective at the Whitney Museum, rests on

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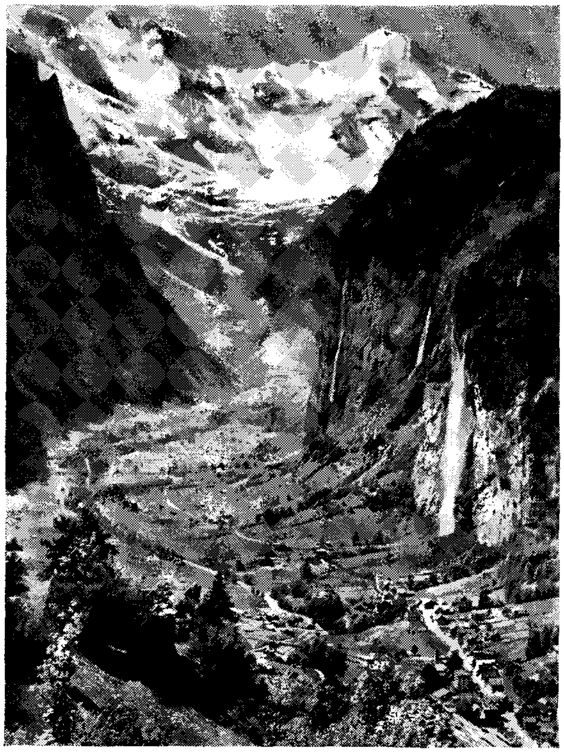

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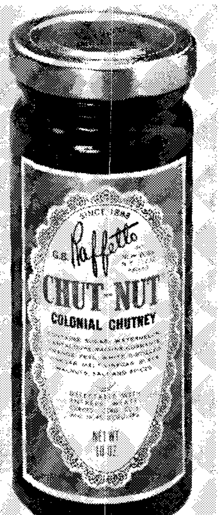
her adaptation of Pollock's "liberated" fluid pigment on unprimed canvas; "No. 26," 1951, at the Marlborough, is a particularly good example of the Pollock originals. Frankenthaler's paintings have the immediate attractiveness of tastefully matched colors and, in some of her later canvases, bold design. Unfortunately, the favorable first impression does not hold up, for reasons I shall go into later. At the point of diminishing response, however, words intervene to remove this artist's paintings to a plane other than the visual. In the opening sentences of the exhibition catalogue, Professor E. C. Goossen, who also arranged the "Art of the Real" exhibition, credits Miss Frankenthaler with having "invented an original method for applying paint to canvas. Known as the soak-stain technique, it was instrumental in making a new kind of color painting possible." Here materials find a corollary in art-historical verbiage (the alleged significance of Frankenthaler's influence on Noland and Louis)—a magical combination sufficient to give the artist a retrospective at forty and a public advantage over such superior contemporaries as Joan Mitchell and Lester Johnson, both of whom stem, like Frankenthaler, from Action painting. (Johnson's show at the Martha Jackson Gallery in February was the most powerful exhibition of new paintings by a younger artist this year.) Regardless of the accuracy of attributing the "invention" of soak-stain to Frankenthaler (one thinks of it as customary procedure in watercolor, and of Georgia O'Keeffe painting with absorbent cotton), the notion that a new way of using materials can be inherently significant and even progressive is another instance of the overpowering of the eye by words. Writing in the February *Arts* of an exhibition at the Castelli warehouse gallery of the new "Anti-Form" art, which calls upon the expressive powers inherent in sheets of rubber, felt, chicken wire, and lead pellets, Mr. Gregoire Müller declares that the works under consideration are often of "greater intellectual than visual interest." Since the intellectual interest lies not necessarily in the artist's own ideas but in the debate and polemics into which his paintings fall, Mr. Müller's judgment may be applied also to Miss Frankenthaler's self-expressive paint. It is weak visual matter in an envelope of aggressive critical language. The early paintings in her retrospective, with their borrowings from Pollock, Gorky, Kandinsky, and other occasional stainers, are sensitive, but more timid than



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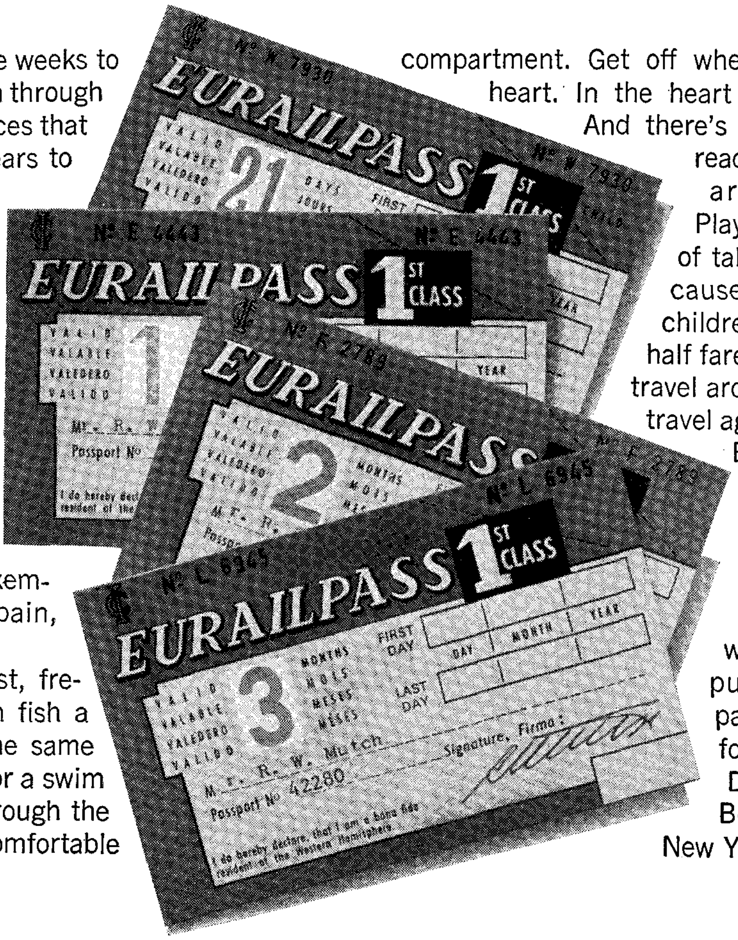

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sensitive. In her middle period, she attempts to detach herself from more patent influences and her work falls into a confusion of blots, stabilized at times by hints of the rectangle. Later, the transparency of acrylics coöperates with her uncertainty by permitting forms to blot visibly over one another without compelling the artist to select among them. In her canvases of the past three years, large, simplified torn shapes communicate an appearance of assurance, but "Flood," 1967, is a relapse into vague spongings.

In the Action paintings of Lester Johnson, the action emanates from the artist in a decisive locking of forms, lyrical rhythms, tension between image and scale, compression of surface by color. With Frankenthaler, the artist's action is at a minimum; it is the paint that is active. The artist is the medium of her medium; her part is limited to selecting aesthetically acceptable effects from the behavior of her color. Apparently, Miss Frankenthaler has never grasped the moral and metaphysical basis of Action painting, and since she is content to let the pigment do all the acting, her compositions fail to develop resistances against which a creative act can take place. The result is a distressing flabbiness, an effect (emphasized by the huge dimensions of her Whitney canvases) of too little out of too much. The soaked-in pigments, which keep the surface flat regardless of the number of veils of color, spread the eye across an expanse as characterless as the sheen of a photograph. In a photograph, the gaze is arrested by the subject; in the Frankenthalers, apart from patches of lively color, there is nothing to see. In their lack of purpose, her runs and blots often touch the edge of the absurd, and paintings such as "Interior Landscape," "Buddha's Court," and "Small's Paradise" are over the edge. Presented one or two at a time, the Frankenthalers are often pleasing for their color. Massed in a retrospective and featuring the biggest, they are decorative bombast sustained by dubious art history.

Paul Jenkins, whose canvases were shown in March at the Martha Jackson Gallery and in his Broadway studio, also sets in motion transparent veils of pigment, but his paintings are haunted by a vocabulary that differs from the art-historical dogmas of the Frankenthaler circle. Jenkins is an occultist with fantasies of action at a distance. His process art collaborates with his psychic detachment to produce an image that is like the chemical flowering of ice or rock. In several of

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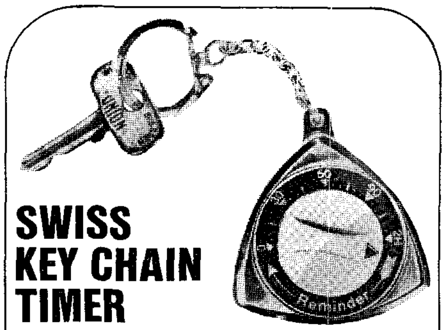

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the new mammoth canvases, mountainous flaunts of gray on gray sweep into distances of pure white that solicit silence as intensely as the black squares of Reinhardt.

The animation of materials in no matter how random a way cannot be dissociated from the artist's aesthetic aims, which are in turn related to his state of being (Müller speaks of the "occasional lapses into sentimentality" of one of the Anti-Form arrangers of rubber and plastic) and his general outlook. An artist's choice of material is inevitably expressive; the stained burlap sacks the Italian artist Burri used as his medium in the forties while he was an American prisoner of war represented an emotional universe different from that of the elegant substances to which he turned after he had become internationally known. But in addition to representing feelings, materials, even the rawest, have become conceptualized; as Valéry stated it, "The modern world is being remade in the image of man's mind." There is no turning back to the organic astuteness of the traditional craftsman, nor will surrendering to his medium liberate the artist from the obsessions of thought. The words of art will continue to speak to the artist either from behind, directing him without his being aware of them, or in the form of conscious problems to be confronted and modified. If, as the sculptor Clement Meadmore recently declared, "the current question seems to be 'Is the material, left to its own devices, capable of performing as a work of art?,'" the answer is a categorical "no," not because chance or "the natural behavior of different materials" is incapable of producing significant combinations but because no material can, properly speaking, be "left to its own devices." Given the present degree of aesthetic self-consciousness, even the most haphazard scattering of debris, if carried out in the milieu of art, has become purposive through the fact that it is by now a fifty-year-old technique for creating art. Today, chance itself cannot prevail against the potency of aesthetic recollections. In art, ideas are materialized, and materials are manipulated as if they were meanings. This is the intellectual advantage of art as against disembodied modes of thought. The current attempt in art to allow either the words or the materials to have their own way sacrifices the advantage of concrete thinking in behalf of an apparently irresistible tendency further to rationalize the practice of art.

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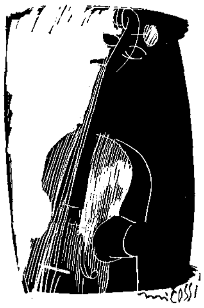
MUSICAL EVENTS

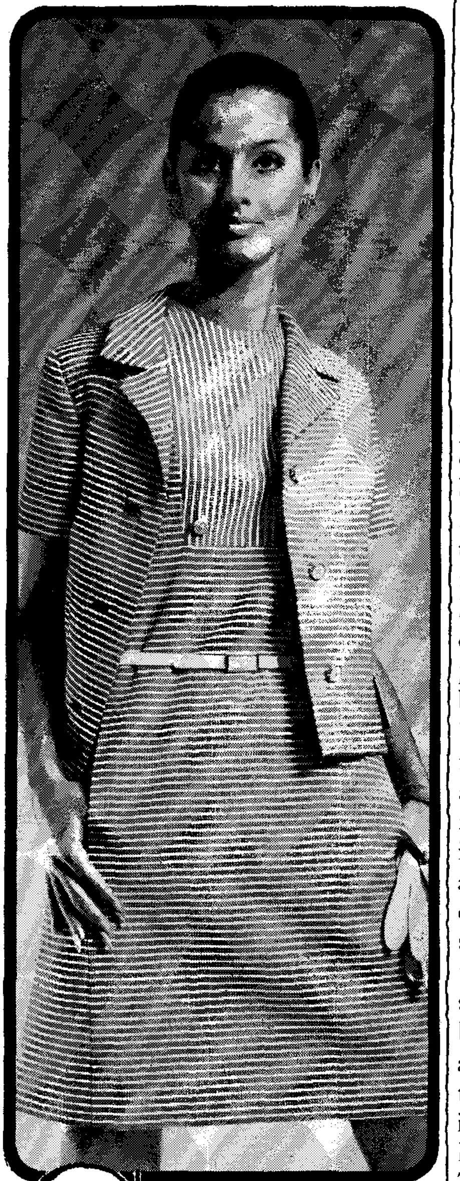
Revolutionary "Rigoletto"

FRANK CORSARO, stage director of the New York City Opera, can always be counted on for something out of the ordinary, and his staging of "Rigoletto," with Lloyd Evans' sets, last Thursday night at the New York State Theatre was certainly the most original that I have ever encountered. The court over which the Duke of Mantua presides in the first act is so dissolute that it resembles a brothel. That old spoilsport Monterone really has something to curse about, all the more so in that in this version his daughter actually appears onstage, dishevelled and apparently pleased at having been seduced by the Duke. The set for this act has erotic murals in the Renaissance style depicting six almost naked ladies and an eager almost naked man. There is some rolling on the floor in sexual embrace by a couple at one point, but generally, considering the possibilities, Mr. Corsaro has restrained himself. The costumes, by José Varona, are vivid; a sort of masked ball *cum* orgy seems to be taking place. The pace is spirited, and no sooner is the first act over than the second opens, without the usual intermission, showing us Rigoletto in his gloomy ruminations about the curse. This is an excellent idea, since the first act lasts only a few minutes, leading naturally to the second, and since the change of scene involves a dramatic contrast. Rigoletto is now shown drinking himself into a stupor—a touch that lends credibility to his willingness to be blindfolded later during the abduction of his daughter. The stage is kept in motion during the Duke's "È il sol dell'anima" and Gilda's "Caro nome," so neither has the effect of a set number. Sparafucile is an insane killer—the sort of psychopath who thinks no more about taking a human life than he would of swatting a mosquito, and who seems quite happy in his profession. In Act III, the courtiers leave Rigoletto and his ravished daughter with sardonic obeisances instead of merely walking off the stage. Act IV is particularly effective. Sparafucile lives at the edge of the water in a rundown waterfront area of the city. (I don't remember offhand whether Mantua has a waterfront or not, but it doesn't matter, the idea is a stroke of inspiration. What could be more natural for an innkeeping assassin than to have his inn near the water, where, since he comes and goes by boat, his footprints cannot be traced?) The scene is appropriately gloomy, with the sails of fishing boats trembling in the wind. Rigoletto and Gilda arrive by boat. Everything in the act happens in an aura of rotting wood on a dank, muddy shore.



With all this, I looked for radical departures from the libretto, but could find none. Musically, there was perhaps a slight discrepancy in the first act, where the rather boisterous action of Mr. Corsaro's production conflicted with the formality of the gavotte. But this was a minor matter. Generally, Mr. Corsaro had merely heightened elements that were already present in the opera, and made many points more explicit than they are in the routine productions to which we have become accustomed. Considered as a production, this was a memorable "Rigoletto."

It was memorable for other things, too. The voices were all of the first class, and the singing was robust and at the same time artful. The principal figure was, of course, Rigoletto himself, sung by the Canadian baritone Louis Quilico. I have heard Mr. Quilico a number of times, always with pleasure, but I have never heard him go through such a gamut of moods and varied vocal inflections as he puts into this role. He has a large voice, which once or twice strayed from the true pitch, but such lapses were so infrequent as to be negligible. Altogether, he made about as fine a Rigoletto as has ever come to my attention. Patricia Brooks was the Gilda, and again she showed herself to be a superb Verdi singer and actress, with a voice of satisfactory power, quite unlike those of the squeaking coloraturas who so often undertake the role. Hers was a believable, womanly Gilda, and if she did not make a big virtuoso fuss and take the optional high E at the end of "Caro nome," so much the better. The role is so often sung as a detached display piece that it was gratifying to hear it made part and parcel of the drama, with the expressive rather than the athletic aspects of the voice placed foremost. The part of the Duke was sung by Michele Molese, a now familiar figure at the State Theatre, whose voice is



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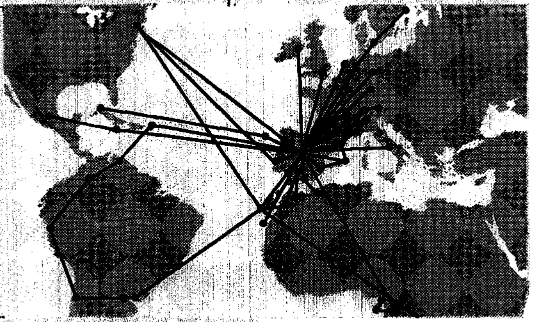

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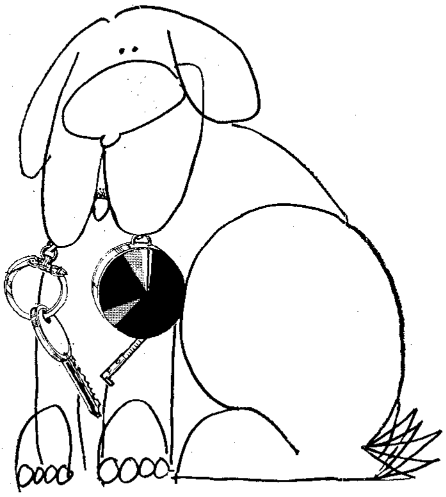

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perhaps not the most ideally produced instrument of its kind but who sang lustily and, on the whole, proved to be a convincing dissolute aristocrat. Kay Creed was a fine Maddalena, and the last-act quartet to which she contributes was done admirably. All of the lesser roles were well filled, and Malcolm Smith stood out for the sheer beauty of his voice as Sparafucile. The choruses were sung with unusual accuracy, and this was only one of the virtues for which a new Hungarian conductor, Gabor Ötvös, could take credit. Mr. Ötvös's pacing of the score was adroit; he showed consideration for the singers without letting them get out of hand, and he kept the orchestral sonorities and the singing in balance. Of all the guest conductors Julius Rudel has invited to work with the company, Mr. Ötvös seems to me the most gifted.

GUSTAV III, the eighteenth-century King of Sweden, was actually a pretty tough monarch. He fought the Russians successfully, enlarged the Swedish Navy, put down several insurrections with a dictatorial hand, and even attempted to interfere in the French Revolution. But there was another side to Gustav's nature. He was a highly cultivated man, who fostered the Royal Swedish Opera, founded the Swedish Academy, and patronized the arts on a lavish scale. This second side made him something of a hero to Europe's intellectuals—a sort of Scandinavian Frederick the Great—and it is not surprising that his memory lived and that he eventually became the hero of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." He was assassinated on March 16, 1792, in appropriate surroundings, at the Stockholm Opera, by a Swedish aristocrat, thus providing the fundamental idea for Verdi's plot. During his reign, he invited to his court many distinguished littérateurs and artists, one of whom was the German-born musician Joseph Martin Kraus, who became his court composer. Kraus composed operas, symphonies, concertos, and chamber music, but most of his music has fallen into oblivion. On a recent trip to Sweden, Newell Jenkins, conductor of the Clarion Concerts, unearthed a cantata by Kraus that was written for Gustav's funeral. Apparently, it had not been performed since the eighteenth century until Mr. Jenkins presented it last Tuesday night in Town Hall with the help of his orchestra and chorus and a number of vocal soloists. The cantata turned out to be a work of major consequence. There are in it, as is to be expected, reminiscences of

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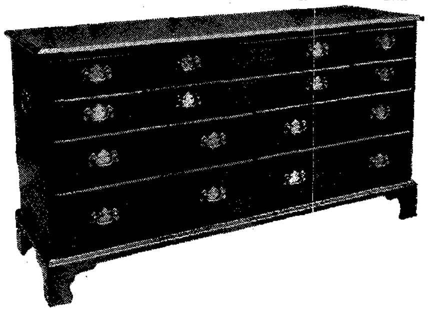

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Mozart, and there is a certain grim rumbling in places that reminds one of the early Beethoven. It is obviously a composition that was felt deeply by its creator while it was being written, and the grief expressed in it is both affecting and noble. It is laid out in the conventional sequence of numbers for chorus and soloists. The soprano and mezzo parts are particularly taxing, with *fioritura* and wide leaps somewhat like those found in Mozart's operas. The male parts are much simpler, and the part for the tenor lies so low that it might almost be sung by a baritone—perhaps a commentary on Swedish male voices of the period. A first-rate cast of soloists, three of them imported from the Royal Swedish Opera, participated. They were Joan Marie Moynagh, soprano (the only non-Swedish soloist); Kerstin Meyer, mezzo-soprano; Ragnar Ulfung, tenor; and Kim Borg, bass. All these singers had been heard here before in one connection or another, and all have enviable reputations. The cantata could not have been in better hands. The chorus, like everybody else, sang in Swedish, and though I am not competent to judge anybody's accuracy in that language, the result seemed to be authentic. Mr. Jenkins gave the work an appropriate atmosphere of solemnity. He is to be congratulated on the rediscovery of an important masterpiece.

The program also contained a "Psalm No. 100," written by the very early Swedish composer Johan Helmich Roman (1694-1758), whose works have just recently become the concern of musicologists and publishers. This number was a bit less impressive, constituting a period piece in more or less the style of Bach and Handel. Miss Moynagh and Mr. Borg sang the solo sections. The score called for a pair of Bach trumpets, among other musical appurtenances of the time. The concert ended with Haydn's Te Deum for the Empress Maria Theresa, a work resurrected and edited by H. C. Robbins Landon. As Te Deums go, it is an extraordinarily festive and joyous affair, which yields to sombreness only in a slow middle movement. It certainly belongs among Haydn's finer creations, and it was a pleasure to hear it.

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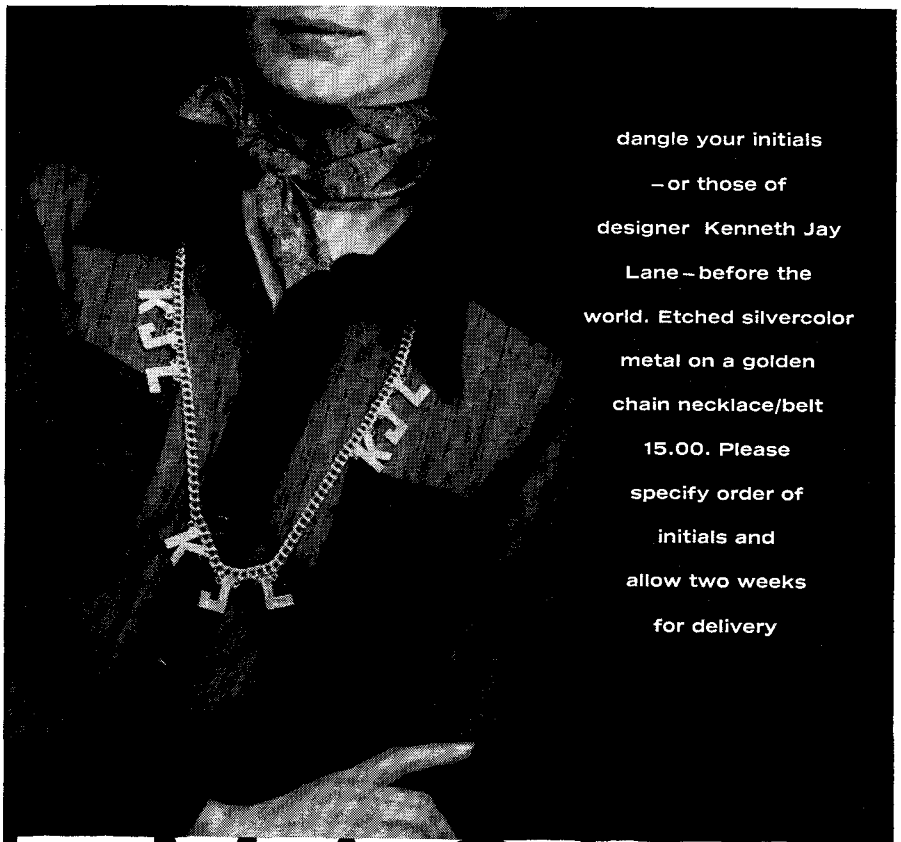

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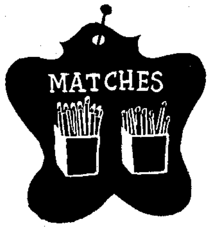
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

DOWN on Broome Street, a young man who looks like the handsome no-good brother in television dramas makes furniture to order that is inexpensive, well constructed, and unlike anyone else's furniture. The name of this exemplary craftsman is Dirk Kooiman, and when he isn't measuring and sawing and planing and gluing and clamping he actually is playing the handsome no-good brother on television or the *naked* no-good brother in Off Broadway productions. He came to New York from Wisconsin ten years ago to pursue a career in the theatre, and gradually the cabinetmaking he fooled around with when he was out of work became a serious profession, which enabled him to quit "all those dumb nighttime jobs" that actors are apparently obliged to take in order to eat. Mr. Kooiman is self-taught, and in the course of the ten years he has been at his second profession he has learned to make many kinds of furniture, but his most characteristic pieces—and, to my mind, his most successful—are the ones he started out with: adaptations and imitations of early-seventeenth-century American furniture and of Shaker furniture. His chief sources have been two books—"Furniture of the Pilgrim Century," by Wallace Nutting, and "Shaker Furniture," by Edward Deming Andrews and Faith Andrews. (Both works are available in paperback—Dover.) Mr. Kooiman works in pine and is thereby able to keep his prices down, which he could not do if he worked in cabinet woods. He stains the pine to look mellow and old, and he has no compunction about revealing the secret of his antiquing process. He uses black asphaltum—a cheap varnish for ironwork—mixed with paint thinner. Once, while painting a railing with asphaltum, he accidentally spilled some on a piece of wood, and saw the possibilities.



I visited the apartments of several of Mr. Kooiman's clients, and I was struck by the way his pieces both dominated and fitted into their surroundings. The Greenwich Village apartment of a woman college professor for whom Mr. Kooiman had made a great number of pieces was one of the most appealing places I have ever been in, thanks in large part to Mr. Kooiman but also to the fine feeling the owner had for combining disparate pieces. Such things as a turn-of-the-century partners' desk, a velvet love seat, an oak church pew, and a Shaker cupboard coexisted comfortably in her living room, and it all looked extremely handsome and civilized and put together. The effect was the one that decorators have lately taken to dashing about trying to achieve—it's called "eclecticism" in their jargon—and failing to. I, at least, have never seen a room done by a decorator that came anywhere near to being as nice as the room the college professor had furnished by herself. Among Mr. Kooiman's contributions were: (1) Ten floor-to-ceiling bookcases, bought in pairs over a period of time, as books accumulated—no two pairs alike, but all made of pine stained a warm brown, and decorated with arches and moldings and carvings, and variously subdivided to accommodate large and small books and to display bibelots. The professor was one of Mr. Kooiman's first clients, and he charged her practically nothing; today the bookcases would cost around $150 each. (2) An adaptation of a Shaker cellar cupboard, whose original appears in the Andrews book, Plate 25. It is a tall, thin piece composed of two boxes—one resting on the other—with doors that have the slightly depressed panelling typical of Shaker cabinets and that open by means of round white porcelain knobs. Mr. Kooiman changed the proportions of the piece to accommodate the hi-fi equipment it was made to house. In the original, the top unit is taller than the bottom one; in Mr. Kooiman's version, the top unit is shorter, and, oddly, this seems to be an improvement. The adaptation has a stronger, more vigorous—even a more austere—aspect than the original. Also, Mr. Kooiman did not paint the piece Shaker red but stained the pine a warm yellow-brown. (3) A dictionary stand, which looks like a lectern and was built to uphold the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary. The slant top is exactly the size of the tome, and has a rim all around to keep it from falling off, and the base is a cabinet with a door that opens to reveal two shelves (on which the professor keeps her cookbooks). Owners of the Shorter O.E.D. who haven't the strength to use it would

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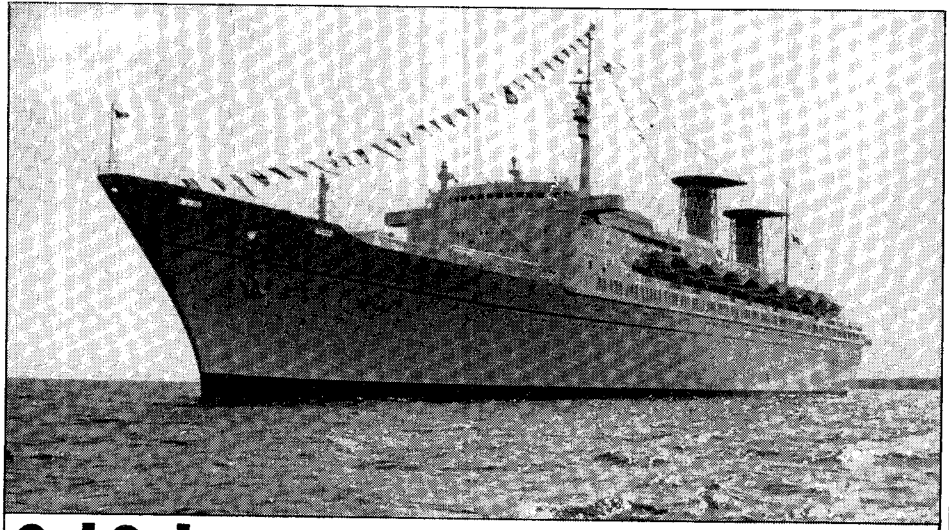

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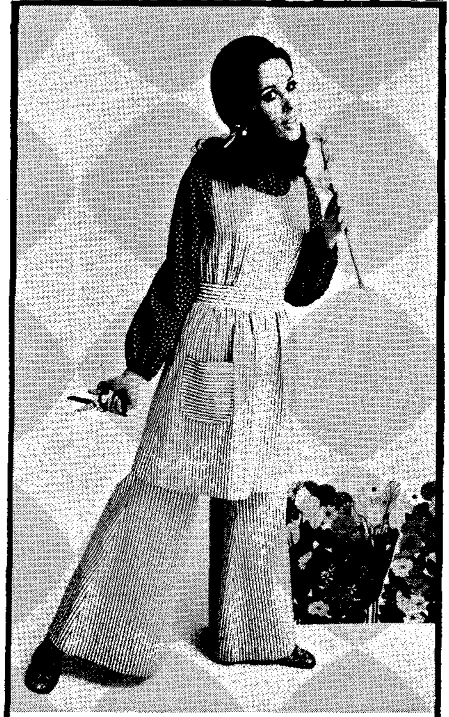

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do well to order this piece, which costs $50. (4) In the professor's kitchen, Mr. Kooiman had affixed a Shaker peg rail to three walls and suspended from it, on one side, a Shaker hanging shelf, equipped with grooves for china, and, opposite, a seventeenth-century American hanging cabinet decorated with crude gouge carvings of flowers. The kitchen, which had obviously once been cold and colorless—a typical tiny New York apartment kitchen—looked warm and cozy. Other pieces by Mr. Kooiman in the apartment included a hanging night table, a sort of Moorish-looking china-and-silver cupboard, and a baby chair painted with a none too convincing Early American picture.

In the flat of a young painter who lives in a Grand Street tenement that has no closets, I saw a wonderful armoire Mr. Kooiman had made for him to keep his dungarees in—a massive, roughhewn piece reminiscent of old French country pieces, stained a dark brown and decorated with bold gouge carvings. Such a piece would cost $600 to order. The painter also owned a copy of a Shaker trustees' desk made by Mr. Kooiman. The original (Plate 36 in the Andrews book) is thought to have been made for two trustees, or deacons, to work at side by side, since it is a double desk, equipped with two fold-out tablets, or writing surfaces (each measures thirty inches by thirty-six), two sets of cubbyholes and compartments above, two sets of pullout drawers below, and two panel-door cupboards surmounting everything. It is a very high and large piece (just over seven feet tall, five and a half feet wide, and, closed up, about eleven inches from front to back), but the proportions are elegant, and it looks light and graceful as well as impressive; $400. I next admired a Shaker sewing stand with a lovely round, thin top and a downward-expanding pedestal terminating in three boldly arched legs; $65.

In Brooklyn, I saw a kitchen that Mr. Kooiman had redone for a young couple who had bought a house there—a Victorian row house, which they were happily restoring to its former dispiriting splendor, scraping paint to reveal gloomy wood panelling, repainting elaborate floral plasterwork reliefs on ceilings and walls, and searching through thrift shops for the Victorian furniture their parents had thrown out in the thirties. The finished rooms were so persuasive that it was hard to believe they had just been created. They looked so dead. Mr. Kooiman's kitchen, in contrast, was warm and cheerful. It had all the usual modern appli-

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ances, but it looked old-fashioned and like a room rather than just a place to prepare food. He had lined one long wall with handsome pine cabinets, decorated with carvings, that were a far cry from the ubiquitous Early American imitation-wood cabinets seen in kitchens today, and had covered two other walls with old unpainted wainscoting, so the room had a warm, brown look. Mr. Kooiman had also provided a plate dresser, a round table, some hanging shelves, and such amenities as a marble pastry board and a butcher-block counter top. The appliances were provided by the owners, and Mr. Kooiman charged $2,300 for his contributions. The interior arrangements of the cupboards and drawers were as satisfying as their outward handsomeness. They reflected a thoughtful concern with the particular requirements of the owners and with the general problems of housekeeping, and wit in coping with them. The visitor to this kitchen would instantly like the man who made it. The visitor to Mr. Kooiman's workshop, at 390 Broome Street (the phone number is 964-4077), gets a similarly agreeable impression. It is hard to determine just what it is that makes him seem so startlingly different from most of the people one meets in the course of furnishing an apartment in New York. He is reserved and he listens to what you say, and these peculiarities may be a large part of the answer. —J. M.

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LENINGRAD (AP)—The Leningrad Optical Institute, 550 years old this month, has developed a glassless glass that you can't look through, the Soviet news agency Tass reported.—*The Oregonian, Portland.*

It's handy for wrapping a fish in.

•

The base is believed to be the largest ever uncovered in the war and could accommodate 5000 or more enemy troops. It contained hundreds of bunkers, a large underground hospital, dining halls, a bicycle repair shop, and a command poet. —*The Post.*

One of those damned laureates, who sing on order.

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE AMERICAN CAMPUS

[*From the Daily Gater, San Francisco State College*]

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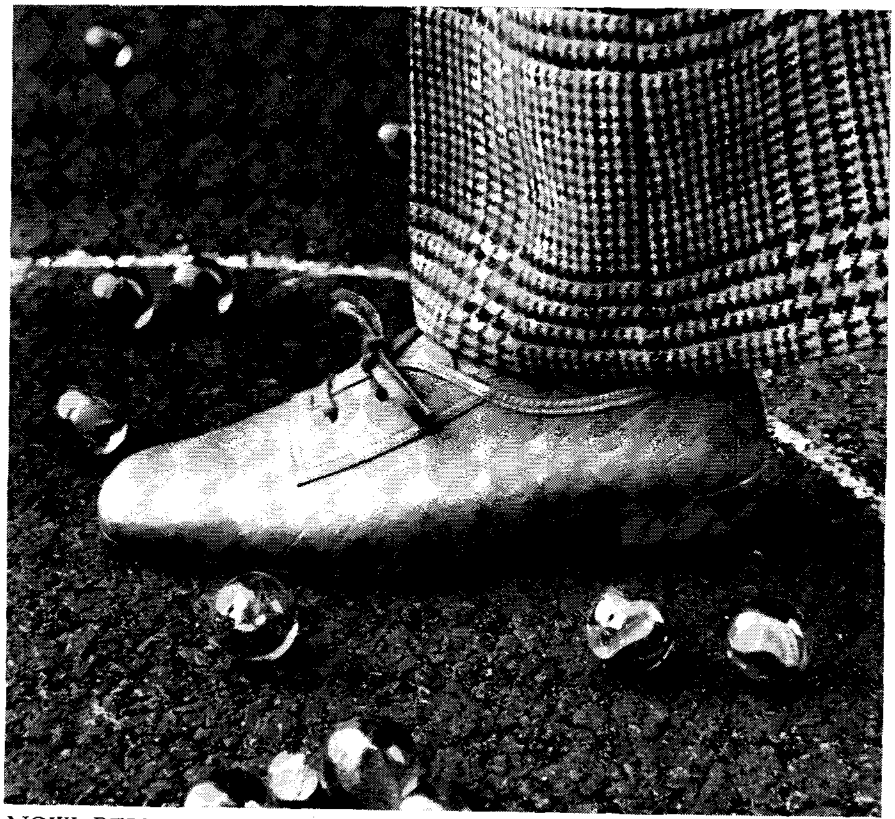
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THE RACE TRACK

Two Out of Three

ONE of the things trainers dream about, when they aren't having nightmares, is winning three big races at different tracks the same afternoon. Ed Neloy, who handles the horses of Ogden Phipps and the Wheatley Stable, tried to bring off such a triple for real last weekend and got two out of three. He won the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct with Reviewer and the Louisiana Derby at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans with King of the Castle, but he wasn't close with the Wheatley Stable's Funny Fellow in the Gulfstream Park Handicap in Florida. Funny Fellow finished seventh, behind C. V. Whitney's Court Recess. Reviewer, carrying 130 pounds and giving big weight to five other three-year-olds, came in three lengths ahead of Hey Good Lookin, and I Found Gold was third. Ussery, who rode Reviewer, made no attempt to follow the fast early pace of Distinctive, and when he called on his mount, who is a brother of Queen of the Stage, that was that. A big, handsome, dark-bay colt, he looks to me like Neloy's best hope for the classics. King of the Castle, I see in the papers, came from far back to win the Louisiana Derby in a photo finish with Jay Ray. As for Court Recess, he had scored only once before in his life, and that once just a few weeks ago. He wore Nodouble, winner of the Santa Anita Handicap, down in the stretch and beat him by a nose, paying a $41.80 mutuel. So it goes.

BARBARA JO RUBIN rode again at Aqueduct last week; this time she was out of the money on May Berry, with whom she'd won previously. On Saturday, another of the sex was in colors—Mrs. Tuesdee Testa, the twenty-seven-year-old mother of a two-year-old daughter. Mrs. Testa, who gallops horses for Everett King, and rode Dark Mirage in all her workouts, had two mounts. Her first, Verbosity, lost by a head to Native Twin, who took the lead in the stretch and won driving. Verbosity was on the outside all the way. Her second mount, Bargain Counter, drew the rail post position and was in close quarters from the start. As they approached the far turn, there seemed to be an opening for her, but the boys did not pull out and let her through—as they sometimes did for Arcaro—but closed the gap, and she had to take up sharply and go to the outside. She finished seventh. Though she was obviously very nervous, she didn't do badly. She sits a horse well, and several horsemen I know who are keen observers predict that with experience and the confidence that comes with it she'll be a better race rider than Miss Rubin. I'll string along with that.

LAST Thursday, I went to Belmont Park to see Dark Mirage, who had been flown in from California the day before, and I can report that this department's darling is as lovely as ever. I can also testify that, next to eating—she still has a voracious appetite—what she delights in most is having her nose rubbed. She is quite lame from her heartbreaking misadventure in the Santa Margarita Handicap at Santa Anita the first of the month, and her right foreleg is in a cast, of course, but Everett King is encouraged by the way the injury is responding to treatment. Still, it will be months before a definite decision can be made about her future. By the way, she receives get-well cards in almost every mail. She deserves them.

THE Santa Anita Derby comes up this weekend, with Majestic Prince the hottest of favorites. The other morning, he worked—perhaps I'm using "worked" loosely—a mile in 1:34⅗ over footing that was wet but bouncy. This was a tick better than the track record for the distance, set fourteen years ago. After a workout that fast, he'll either win by himself or he won't be among the first three, if you ask me. As you may or may not know, Majestic Prince is also the favorite in Caliente's future book on the Kentucky Derby. A little bird tells me that at the first call-over of the odds, Tony Alessio, who makes the book, took one bet of $4,000 straight at 5–1 and cut the odds to 4–1. . . . Colonel Martingale's fancy for the Florida Derby at Gulfstream this weekend is Drone.

—AUDAX MINOR

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FOR SALE

Two scripts in French Mausoleum
—*Adv. in the Albuquerque Journal.*

May we go in and read them?

Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE HUMAN HEART

I LOOKED at the notice. I wondered if I had time before my train left Philadelphia for Baltimore in one hour. The heart, ceiling-high, occupied one corner of the large exhibition hall, and from wherever you stood in the hall you could hear its beating, *thum-thump-thum-thump*. It was a popular exhibit, and sometimes, when there were too many children about, the entrance had to be roped off, as the children loved to race up and down the blood vessels and match their cries to the heart's beating. I could see that the heart had already been punished for the day—the floor of the blood vessel was worn and dusty, the chamber walls were covered with marks, and the notice "You Are Now Taking the Path of a Blood Cell Through the Human Heart" hung askew. I wanted to see more of the Franklin Institute and the Natural Science Museum across the street, but a journey through the human heart would be fascinating. Did I have time?

Later. First, I would go across the street to the Hall of North America, among the bear and the bison, and catch up on American flora and fauna.

I made my way to the Hall. More children, sitting in rows on canvas chairs. An elementary class from a city school, under the control of an elderly teacher. A museum attendant holding a basket, and all eyes gazing at the basket.

"Oh," I said. "Is this a private lesson? Is it all right for me to be here?"

The attendant was brisk. "Surely. We're having a lesson in snake-handling," he said. "It's something new. Get the children young and teach them that every snake they meet is not to be killed. People seem to think that every snake has to be knocked on the head. So we're getting them young and teaching them."

"May I watch?" I said.

"Surely. This is a common grass snake. No harm, no harm at all. Teach the children to learn the feel of them, to lose their fear."

He turned to the teacher. "Now, Miss— Mrs.—" he said.

"Miss Aitcheson."

He lowered his voice. "The best way to get through to the children is to start with teacher," he said to Miss Aitcheson. "If they see you're not afraid, then they won't be."

She must be near retiring age, I thought. A city woman. Never handled a snake in her life. Her face was pale. She just managed to drag the fear from her eyes to some place in their depths, where it lurked like a dark stain. Surely the attendant and the children noticed?

"It's harmless," the attendant said. He'd been working with snakes for years.

Miss Aitcheson, I thought again. A city woman born and bred. All snakes were creatures to kill, to be protected from, alike the rattler, the copperhead, king snake, grass snake—venom and victims. Were there not places in the South where you couldn't go into the streets for fear of the rattlesnakes?

Her eyes faced the lighted exit. I saw her fear. The exit light blinked, hooded. The children, none of whom had ever touched a live snake, were sitting hushed, waiting for the drama to begin; one or two looked afraid as the attendant withdrew a green snake about three feet long from the basket and with a swift movement, before the teacher could protest, draped it around her neck and stepped back, admiring and satisfied.

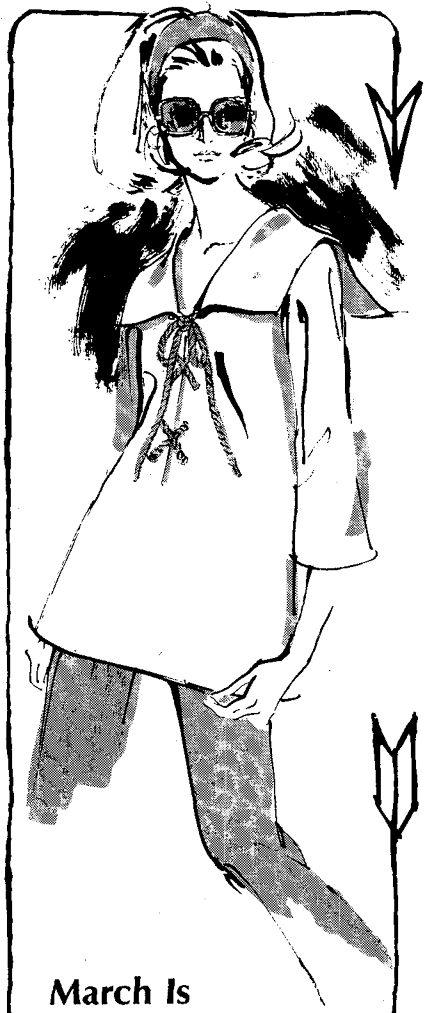
"There," he said to the class. "Your teacher has a snake around her neck and she's not afraid."

Miss Aitcheson stood rigid; she seemed to be holding her breath.

"Teacher's not afraid, are you?" the attendant persisted. He leaned forward, pronouncing judgment on her, while she suddenly jerked her head and lifted her hands in panic to get rid of the snake. Then, seeing the children watching her, she whispered, "No, I'm not afraid. Of course not." She looked around her.

"Of course not," she repeated sharply.

I could see her defeat and helplessness. The attendant seemed unaware, as if his perception had grown a reptilian covering. What did she care for the campaign for the preservation and welfare of copperheads and rattlers and common grass snakes? What did she care about someday walking through the woods or the desert and deciding between killing a snake and setting it free, as if there would be time to decide, when her journey to and from school in downtown Philadelphia held enough danger to occupy her? In two years or so, she'd retire and be in that apartment by herself and no doorman,



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and everyone knew what happened then, and how she'd be afraid to answer the door and to walk after dark and carry her pocketbook in the street. There was enough to think about without learning to handle and love the snakes, harmless and otherwise, by having them draped around her neck for everyone, including the children—most of all the children—to witness the outbreak of her fear.

"See, Miss Aitcheson's touching the snake. She's not afraid of it at all."

As everyone watched, she touched the snake. Her fingers recoiled. She touched it again.

"See, she's not afraid. Miss Aitcheson can stand there with a beautiful snake around her neck and touch it and stroke it and not be afraid."

The faces of the children were full of admiration for the teacher's bravery, and yet there was a cruelly persistent tension; they were waiting, waiting.

"We have to learn to love snakes," the attendant said. "Would someone like to come out and stroke teacher's snake?"

Silence.

One shamefaced boy came forward. He stood petrified in front of the teacher.

"Touch it," the attendant urged. "It's a friendly snake. Teacher's wearing it around her neck and she's not afraid."

The boy darted his hand forward, rested it lightly on the snake, and immediately withdrew his hand. Then he ran back to his seat. The children shrieked with glee.

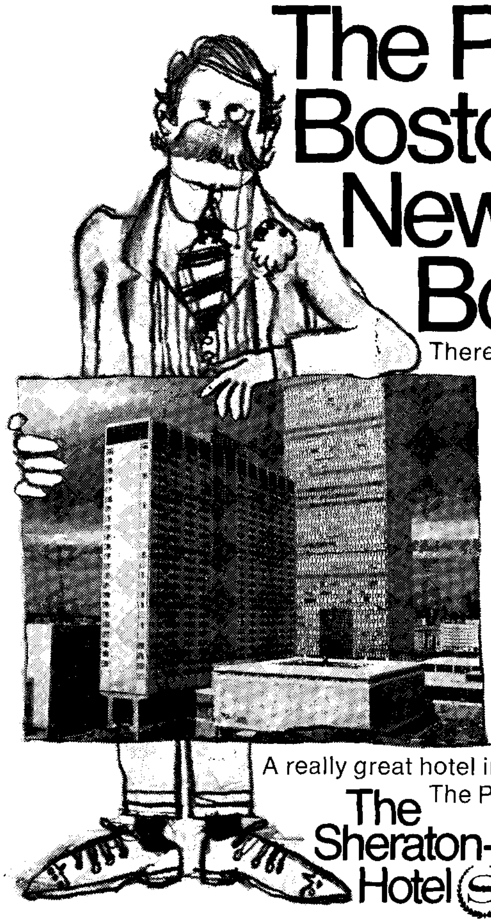
"He's afraid," someone said. "He's afraid of the snake."

The attendant soothed. "We have to get used to them, you know. Grownups are not afraid of them, but we can understand that when you're small you might be afraid, and that's why we want you to learn to love them. Isn't that right, Miss Aitcheson? Isn't that right? Now who else is going to be brave enough to touch teacher's snake?"

Two girls came out. They stood hand in hand side by side and stared at the snake and then at Miss Aitcheson.

I wondered when the torture would end. The two little girls did not touch the snake, but they smiled at it and spoke to it and Miss Aitcheson smiled at them and whispered how brave they were.

"Just a minute," the attendant said. "There's really no need to be brave. It's not a question of bravery. The



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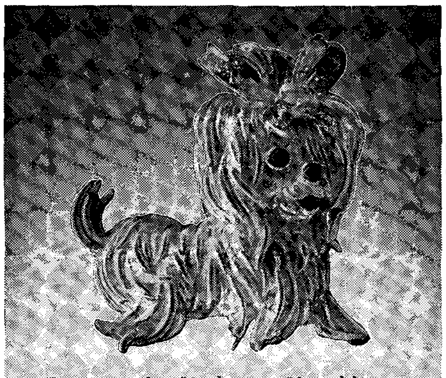

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snake is *harmless*, absolutely *harmless*. Where's the bravery when the snake is harmless?"

Suddenly the snake moved around to face Miss Aitcheson and thrust its flat head toward her cheek. She gave a scream, flung up her hands, and tore the snake from her throat and threw it on the floor, and, rushing across the room, she collapsed into a small canvas chair beside the Bear Cabinet and started to cry.

I didn't feel I should watch any longer. Some of the children began to laugh, some to cry. The attendant picked up the snake and nursed it. Miss Aitcheson, recovering, sat helplessly exposed by the small piece of useless torture. It was not her fault she was city-bred, her eyes tried to tell us. She looked at the children, trying in some way to force their admiration and respect; they were shut against her. She was evicted from them and from herself and even from her own fear-infested tomorrow, because she could not promise to love and preserve what she feared. She had nowhere, at that moment, but the small canvas chair by the Bear Cabinet of the Natural Science Museum.

I looked at my watch. If I hurried, I would catch the train from Thirtieth Street. There would be no time to make the journey through the human heart. I hurried out of the museum. It was freezing cold. The icebreakers would be at work on the Delaware and the Susquehanna; the mist would have risen by the time I arrived home. Yes, I would just catch the train from Thirtieth Street. The journey through the human heart would have to wait until some other time. —JANET FRAME

•

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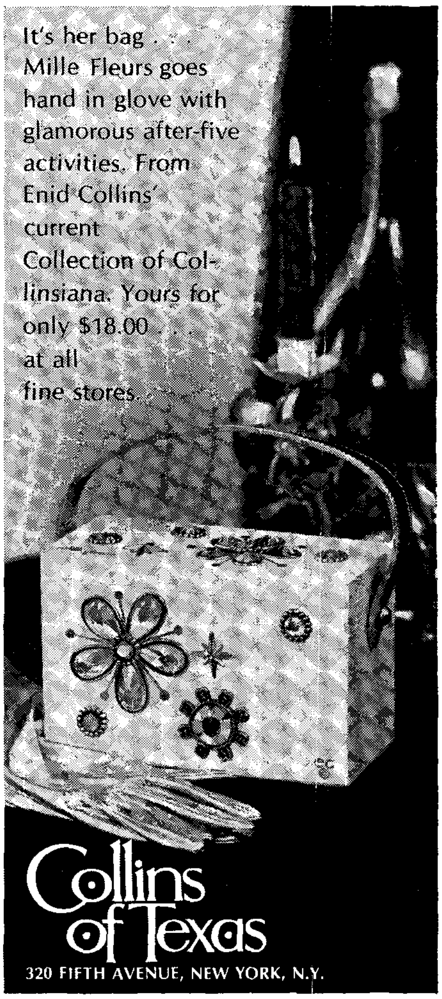

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BOOKS

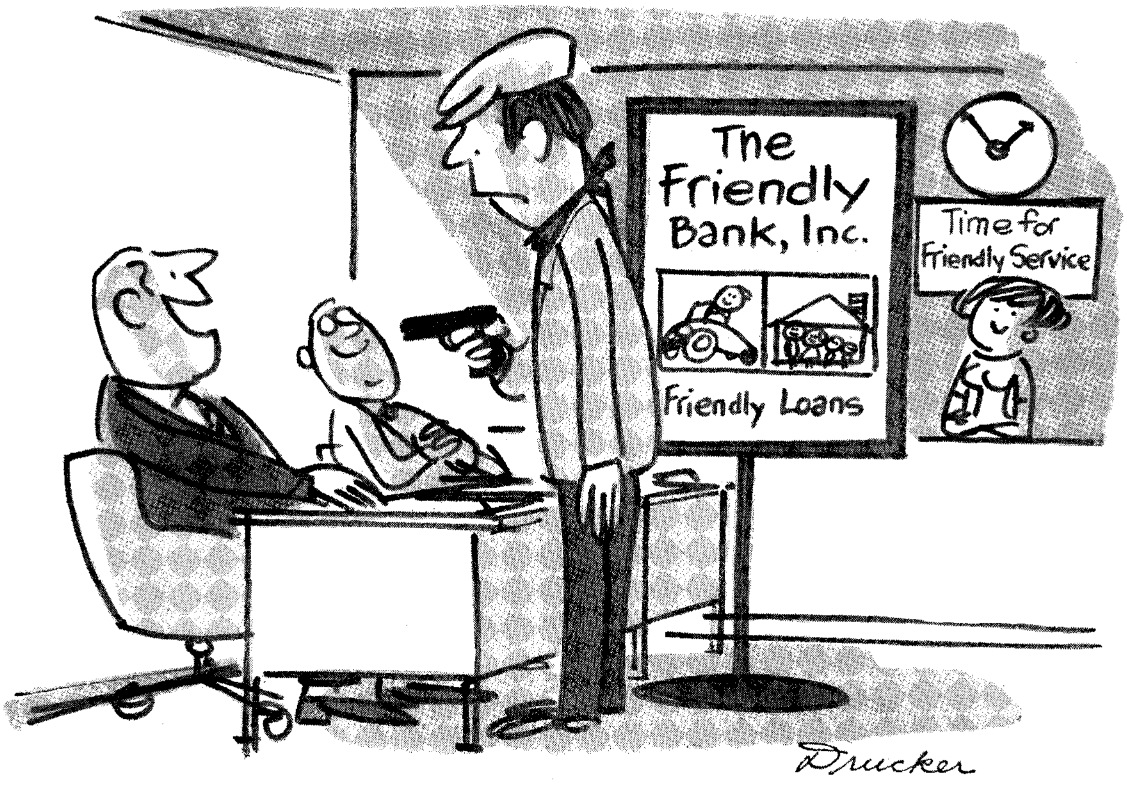
True to Life

TO me, the notion of "reviewing" George Orwell is mildly impertinent. Anyone who earns his living writing about books and politics, who tries to get the words on the page aligned cleanly, so that the light can get through, finds himself in a special relationship to Orwell. Partly, there is exasperation—a feeling that Orwell did the job so much better, that in him style was not laborious métier but a way of drawing breath. Mostly, however, there is a sense of insurance. One might get things right because he did, because he kept his balance under continuous political and psychological stress, because he wrote, and wrote voluminously, under pressure of need and journalistic occasion, and did so with almost unfailing justice and vivacity; because there was in his personal and professional life a comeliness—unobtrusive yet to everyone who came in contact with it oddly penetrating, like one of those spells of sun and light mist in England at winter's end. (Orwell loved England with an abrupt, embarrassed ardor.)

In one of his last essays, the "Reflections on Gandhi," Orwell remarked that "saints should always be judged guilty until they are proved innocent." This is a characteristic gambit, wry and beautifully to the point, Gandhi's so efficacious sanctity having been so full of shrewd tactics. It also applies to Orwell. Where are the covert byways in all this plain going, where the compromises, the failures of nerve? Orwell would have been the first to ask. He detested the monumental; he had the sharpest nose for humbug since Swift. But ferret as we will in a life, in a body of work at every moment vulnerable to the temptations of cynicism, of merely professional competence, and our indebtedness deepens. "The thing that frightens me about the modern intelligentsia," wrote Orwell in the black April of 1940, "is their inability to see that human society must be based on common decency." "Common decency" uncommonly argued, uncommonly enacted toward enemies, toward his foster child, toward his own body, whose racked condition he held in a dry, amused respect, was Orwell's politics of being. He added, in the same letter, "My chief hope for the future is that the common people have never parted company with their moral code." Another who never did was Eric Blair, the man who became Orwell. This companionship makes of the nineteen hundred-odd pages of "The Collected Essays, Journalism, and Letters" (Harcourt, Brace & World; forty dollars the set) something larger, more needed than good writing. These four volumes are a place of renewal for the moral imagination.

The strength of Orwell is manual. He had a carpenter's grip on jagged particularities. His work exhibits unswerving attention to detail, to the loose ends and broken edges which in fact make up the fabric of human behavior. He was a formidable reporter. That is where his art begins—in the memorable ordures of "Down and Out in Paris and London," in that close witness of heat and sullen dust, of the scratch in the white man's voice, which makes "Burmese Days" a classic. In a short essay on Marrakech, written in 1939, Orwell commented wryly on the invisibility of the oppressed: "People with brown skins are next door to invisible. Anyone can be sorry for the donkey with its galled back, but it is generally owing to some kind of accident if one even notices the old woman under her load of sticks." Orwell made it his job to see where others had merely blinked and passed by. He paid the compliment of total attention to aspects of society and culture ordinarily under the carpet—to the broken men and women on the edge of an industrial society, to the dirty postcards in the tobacconist's shop, to the "good bad books" and outright pulp which the vast majority of one's fellow-men read, if they read at all. And because Orwell made of the act of observation a harsh test of integrity, because he never allowed himself to patronize, to focus from "above," the objects of his notice—grim, commonplace as they so often are—acquire a fierce insistence. The diary Orwell kept when he was preparing "The Road to Wigan Pier" (material here published for the first time) shows his technique:

> One woman had a face like a death's head. She had a look of absolutely intolerable misery and degradation. I gathered that she felt as I would feel if I were



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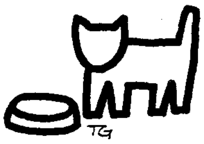
coated all over with dung. . . . Passing up a horrible squalid side-alley, saw a woman, youngish but very pale and with the usual draggled exhausted look, kneeling by the gutter outside a house and poking a stick up the leaden waste-pipe, which was blocked. I thought how dreadful a destiny it was to be kneeling in the gutter in a back-alley in Wigan, in the bitter cold, prodding a stick up a blocked drain.

In each of the snapshots we get the same movement of spirit, from naked sight to identification.

Orwell persistently took journalism to the pitch of literature because he despised generality. It was the specific, local truth which mattered. He knew that honesty is the art of the obvious: "To see what is in front of one's nose needs a constant struggle." The charlatan levels at eternity and falls short; an honest writer is never afraid to date. Indeed, as Orwell assured a correspondent in the summer of 1934, "anything worth reading always 'dates.' "



He was wary of blueprints, of any design from which the smudge of actual human behavior is absent. Reflecting on Stalinism and Nazism, and on the nature of wartime government in England, he noted, "I admit to having a perfect horror of a dictatorship of theorists." This horror goes a long way toward explaining his polemics against the intelligentsia. "During the past twenty-five years the activities of what are called 'intellectuals' have been largely mischievous. I do *not* think it an exaggeration to say that if the 'intellectuals' had done their work a little more thoroughly, Britain would have surrendered in 1940."

The quarrel involves the center of Orwell's vision—a stringent discrimination between detachment and fairness. Detachment, the purported objectivity of the mandarin and intellectual inquirer, seemed to him a betrayal of the responsible life of the mind. It is "fairness" we must strive for. The word is complex in Orwell. It carries echoes of Eric Blair's public-school background. It is, of course, a profoundly English-Victorian term. Reading Orwell's reporting and letters, one comes to see just what it signifies—imaginative scruple, a refusal to judge without taking risks. A "fair" account of a social conflict, of an individual predicament, is one in which the observer has put himself on the line. Orwell spent time in the doss houses of East London and the common wards of the Hôpital Cochin, in Paris. He had watched the poor die within reach of his own bedsheet. At Alcubierre, he was in the front trenches. Too often the intellectuals were waiting in the hotel.

Though he savaged them in his famous memoir "Such, Such Were the Joys"—a text hitherto unavailable in England—Orwell owed much to the snobberies and physical harshness of his schooling at St. Cyprian's and Eton. Those who survive more or less whole carry with them an ascetic elegance, a talent for taking the world as it comes. In the midst of the grime and mendacity he made it his business to explore, George Orwell maintained a natural poise. This curious mixture of grit and fastidiousness accounts for a distinct strain in English letters. It relates a Tory such as Swift to a Jacobin such as Hazlitt. We see it in Bunyan and in Wilde, who for all his dandyism was as thoroughly at home in the refuse of the modern city as was Orwell. I know of no exact counterpart to this tradition in any other literature.

In the fall of 1922, Orwell chose not to go to university but to join the Indian Imperial Police. The episode remains obscure, but there may lie behind it an early addiction to realism, a desire to test the power relations that were to govern "an age like this." There is an illuminating concession in Orwell's attack on Kipling in 1942: "He identified himself with the ruling power and not with the opposition. In a gifted writer this seems to us strange and even disgusting, but it did have the advantage of giving Kipling a certain grip on reality. The ruling power is always faced with the question, 'In such and such circumstances, what would you *do*?,' whereas the opposition is not obliged to take responsibility or make any real decisions." As assistant district superintendent in Burma, Orwell found himself having to decide. When the mad elephant appeared on the street in Moulmein, police officer Blair took careful aim and shot him.

Burma and the "black lands" of England during the Depression educated Orwell's eye and made it obvious—to him, at least—that writing and politics were inseparable. But it was in Spain that he hammered out his personal creed and first struck the notes of sadness and of lucid rage which were to shape his brief life. (The man whose work is in so many respects a representative, summarizing statement of the twentieth-century condition died at forty-six.)

Orwell was in Spain from late December of 1936 to the end of June of 1937. He went out to fight the Fascist

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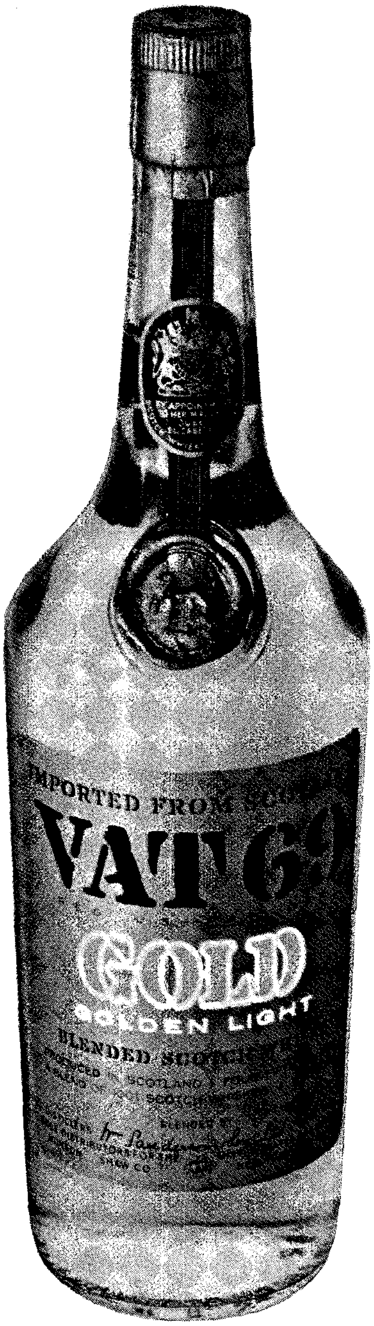
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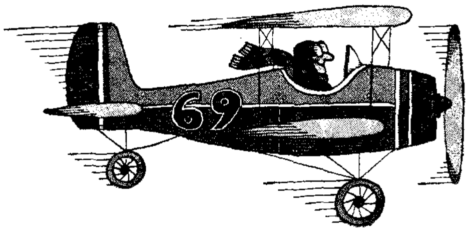

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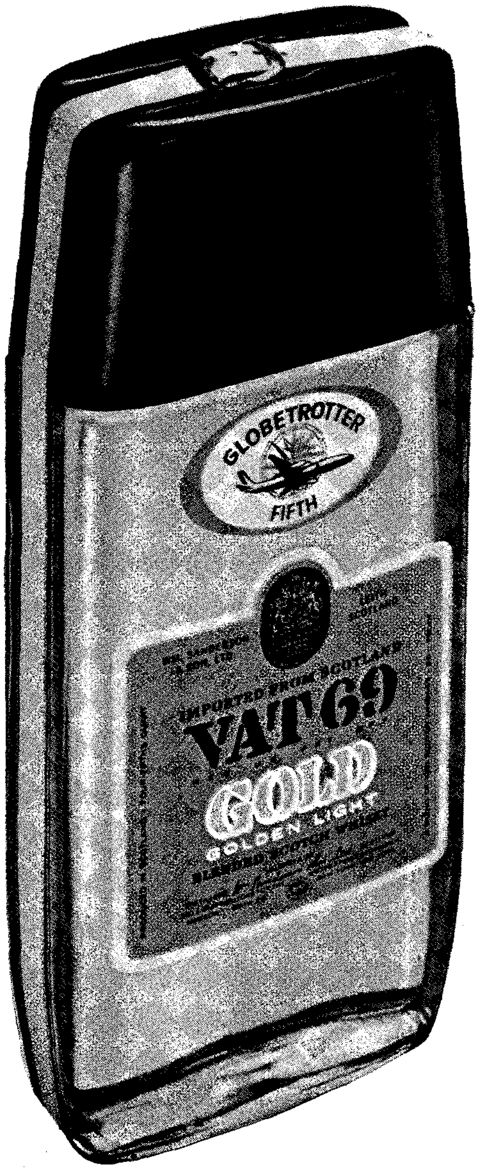
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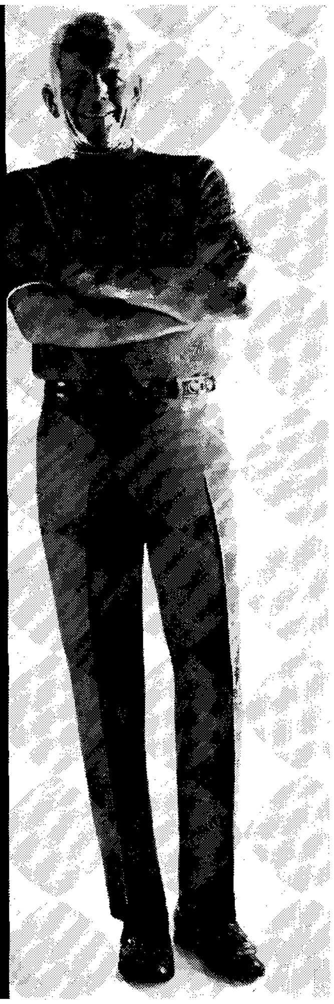
THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

junta and left a step ahead of the Stalinist police, who would, on orders from the Republican Government in Madrid, have arrested and probably killed him. "Homage to Catalonia," which seems to me a flawless book, tells the cruel, ironic tale. Now, with the aid of the letters, articles, book reviews he wrote from and about Spain, we can follow the entire development of Orwell's awareness. Much more is at stake than the record of an exceptionally acute mind. It was in Barcelona during the murderous Communist betrayal of the Socialist, Trotskyite, and Anarchist allies that Orwell, with a Fascist bullet lodged in his throat, realized where the only possible decency lay. It was there that he chose the impossible middle, equidistant from the lies and raptures of totalitarianism, be it of the right or of the left. Like Arthur Koestler, waiting to be shot in a prison in Málaga, like Victor Serge and Franz Borkenau, both on the run from the G.P.U., Orwell joined the handful of men—that small, harried club of conscience—who knew as early as 1936 that Fascism and Communism are antagonistic but profoundly related inhumanities. From that point on—Victor Serge called it "the zero of the century"—an honest man could be defined as one whom both the Gestapo and Stalin's hoodlums wanted dead. In fact, the two packs were already collaborating. In September of 1937, Orwell stated the acid conclusion which was to govern his politics: "The logical end is a régime in which every opposition party and newspaper is suppressed and every dissentient of any importance is in jail. Of course, such a régime will be Fascism. . . . Only, being operated by Communists and Liberals, it will be called something different."

The inclusion of "Liberals" is important. When he returned from Spain, undermined in health and literally possessed by his insight into the common hideousness of Stalinism and Fascism, Orwell had an ugly awakening. The so-called radicals and leftist intellectuals who had only months before acclaimed him as one of theirs, as a hero fighting for democracy on the Aragon front, found the truth unpalatable. Victor Gollancz, whose Left Book Club had honored "The Road to Wigan Pier," turned down "Homage to Catalonia" before it was even written. (Years later, on similar grounds of political expediency, T. S. Eliot was to turn down "Animal Farm.") In his review of Borkenau's "The Spanish Cockpit," Orwell stated



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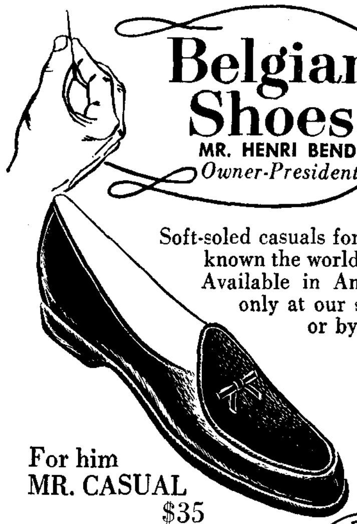

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that "the Communist Party is now (presumably for the sake of Russian foreign policy) an anti-revolutionary force," and characterized Barcelona, with its "ceaseless arrests, the censored newspapers, and the prowling hordes of armed police," as a nightmare. The *New Statesman* refused to print the piece. From the foxholes of their typewriters, stalwarts of the liberal intelligentsia termed Orwell a crypto, a Trotskyite unwittingly playing the Fascist game. The two experiences—his actual encounter with Fascism and Communism in northern Spain, and the cowardice and falsehood of the intellectual, academic-journalistic left at home—stamped Orwell's genius. Against despair—and, like other clairvoyants in the late nineteen-thirties, Orwell must at moments have been near to it—he set two things: an article of faith and a strategy. The faith he proclaimed to his old school chum Cyril Connolly in a letter he wrote when he was lying gravely wounded in Spain: "I have seen wonderful things and at last really believe in Socialism." He gave a characteristic reason when he joined the Independent Labour Party—"the only régime which, in the long run, will dare to permit freedom of speech is a Socialist régime." The strategy was henceforth to fight on two fronts, to occupy the beleaguered middle of truth at whatever cost. Orwell put it simply: "I hold the outmoded opinion that in the long run it does not pay to tell lies."

I see no escape from Orwell's position and the obligations of untimeliness and tactlessness which it imposes. Moreover, its present relevance is equally inescapable. The failure of the "new left" (why "new"?) to link its critique of the Vietnam war with any responsible plan for an alternative policy would have drawn Orwell's fire. To orate fluently about American atrocities and pass over those of the Vietcong, to advocate withdrawal without tackling such political, human realities as the fate of several million refugees from the North—these postures would have struck Orwell with ironic familiarity. The divorcement between mental agility and a capacity to take political action seemed to him the besetting sin of the liberal conscience, as did the habit of abstraction, of simplification, in the face of realities which are messy and irrational. One can hear him saying, the day after the Soviet invasion of Prague, that this latest spasm of the Stalinist terror, which he fought his whole life, might never have happened had the West not rearmed NATO Germany or had we dealt, using a

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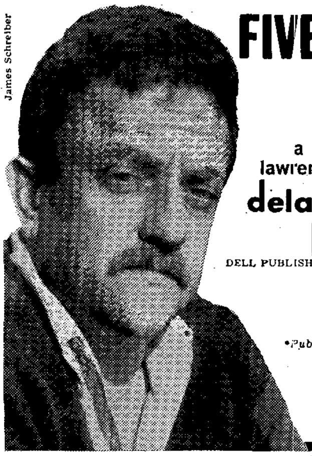

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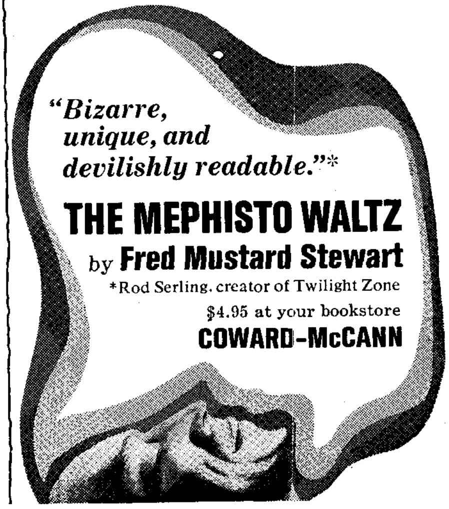

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HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

minimum of common sense, with the *problem of the status of East Germany*. What need there is, just now, of an Orwell essay on the wholly understandable but probably self-betraying and self-defeating course of Israeli politics and policy! Everywhere, since Guernica and Madrid, the lies have thickened and barbarism has drawn closer. Orwell foresaw what lay ahead and set himself a job: to defend "a conception of right and wrong, and of intellectual decency, which has been responsible for all true progress for centuries past, and without which the very continuance of civilized life is by no means certain." This defense led to his two most interesting achievements—a critique of language and, at the very last, the most telling use of allegory in English literature after Bunyan and Swift.

Orwell's profile of a book reviewer is disenchanted: he sits "in a cold but stuffy bed-sitting room littered with cigarette ends and half-empty cups of tea," cursing as the next "wad of ill-assorted, unappetizing books" lands on his desk. He himself reviewed perpetually, but a remarkable portion of his journalistic criticism lasts, and is vital beyond the book he happened to be reviewing. This is because a sustained argument is implicit. Like de Maistre, a brilliant Catholic conservative, Orwell arrived at the conviction that language is a sort of organism, that it has its own strength of being, that it can be damaged or destroyed. Like de Maistre, whom he probably never read, Orwell came to believe that the health of language and that of society are connected by strong strands. To abuse, inflate, or falsify the meaning of words is to devalue the political process. Political sanity, the ability of a community to view and communicate issues clearly, are closely dependent on the integrity of syntax. The lies, the nauseating propaganda and hate slogans of Fascism and Communism, corrupt language deliberately. Less deliberately, but sometimes to comparable effect, the mendacities of advertisement and the semiliteracy of a consumer society do likewise. The fight for meaningful speech is a fight for moral and political life. Orwell's fullest statement of the case came in 1946, in his famous essay on "Politics and the English Language":

> In our time, political speech and writing are largely the defence of the indefensible. . . . Thus political language has to consist largely of euphemism, question-begging, and sheer cloudy vagueness. Defenceless villages are bombarded from the air, the inhabitants driven out into the countryside, the cattle machine-gunned, the huts set on fire with incendiary bullets: this is called *pacification*. Millions of peasants are robbed of their farms and sent trudging along the roads with no more than they can carry: this is called *transfer of population* or *rectification of frontiers*. People are imprisoned for years without trial, or shot in the back of the neck, or sent to die of scurvy in Arctic lumber camps: this is called *elimination of unreliable elements*. . . . When there is a gap between one's real and one's declared aims, one turns as it were instinctively to long words and exhausted idioms, like a cuttlefish squirting out ink. . . . All issues are political issues, and politics itself is a mass of lies, evasions, folly, hatred, and schizophrenia.

Toward the close of his indictment, Orwell gives a set of rules for lucid writing. He concludes splendidly: "Break any of these rules sooner than say anything outright barbarous," in which prescription "barbarous" carries both its human and its grammatical weight. This view of language as the essential, threatened locale of truth and political freedom determined Orwell's literary opinions. It inspired his extension of serious criticism to such marginal forms as thrillers, pulp fiction, boys' magazines, and best-sellers. Any linguistic statement which could reach millions and shape their fantasy lives seemed to Orwell far too important to patronize or omit from serious scrutiny. Intent on the *Realpolitik* which underlies middle-class speech, alert to the evasions behind the humanitarian pathos of the Victorians, Orwell was both wonderfully perceptive and unjust on Dickens. He missed the tough ironies in Cyril Connolly's "Unquiet Grave" and was uninformative and bad-humored about the "Four Quartets." But then Orwell always held prose to be more important, more akin to the pulse of responsible thought, than verse. He condemned Carlyle, who "had not even the wit to write in plain straightforward English," and found D. H. Lawrence's major novels "difficult to get through." Seeking to justify this bit of myopia, Orwell got out of his depth; demanding probability and cold-blooded construction, he totally failed to recognize the deeply organized genius of Lawrence's fiction. On the other hand, and surprisingly, he was humbly responsive to Joyce: "When I read a book like that," he said

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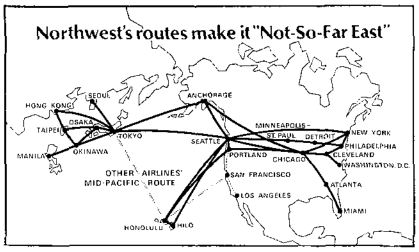

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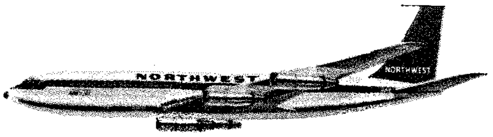

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of "Ulysses" in 1934, "and then come back to my own work, I feel like a eunuch who has taken a course in voice production." Orwell saw virtues in Kipling and wrote vigorously in defense of Henry Miller, though the attitude of the first struck him as imperialist and that of the second as infantile. In the last analysis, literature did not matter all that much. Not even Shakespeare, about whom Tolstoy had said such obtuse, madly pejorative things. (Orwell's commentary on Tolstoy's attack, "Lear, Tolstoy, and the Fool," is one of the classics of the Puritan sensibility.) What mattered was the use of language to make human beings more humane, to impel them to right action. Indeed, too much of literature was sophisticated tinsel designed to make social injustice less visible. Orwell's canons are unmistakable: "There are music-hall songs which are better poems than three-quarters of the stuff that gets into the anthologies. . . . And by the same token I would back 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' to outlive the complete works of Virginia Woolf."

This populist, Puritan commitment makes it surprising that Orwell's most famous writing should have been allegory. Neither "Animal Farm" nor "1984" is a simple book; in fact, both are oblique and highly artful. That it was the Book-of-the-Month-Club edition of "Animal Farm" in 1946—with its sale of half a million—which for the first time in his life freed Orwell from financial anxiety is of itself a bit of complex irony. Here was no tract for the oppressed, no radical fly-sheet posted in the night. To understand these two books (neither has until now been thoroughly placed), we have to keep in focus a set of contradictory, partly undeclared motives. By the end of the war, Orwell may have had a fairly distinct premonition of his own fatal illness. He may have been fiercely intent on giving his political views a stable form, an expression unrelated to the force and the chaos of daily events. At the same time, the positive role of Stalinism in the overthrow of Hitler and the new expansiveness of American policy had made Orwell's position more isolated, more difficult to proclaim directly. His loathing of Communism had in no way been altered by Stalingrad. But new dangers were now pressing on Socialism—dangers which arose from the strength of capitalism and the subtler inhumanities of a consumer culture. And even graver was the menace of nuclear war—a ruin of mankind so

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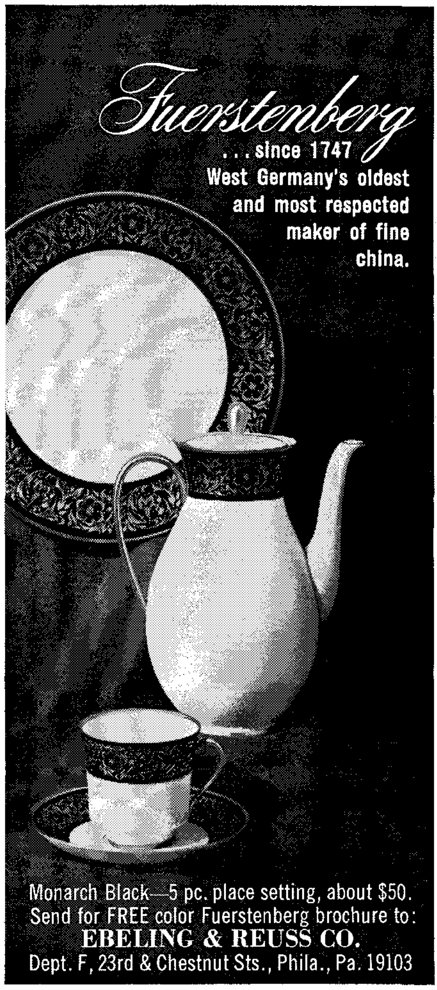
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drastic that the very possibility of a future Socialism would disappear. Seeking to dramatize these insights, compelled to do so in a way that would get through the barriers of pro-Russian and pro-American reflexes, Orwell wrote allegory. In this he joined the company of his masters, of those other Puritans whom complexity of mood and fear of repression had led to "Pilgrim's Progress" and to "Gulliver's Travels."

I can see the virtuosity of "Animal Farm," the cunning of the fable (how much ambivalence and suggestive indirection lie just below the surface of its lapidary style). But as an analysis of Communist dictatorship, of Stalinist mental processes, it seems to me thin and, understandably, desperate. The interplay between man and quadruped in Part IV of "Gulliver" on which Orwell based his parable is a bleaker yet more comprehensive act of imagination. "Nineteen Eighty-Four" can be grasped only, I think, if one realizes that it was written under sentence of death. Orwell must have known, be it unconsciously, that his time was out. It seems to have been an attempt to pull together everything he knew of language, of politics, of the slim chances of love. As early as January of 1939, he wrote, "It is quite possible that we are descending into an age in which two and two will make five when the Leader says so." The notion of Newspeak goes back to an article written in 1940. But it was, of course, Zamyatin's "We" that provided Orwell with his immediate model. He came across this anti-utopian satire, by one of the most gifted of Russian Symbolists, in February of 1944. He remarked, "I am interested in that kind of book, and even keep making notes for one myself that may get written sooner or later." Two years later, Orwell reviewed "We." Though superior to "Brave New World," said Orwell, Zamyatin's was "not a book of the first order." Yet his article, and the passages he chose for comment, show how deeply Orwell was inspired. "Nineteen Eighty-Four" is a close imitation, and Zamyatin's seems to me the subtler, more inventive fiction. Big Brother derives from The Benefactor; the bell lowered over Winston's head is that under which I-330 is tortured. Orwell's review, moreover, picks up a decisive clue: "What Zamyatin seems to be aiming at is not any particular country but the implied aims of industrial civilization." Both the strength and the ambiguity of Orwell's fantasia stem from a latent identification between

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Stalinist terror and the inhumanity of a supertechnology. The result is a harrowing but somewhat forced and unsteady parable. The domestic aspects of "Nineteen Eighty-Four" go back to Orwell's early novels, to "A Clergyman's Daughter" and "Keep the Aspidistra Flying." The politics are those of the Moscow purge trials and the nuclear-arms race. It is a desolate book, and very nearly posthumous.

A word needs to be said about this new collection. It is a model of unobtrusive learning, of editorial tact. Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus have presented the material chronologically; the letters thus serve as a constant illumination and inner critique of the articles and essays. Each volume has its particular chronology and index. The general index alone is worth the price of the set. In March of 1933, Eric Blair published a poem in the *Adelphi*. It ends:

> And we will live, hand, eye, and brain,
> Piously, outwardly, ever-aware,
> Till all our hours burn clear and brave
> Like candle flames in windless air;
>
> So shall we in the rout of life
> Some thought, some faith, some meaning save,
> And speak it once before we go
> In silence to the silent grave.

These volumes insure that there need be no silence. George Orwell's voice rings clear.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Crybaby of the Western World, by John Leonard (Doubleday). This book is described on its jacket as "an anti-novel fiction," whatever that means other than that the author is no Charles Dickens. In straighter words, "Crybaby" could be called a nonsense novel, or just a story, set in Long Beach, about the intellectual adventures of a California poet named Stanhope Cronopios. By means of a continuous stream of puns, absurd and extravagant similes, allusions to the works of T. S. Eliot, and aphorisms isolated from the thoughts of other heavy thinkers, Mr. Leonard transforms the current philosophical-technological-sociological-ideological babble into an artful cacophony. He is evidently a polymath of great ingenuity, but he frequently exceeds his limits as a humorist.

The Loving Cup, by Allan Prior (Simon & Schuster). Tom and April Winter are happy because he is an internationally famed racing driver, while she is good at giving

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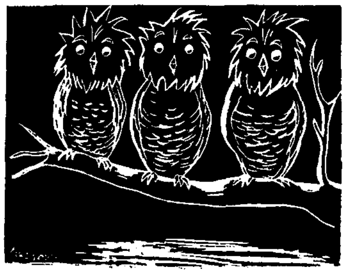

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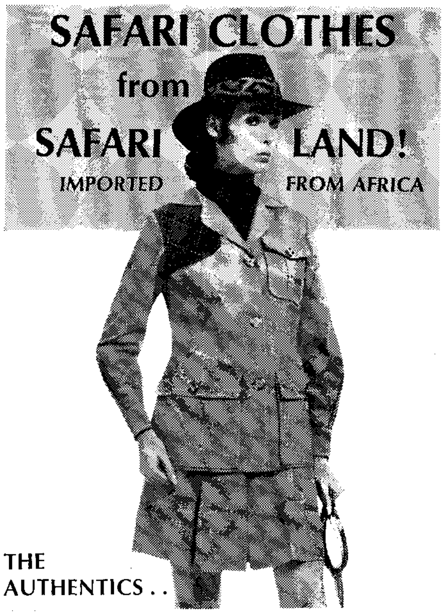

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costly parties and making love; their perfect marriage is firmly based on sexual harmony and material security. When he begins to lose his oil-stained laurels and then meets with bankruptcy and imprisonment, they feel grief not as some abstract state of mind but as the loss of each other's touch and as a deprivation, epitomized in the move from velvet-lined St. John's Wood—for her to a gruesome bed-sitter, for him to Wormwood Scrubs. The saddest thing about it all is that April's misery is inseparable from beauty's irreversible decay. This emphasis on the concrete and the observable gives the plot clear lines. Disheartening as it may be to think that this fine pair are little more than complicated kangaroos, Mr. Prior convinces us that animal bonds are not to be decried.

GENERAL

EDWARD LEAR: THE LIFE OF A WANDERER, by Vivien Noakes (Houghton Mifflin). An engaging biography. Lear, painter and nonsense-maker, was a compendium of afflictions. His earliest memory was of being abandoned by his mother. He grew up poor, asthmatic, epileptic, and homosexual—in feeling but not in practice, so that, despite a huge band of friends, he was lonely. Further, the author tells us, Lear misjudged his artistic talents: he failed (commercially and artistically) at enormous oil paintings from which he expected both fame and fortune; his gift was for the small, fresh watercolors that he sold and despised. Yet Lear and his life are not gloomy subjects. His irrepressible comic sense broke through all his sorrows—a sad man, but a gay and entertaining one, too.

POWER IN THE KREMLIN FROM KHRUSHCHEV TO KOSYGIN, by Michel Tatu, translated from the French by Helen Katel (Viking). This persuasive account of Soviet politics is the work of *Le Monde's* longtime Russian and East European correspondent. It is a fascinating example of the work of a Kremlinologist, who must be (at the minimum) a code-breaker, a detective, and a mosaicist. It is also depressing. In M. Tatu's view, the present leadership will not—probably cannot—give Russians a "climate of free research and initiative," but, instead, offers them the prospect of "endless cold war, a siege never to be lifted." He thinks there is a stalemate in the struggle between the state (Kosygin) and the Party (Brezhnev) bureaucracies, while the Army and the secret police are steadily gaining power. As M. Tatu sees it, the political mechanism prevents progress—or any change—except through purges, a method no Russian really wants. M. Tatu's tone is neutral, almost cool; here and there one senses his compassion for a trapped people, its baffled rulers, and their stalled society. Ten dollars.

THE WOMEN IN SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE, by Ivor Brown (Coward-McCann). This is Mr. Brown's fourth book on Shakespeare, and there is not enough material for it. Shakespeare had a mother, a wife, two daughters, and, if the sonnets are autobiographical, a mistress; beyond that we have only a tissue of "I think it more probable," "It is a likely scene," and "It does not need a profound psychology to suspect." Mr. Brown's two serious arguments are that the women in Shakespeare's family were more literate than has been held, and that his marriage was not that bad. His candidate for "Mr. W. H." is Pembroke, and for the Dark Lady is Mary Fitton, but he has no new evidence.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS (1765-1848), THE URBANE FEDERALIST, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Houghton Mifflin). As its author explains, this biography is a condensation and a revision—indeed, a complete reworking—of his very first book, published in 1913. Its subject, a benign Bostonian who devoted his political career to the defense of New England's interests by all means short of secession, is not a first-rank figure, but the book is a first-rank book. The revision retains the original's delightful, bouncy—almost rollicking—style. Twelve dollars and fifty cents.

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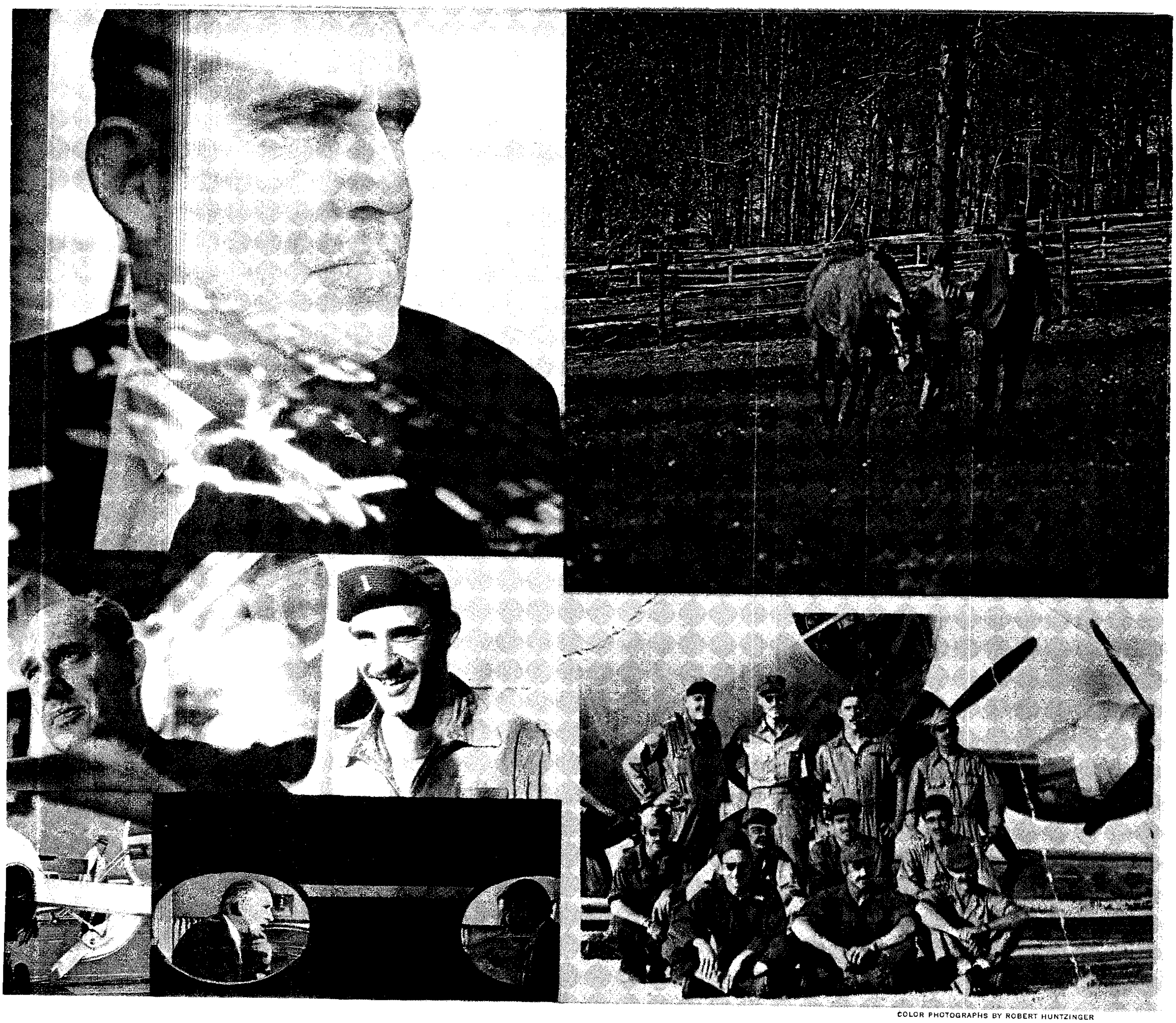
Lee Roy Yarborough charges past Charlie Glotzbach in final mile to win Daytona 500 (1D).

Lee Roy Yarbrough charges past Charlie Glotzin semifinal round of national squash singles (1D).

—*Consecutive sports notes in the Rochester* (N.Y.) *Democrat & Chronicle.*

Busy fellow, this Lee Roy.



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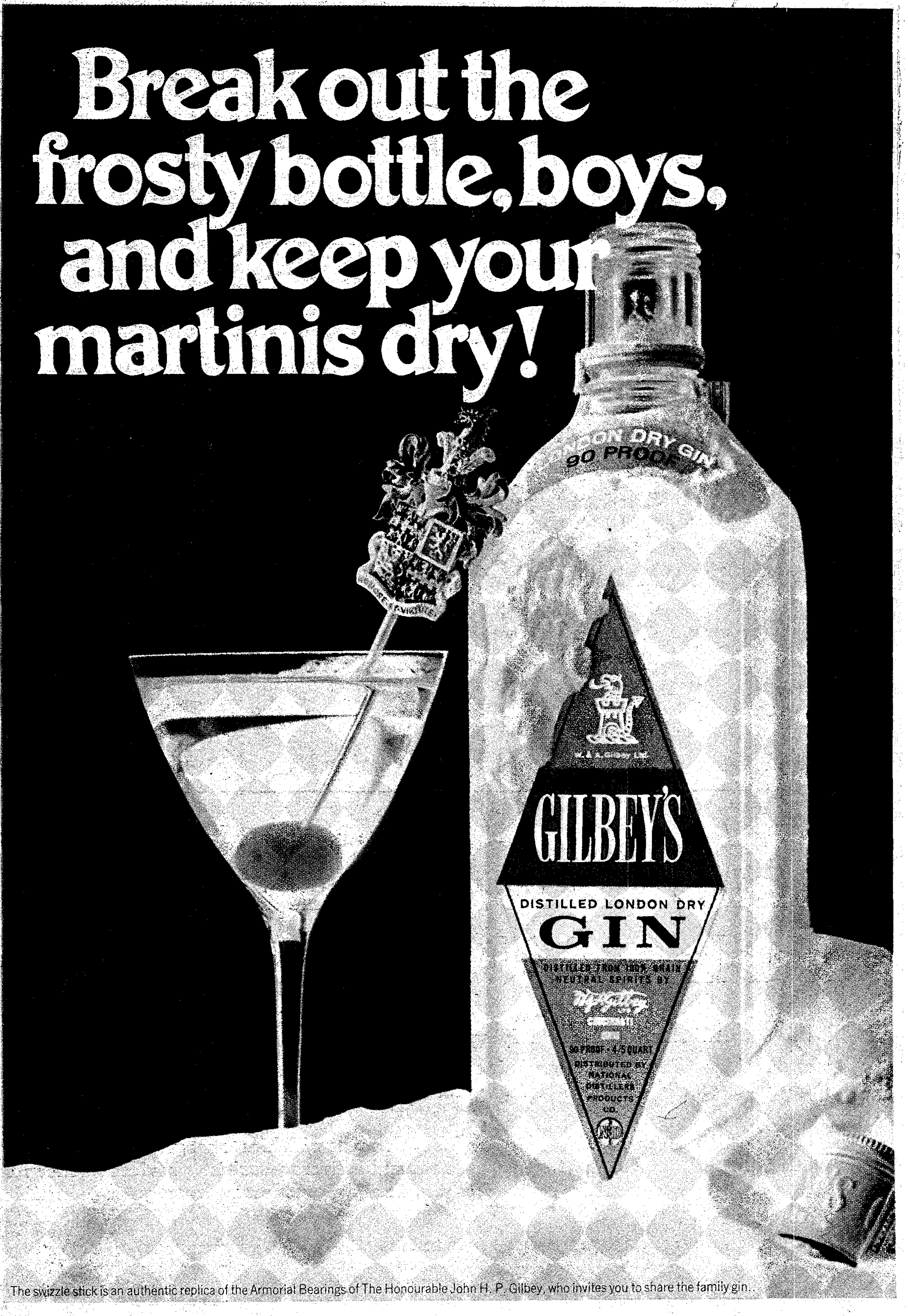
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